40464

The Saturday Evening
POST
January 5--January 12, 1963 20¢

QUACK MARRIAGE COUNSELORS

Exclusive Report on a National Scandal

Complete In This Issue · A New Novel By

PAUL GALLICO

40390
Property Of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Pasadena, California

...w Women Make The ...est-Dressed List

Tragic End To Man's Deepest Dive

One Man's Case

PASADENA CALIF
353 GROVE ST
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIB
DIGITIZED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hate that gray? Wash it away!

Now! Color only the gray

without changing your natural hair color!

Gray hair, even when it's premature, says you're older than you are! So if you hate that gray, wash it away with Loving Care Hair Color Lotion by Clairol. Gently, so skillfully does new Loving Care wash in young color that your own shade appears unchanged. But you're rid of gray! And all anyone sees is that you look so much prettier, younger, after the very first wash. It's that natural looking. No big decisions about shades. Loving Care comes in ten colors—from deepest black-brown to pale shining blonde. Just choose the tone most like your own. About once a month, to keep gray away, just wash your hair with Loving Care. Loving Care won't rub off, won't brush off. Leaves your hair vital, shiny, in better condition than ever. Not a tint...better than a rinse. Hairdressers agree it's a fountain of youth for graying hair.

Makes your husband feel younger, too . . . just to look at you!

© Clairol Inc. 1962

Loving Care® Hair Color Lotion by CLAIROL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Honest, Operator, I don't see any twenty on the clock!"

Every five minutes the little boy would call and ask the same question . . . "Please, Operator, what time is it?"

But something about the little boy's voice told Operator Lola Hill that this was no childish prank. Finally, she asked him to call his mother to the phone.

"She can't come to the telephone," he said. "My baby sister swallowed a button this morning, and my mother had to take her to the hospital. And she told me not to dare leave the house till twenty after eight. I looked and looked, and honest, Operator, I don't see any twenty on the clock. And I'm afraid I'll miss my school bus."

"Don't worry, young man," said Mrs. Hill. "I'll call you when it's time to leave." At 8:20 she rang and sent the little boy off to meet his bus.

• • • • •

It's a true story, a small story—and to Lola Hill, all in the day's work. But it is typical of the personal interest that telephone people take in their customers.

Their desire to help makes them good neighbors in their own communities, keeps them on the job in fires, floods, blizzards. And in the process, you enjoy the best telephone service in the world.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LONGINES

THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

10 WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES • 28 GOLD MEDALS
HIGHEST OBSERVATORY HONORS FOR ACCURACY
OFFICIAL TIMEPIECE FOR LEADING SPORTS AND
CONTEST ASSOCIATIONS ALL OVER THE WORLD

The New Longines "Grand Prize" Automatic with Calendar Self-winding, attractively thin in profile, protected against all normal watch hazards—water, perspiration, dust, shock and magnetism. Available in cases of stainless steel, gold-filled and 14K gold; with Calendar from $105; other "Grand Prize" Automatics from $79.50.

The magnificently engineered Longines "Grand Prize" Automatic movement features a winding rotor which turns with utmost freedom with every wrist motion on a collar of tiny ball bearings—automatically winding the mainspring. Can't overwind, yet may be hand-wound if desired. The perfected finish of moving parts reduces friction to a minimum and wear is negligible.

NEW YEAR - NEW RESOLUTIONS - A NEW LONGINES!

All the Facts of Time...the hour, the minute, the second and the *date*, are automatically yours with this new Longines *Grand Prize* Automatic Self-Winding Calendar watch, the newest version of The World's Most Honored Watch. In its very own right the new Longines *Grand Prize* Automatic is worthy of all the accolades and distinctions which have been showered on Longines watches for almost a century. The finest self-winding watch in Longines history, the peer of all automatic watches, created to faithfully serve your timekeeping needs for an adult lifetime.

What Makes Longines Great? There is nothing finer than Longines, The World's Most Honored Watch. Longines is the only watch in all history to win 10 World's Fair Grand Prizes, 28 Gold Medals, highest honors in observatory competitions. In the past 3 years Longines watches won 139 Observatory First Prizes, a record unique in chronometric competitions. For close to a century, the name Longines has marked watches of prize-winning accuracy, the world's standard of excellence among watches of the finest quality and the most distinguished ancestry.

What a Longines Can Mean to You—Your Longines watch will cost you less to buy and maintain, given intelligent care, than a succession of timepieces of poor quality. Longines service is nearby in principal cities of more than 131 countries of the free world. The Longines Credo pledges . . . Every Longines watch, whatever its type, today, as for close to a century, is manufactured to be the finest of its kind and worthy in every respect to be called The World's Most Honored Watch. Your Longines-Wittnauer quality jeweler will be most honored to serve you.

All prices plus Federal Tax • Prices slightly higher in Canada

LONGINES-WITTNAUER WATCH COMPANY

MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER FOR ALMOST A CENTURY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editor:
ROBERT SHERROD

Managing Editor:
DAVIS THOMAS

Executive Editor:
DON A. SCHANCHE

Assistant Managing Editors:
WILLIAM A. EMERSON JR.
HANK WALKER

Washington Editor:
STEWART ALSOP

Art Director:
ASGER JERRILD

Art Editor:
FRANK KILKER

Chief of Copy:
JOHN HUNT

Senior Editors:
JOHN BIRD
WESLEY PRICE
ROBERT L. JOHNSON JR.
WILLIAM K. GOOLRICK
GERALD ASTOR
OTTO FRIEDRICH
DON McKINNEY
JEFF BROWN

Contributing Editors:
BEVERLY SMITH JR., *Special Assignments*
ERNEST O. HAUSER, *Foreign Affairs*
STEVEN M. SPENCER, *Science*
HAROLD H. MARTIN, *Special Assignments*
JOHN KOBLER, *Special Assignments*
BILL DAVIDSON, *Special Assignments*
PETER MAAS, *Special Assignments*
ROUL TUNLEY, *Special Assignments*
BEN H. BAGDIKIAN, *Special Assignments*
ROBERT K. MASSIE, *Special Assignments*

Assistant to the Editor:
MORTON D. HULL

Associate Editors:
RICHARD L. LEHMAN
THOMAS B. CONGDON JR.
BENTON R. PATTERSON
JOHN R. WELLS
ZEN YONKOVIG
DAVID A. LYLE
MARSHALL LUMSDEN
WILLIAM TROMBLEY
JEANETTE SARKISIAN
WILLIAM EWALD
DON GOLD
THOMAS O'TOOLE
DON OBERDORFER
NANCY MAHONEY

Assistant Editors:
VIVIAN CROAKE WARD
HAROLD P. HOSTETLER
LINCOLN HAYNES
THOMAS R. MARVEL
TREVOR ARMBRISTER

Editorial Assistants:
GLADYS ANN MÜLLER
JANE DENIS SMITH
SALLY A. REUKAUF
ROGER VAUGHAN
ANDRÉE L. ABECASSIS
ELIZABETH R. DEMPSTER
LIA SMITS
JUDY GUROVITZ
DAVID MOLLER

Publisher:
C. L. MacNELLY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
MATTHEW J. CULLIGAN, *President*
CLAY BLAIR JR., *Editorial Director*

© 1962 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title reg. U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published weekly except alternate weeks during July and August and at year-end; forty-five issues per year. Second-Class postage paid at Phila., Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada. **Subscription Prices:** U.S. and Possessions, 1 Yr., $5.95; longer terms $5.00 each additional year. Canada add $1.00 per year. Pan American Countries, 1 Yr., $8.45. All other countries, 1 Yr., $10.95. **Unconditional Guaranty.** We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed. **The Curtis Publishing Company.** Matthew J. Culligan, President; J. M. Clifford, Executive Vice Pres.; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice Pres.; E. Huber Ulrich, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Circulation; Ford F. Robinson, Sr. Vice Pres. and Manager, Business Department; E. Kent Mitchel, Sr. Vice Pres., Curtis Magazine Division; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Jesse L. Ballew, Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, Holiday and The American Home. **The Saturday Evening Post** editorial offices are located at 666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y.

Changing Your Address?

Don't Forget Your Post

The Post Office will not forward copies unless you pay extra postage and we cannot replace lost copies. SO PLEASE . . . at least six weeks before the first issue to go to the new address, send us your new address, including postal zone, your old address and a label from a back copy. With SERVICE ADJUSTMENT requests send us latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies.

POST Subscription Service, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

Postmaster: Send form 3579 to Subscription Service Division, The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

In This Issue

Volume 236, Number 1

ARTICLES

In Defense of Gambling (*Speaking Out*) . . . . . *By Jimmy Breslin* 12
Quack Marriage Counselors . . . . . *By Bill Davidson* 17
"King" of the U.S. Senate . . . . . *By Joseph Kraft* 26
Basketball's Bullies . . . . . *By Al Lightner as told to Al Stump* 28
Making the "Best-Dressed" List . . . . . *By Eugenia Sheppard* 60
New Science That Copies Life . . . . . *By Ruth Sheldon Knowles* 68
The Fateful Dive of the *Atlantis* . . . . . (*A Special* Post *Report*) 72

FICTION

The Hungry Ones (A Condensed Novel). . . . . *By Paul Gallico* 34

DEPARTMENTS

Letters 4
Post Scripts 66
Hazel 70
Editorials 80

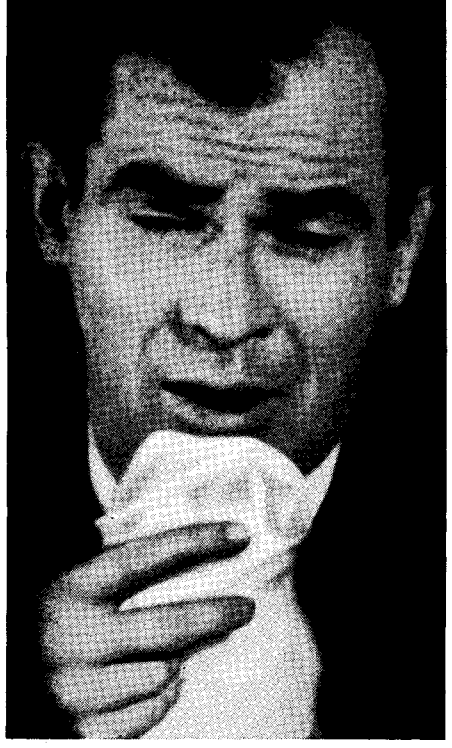
Quacks, bunglers and incompetents infest the field of marriage counseling. They number in the tens of thousands, and no state has passed regulatory laws to stop them from bilking the unsuspecting public of almost a half billion dollars each year. To gauge the extent of this multimillion-dollar trade in human misery, contributing editor **Bill Davidson** and a team of *Post* reporters conducted a coast-to-coast, 10-city survey. They encountered legitimate counselors and community-service agencies, but far more numerous were the self-styled "marriage experts" who victimize the despairing clients who come to them for help. Davidson discovered plumbers, taxi drivers, bartenders, gypsy fortunetellers and junk dealers dispensing advice which they were totally unqualified to give. Their toll in ruined lives and wrecked marriages is impossible to estimate. So far no state except California, where the problem is severe, has shown much interest in stamping out charlatanism. The *Post* believes that now is the time to put the quacks and unlicensed bunglers out of business. It is plain that the public needs the protection which only new legislation can provide.

Other Bylines. Former newspaperman **Joseph Kraft** is now Washington correspondent for *Harper's*. His first *Post* article, a two-part report on the Algerian war, earned Kraft an Overseas Press Club Award in 1958. . . . Basketball referee **Al Lightner** is also sports editor of the Salem, Oregon, *Statesman*. His collaborator, free-lance sports writer **Al Stump,** has known Lightner for 25 years and claims that Lightner "has more guts than any official I've ever seen." . . . **Paul Gallico**'s success as a novelist permits him to divide his time between a summer home in the Devonshire countryside of England and his permanent residence at Antibes, France. His latest book, to be published later this year by Doubleday and Company, appears complete in this issue in condensed form. . . . **Eugenia Sheppard** is women's feature editor of the New York *Herald Tribune* and writes a four-times-weekly fashion column which is syndicated to about 150 papers. She sees new styles a season earlier than most women, but has never been on the best-dressed list herself. "The sad story of my life," she says, "is that I always plan to order dresses but hardly ever get around to it before the next season comes along." . . . While doing research for her article on bionics—a term only three years old—**Ruth Sheldon Knowles** contacted a professor who had delivered a paper on bluebird calls at a bionics symposium. To her question asking what bluebirds have to do with bionics, the scientist replied: "I'd appreciate it if you'd tell *me*. I still don't know why I was there or even what bionics is." . . . Our report on the deepest dive ever made, 1,000 feet to the ocean floor, was written after extensive interviews with Hannes Keller, one of two men who made the record descent—and the lone survivor. Our exclusive photographs of the dive and its tragic aftermath are by **Lawrence Schiller** and **Peter Stackpole,** whose eyewitness account accompanies the text.

The Cover painting of the Woolman Rink in New York's Central Park is by **Frank Mullins.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Can't Breathe?
Head-Cold Congestion?
—and still have to keep on the go?



New Vicks SINEX Nasal Spray helps
RESTORE FREE BREATHING INSTANTLY

Gives 2-stage relief!
All the way up,
all the way back to
nasal-sinus openings!

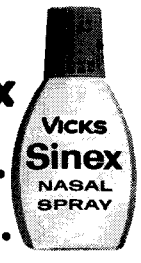
Ordinary one-stage sprays work inside your head merely as droplets. Of all leading nasal sprays, only Sinex gives *2-stage* relief . . . droplets plus exclusive medicated vapors that *double* the area of relief . . . give relief all the way up—all the way back.

And Sinex contains 4 types of ingredients prescribed by many nose, throat specialists:

Decongestant shrinks swollen membranes so you can breathe freer.
Anti-histamine helps dry up runny nose.
Anti-bacterial. Kills germs on contact.
Antibiotic ingredient, too!

Sinex is easy to carry with you in pocket or handbag. Get long-lasting relief anytime, anywhere. Just squeeze Vicks Sinex Spray —and you'll breathe again!

New
VICKS Sinex
NASAL SPRAY
with
medicated vapors



LETTERS

The Stevenson Crisis

Dear Sirs:

Some of your editors must be feeding on raw meat lately. Week after week you publish highly controversial stories and articles. Now you give us IN TIME OF CRISIS [Dec. 8] notably with Stevenson's part in it. I violently disagree with you sometimes, but at least you are not boring! Some magazines are okay for nice, bland, innocuous reading—but if you enjoy a jolt, get the *Post!*

W. M. TOWLE
Shell Beach, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I believe controversy to be a badly needed and healthy editorial ingredient in American periodicals. However, I do not feel that the *Post*'s article does much to remedy the current short supply of that commodity. The primary thing Ambassador Stevenson was criticized for was having ideas of his own, for dissenting—*before* the final decision was reached, which is precisely the time for such disagreement. As far as I am aware, even the men in the Kremlin disagree these days without heads rolling.

GERALD WALKER
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I thought you might be interested in seeing the cartoon which I did for the

San Francisco *Examiner* during the height of the Stevenson furor.

JIM IVEY
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I charge you with stirring up a hornets' nest, which we could well do without, in these perilous days.

MRS. LUCILE FIELDS CULBERT
Marion, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Stewart Alsop and Charles Bartlett are to be congratulated for their authoritative account of the behind-the-scenes planning and decision making during the Cuban emergency. It was gratifying to have them remind the public of what the outcome of the crisis meant to present and future generations of Americans.

MARIE HAZLETT
Prichard, W.Va.

Sport or Savagery?

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Edmund Gilligan [WHY I QUIT HUNTING, Dec. 1] says that the human heart "is subject to every wind that blows." How true! But Mr. Gilligan's heart has been subjected to the gentlest wind that can stir the human heart: the wind of compassion.

MRS. CARL BEYER
Fort Worth, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

The article should take a prize for sentimental nonsense. Perhaps the author does not realize that almost all hunting nowadays is done under game-management regulations set up to protect and improve the over-all lot of our wild game. The hunter, in reducing the size of the herd or flock, is assisting in balancing the game population against the available food supply, and in many cases is also assisting in preventing damage to domestic crops.

ROBERT C. KUDER
Excelsior, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

I thank Mr. Gilligan for pointing out that hunters are really not heartless characters—just simple souls reverting to the childhood of the race. This explains why they are always shooting each other, and suggests that laws be passed restricting them to the safe, simple weapons of the stone age.

MRS. F. W. KING
Ste. Thérèse, Quebec

Sage Sayings

Dear Sirs:

I was deeply impressed with "MY FAVORITE QUOTATION" (Dec. 1). I couldn't help wondering how many had read *my* favorite quotation, by Blaise Pascal: *All the good maxims have been written. It only remains to put them into practice.*

BERT CLOOS
Encinitas, Calif.

Marshmallow Men

Dear Sirs:

HOLLYWOOD'S NEW BREED OF SOFT YOUNG MEN by Richard Warren Lewis (Dec. 1) certainly has the right title. Hollywood does fine as far as beautiful girls are concerned, but all of their male heroes look like the before part of a Charles Atlas ad.

BILL BARNARD
Fenton, Mo.

Hubby's Health

Dear Sirs:

I just read Peg Bracken's article WHY HUSBANDS DIE YOUNG, [Dec. 1]. I also notice that she wrote a book called THE I HATE TO COOK BOOK. Do you think there's a connection?

LANE A. STERLING
South Gate, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I have concluded that Peg Bracken obviously has never had to take care of a sick male—or one who *thought* he was sick. Brave though they may be in war, at other times a cut finger is a catastrophe and a specialist must be called for emergency treatment.

PATRICIA MORAN
New York, N.Y.

earn more...
safely on your savings

4.8% CURRENT ANNUAL RATE
PAID OR COMPOUNDED QUARTERLY

ACCOUNTS INSURED to the full limit of the F.S.L.I.C., a federal agency.

TOTAL ASSETS of the association now over $175,000,000.

STABILITY of investment, no market fluctuations to concern you.

POSTAGE FREE save by mail service.

TO OPEN AN ACCOUNT or for further information, write box SEP.

United Savings
AND LOAN ASSOCIATION
US-57

UNITED SAVINGS AND LOAN
425 South La Brea Ave., Inglewood 1, California

VIOBIN
Wheat Germ Oil

HELPS HEART ACTION
GIVES MORE STRENGTH
• STAMINA • VIGOR •
PROVED 10 years — 600 persons
University Experiments

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES—
only VioBin Oil PROVED helpful.

Send NOW for FREE book #7

PROMETOL—8 to 1 vigor factor concentrate VioBin Oil. Same benefits—NO fat calories.

Liquid & Capsules

VIOBIN MONTICELLO, ILLINOIS

Make 1963 a
HAPPY NEW YEAR!

You can have a very happy year during 1963 with spare cash to buy the many "extras" you've wanted.

Join our staff of independent representatives and earn generous commissions by forwarding subscriptions for the popular Curtis magazines and other publications as well. You will enjoy selling on your own time, independently.

Write to the address below—just a postal will do—and we will be glad to send you additional information without obligation.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
472 Independence Square, Phila. 5, Penna.

FALSE TEETH
KLUTCH holds them tighter

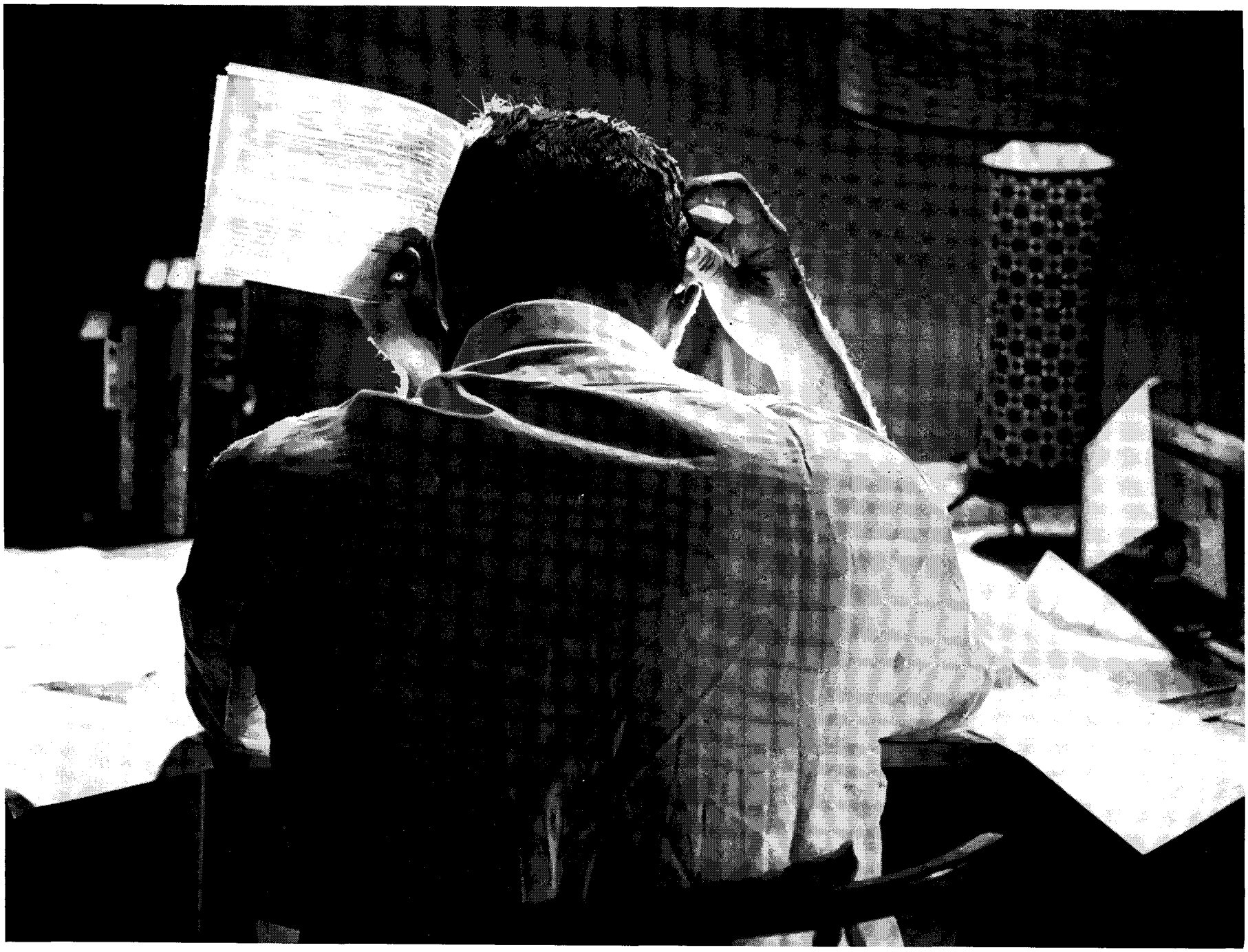
KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that you can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost **as well as with natural teeth.** Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate . . . If your druggist doesn't have Klutch, **don't waste money on substitutes,** but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box.

KLUTCH CO., Box 319A, ELMIRA, N. Y.

Sleep Like Log
Stop Stomach Gas 3 Times Faster

Take Bell-ans tablets with hot water at bed time. Read in bed until eyes shut. Bell-ans tablets relieve stomach gas due to excess stomach acid. No harmful drugs. Get Bell-ans today. 35c at druggists. Send postal to Bell-ans, Orangeburg, N. Y., for liberal free sample.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Tie up the loose ends of your family's financial security.
Use this Metropolitan service:

Family Security Check-Up

✓ Checks your family's financial health, just as you check physical health. ✓ Valuable whether you need insurance or not. ✓ No obligation, except to those you love.

At different times, a man will—open a savings account . . . take out an insurance policy . . . join a pension plan . . . buy a house . . . take out a health insurance policy.

All this is good. But are they part of a well-organized plan? Or are they bits and pieces?

A Family Security Check-Up puts all these things in *order* for you. It is not a policy. It is a service. It can uncover mistakes that could cost your family dearly. And it helps make sure you are getting the *most* from the dollars you put aside for security.

Whether you need insurance or not—whether or not your insurance is with Metropolitan—a Family Security Check-Up makes sense. Our representatives are trained to bring you this service. Remember, Metropolitan is as local as Main Street . . . as close as your phone. Call today.

WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT DOES FOR YOU
With the help of your Metropolitan man—

1. You check the facts: your Social Security, your home, your life insurance, your pension plan, your savings and other assets. You may be surprised to learn how *much* you're worth.

2. You weigh your responsibilities: mortgage or rent payments, education, retirement, accident and sickness emergencies; how much it would cost your family to live without you.

3. You learn where you stand. You determine your weak and strong points . . . whether the provisions you have made for your family will do what you intend. You get the facts in front of you.

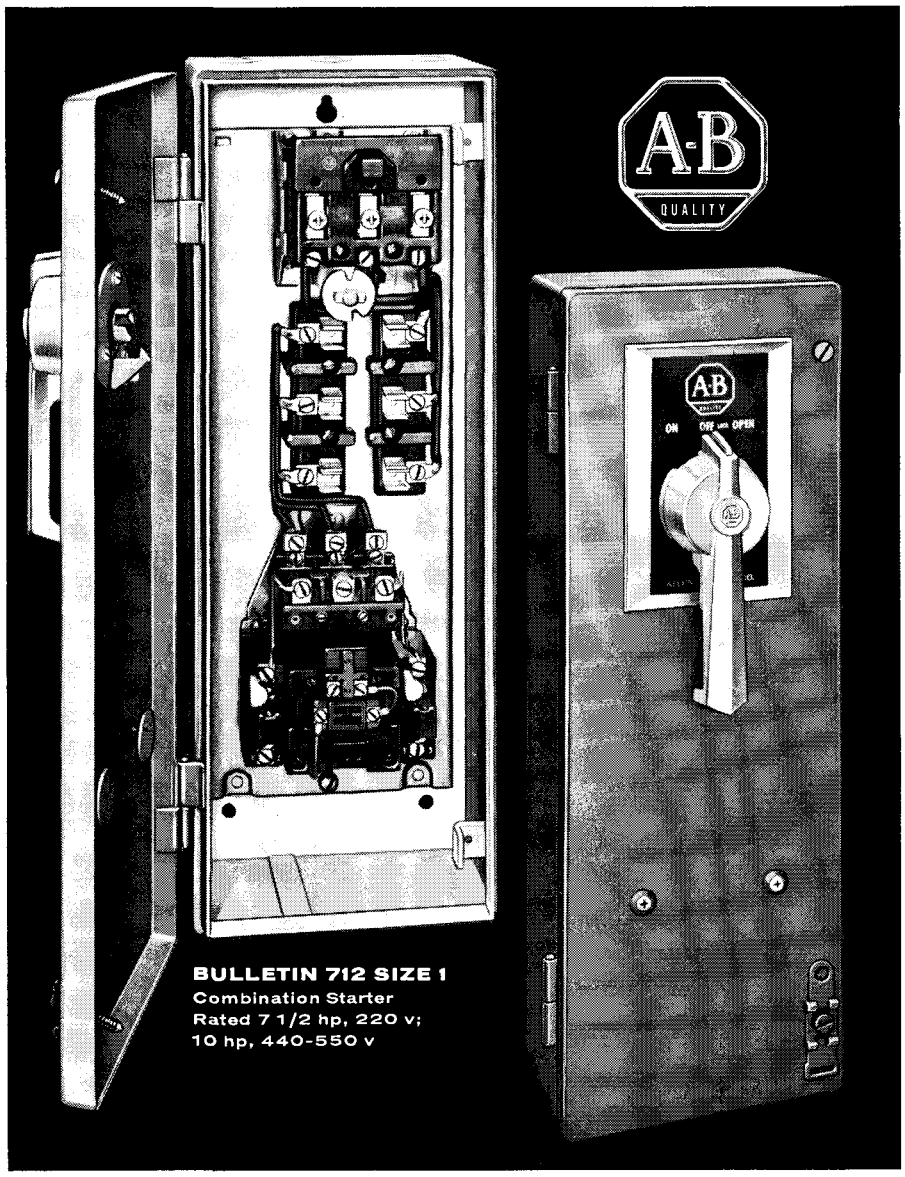
4. You plan for the future. Based on these facts, you decide what action, if any, may be needed to give you a family security plan, tailor-made to your own needs and ambitions—one which makes good sense for *you*.

Metropolitan Life
INSURANCE COMPANY

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

A MUTUAL COMPANY · HOME OFFICE, NEW YORK, SINCE 1868 · HEAD OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO, SINCE 1901 · HEAD OFFICE, OTTAWA, SINCE 1924 · OVER 1000 LOCAL OFFICES IN U.S.A. AND CANADA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MORE VALUE FOR THE SAME DOLLARS!

■ You'll find Allen-Bradley's new Bulletin 712 Series K combination starters in a great many different places . . . but the reasons are always the same. They cost less to install than the plain automatic starter with the required disconnect switch. They provide greater safety for the operator than is possible where the plain automatic starter is used. Combination starters are the sign of an up-to-date installation.

The new Series K starter used in all types of Allen-Bradley combination control is years ahead of all competition. The improvements over the old starter — which, even today, is rated as "tops" — are really phenomenal. The design has been greatly simplified — its sturdiness has been so increased as to be immediately obvious. Mechanical life has been increased by a factor of from three to five. Contact life, tested regularly, shows an improvement of at least four to five times. The "old reliable" overload relays have been redesigned — they are now trip-free and completely foolproof. The pressure molded coil will provide continuous operation under the very worst chemical atmospheric conditions.

There is so much extra value in all A-B Bulletin 712 combination starters that they ought to cost more, but — the prices remain the same. Therefore, *you* lose if you do not specify the new Series K line of Allen-Bradley control. Please write for Publication 6100: Allen-Bradley Co., 1200 South Third Street, Milwaukee 4, Wisconsin.

ALLEN-BRADLEY
Member of NEMA
QUALITY MOTOR CONTROL

LETTERS

Dear Sirs:

I never thought I'd be happy having a hypochondriac for a husband who uses me as his sounding board for

every itch, twitch, tic and pain, but I've finally found my consolation.

MRS. E. B. RENNERT
Queens, N. Y.

New Perspective

Dear Sirs:

My husband and I recently began taking art lessons. One night, working on our second oil paintings, we were quite discouraged—until we saw the paintings of "one of the world's greatest painters" in ARTIST OF THE THIRD EYE by Ernest O. Hauser (Dec. 1). The more we looked at Chagall's work the better ours looked.

MRS. VIRGIL GARDNER
Salt Lake City, Utah

Rainmaker

Dear Sirs:

During the '30's when Dr. Krick [STORMY SAGE OF WEATHER CONTROL, by John Kobler, Dec. 1] was at Caltech, the local papers were publishing his forecasts as practically infallible. On one occasion, when he had forecast a fair weekend, a heavy rain drowned out all my plans for Sunday. I turned in the following to a young columnist who had used some of my doggerel:

I do not like you, Dr. Krick;
Your last prediction didn't click—
A rather shabby little trick
And hardly cricket, Dr. Krick.

Well, a lot of water has flowed under the bridge since then, and very likely Dr. Krick has been responsible for some of it.

JAMES M. SOMMERVILLE
Dana Point, Calif.

Enemy of Extremists

Dear Sirs:

Very often a man may be judged by the enemies he makes; this criterion makes Gordon Hall [BATTLER AGAINST BIGOTRY, Dec. 8] of truly vast stature.

THERESA GALLAGHER
Wallkill, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

May God grant Brother Hall more power to carry the ball against bigotry.

WALTER D. COAKLEY
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

This man is doing more to further the cause of true American democracy than many of the so-called "patriots" of our time.

ELLEN C. COLLINS
Cambridge, Mass.

Coming . . . in the next Post

Air Disasters
Where Does the Blame Lie?

The Beverly Hillbillies
How a Bad TV Show Makes Good

In Color: Pablo Picasso

Fiction By | GRAHAM GREENE
WILLIAM SAROYAN
JOAN WILLIAMS

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

6–Leo Gluecksellg. • 12, 14–Mike Ramus. • 18, 19, 20, 22, 23, 25–Bill Bridges. • 26–A. Y. Owen. • 28–Seattle Times. • 30–Tommy McDonough (Oakland California Tribune). • 31–U.P.I. • 32–Steve Wilson. • 35, 36, 40–Bill Whittingham. • 60–Rene Burri; Ollie Atkins. • 61, 62, 64–Philippe Halsman. • 68–Larry Keighley. 72–Peter Stackpole. • 73–Larry Schiller. • 74–Peter Stackpole. • 75, 76, 77, 79–Larry Schiller.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

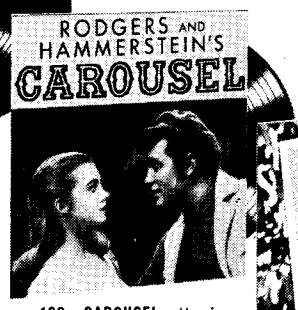
Record Collectors all over America sent these albums to the top of the list—by buying over $1,000,000 worth of each!

A FABULOUS NEW OFFER OF

"MILLION SELLER" ALBUMS!

493. MUSIC FOR LOVERS ONLY: JACKIE GLEASON. Relax and let romance take over with *Body & Soul, Little Girl, Some Day,* 13 others.

108. FRANK SINATRA. ONLY THE LONELY. *Ebb Tide, Spring Is Here, Goodbye, What's New, Blues In The Night,* 7 more great hits.



102. CAROUSEL. Movie sound track, with Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones. They sing *If I Loved You, Mister Snow, You'll Never Walk Alone,* others.

324A & 324B. JUDY GARLAND AT CARNEGIE HALL. Every moment, all 28 songs live! *(2-record set counts as 2 selections.)*

185. LOVE IS THE THING. Nat King Cole spins 12 love songs smoother than silk. *It's All In The Game, At Last, Love Letters,* more of your favorites.

9. THE KING AND I. Original movie sound track of Rodgers and Hammerstein's delightful success. *Hello Young Lovers, We Kiss in a Shadow,* more.

199. KINGSTON TRIO. HERE WE GO AGAIN. Guitars, banjos and bongos going like crazy. *Haul Away, Molly Dee, Goober Peas, A Worried Man,* 9 more.

11. TENNESSEE ERNIE FORD: HYMNS. 12 cherished songs, including *Rock Of Ages, The Old Rugged Cross, Sweet Hour Of Prayer, My Task.*

321. JACKIE GLEASON. MUSIC, MARTINIS AND MEMORIES in the lush Gleason manner: *Once In A While, I Remember You, I Can't Get Started,* 9 more.

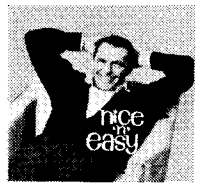
152. FRANK SINATRA. COME DANCE WITH ME. 1960 winner of 3 awards: Album of Year, Best Male Vocalist Performance, Best Arrangements!

ANY FIVE ALBUMS...

175. KINGSTON TRIO. Here's the Kingston Trio in a vivid folk festival: *Blow Ye Winds, Scarlet Ribbons, Getaway John*—9 more.

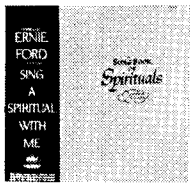
3. JUDY. Judy Garland in a prize collection of her biggest hits: *Come Rain or Come Shine, April Showers, Lucky Day,* 8 others. (Monaural only)

492. SONGS FOR SWINGIN' LOVERS: FRANK SINATRA. His most romantic album: *Anything Goes, How About You?,* 13 more. (Monaural only)



209. FRANK SINATRA. NICE 'N' EASY. Settle back and listen to *Fools Rush In, Mam'selle, Dream,* 10 more. With Nelson Riddle's Orchestra.

261. KINGSTON TRIO. America's favorites in 12 imaginative stylings. *South Wind, Leave My Woman Alone, Tomorrow, Colorado Trail,* etc.



491. SING A SPIRITUAL WITH ME: ERNIE FORD. *Steal Away, Old Time Religion, Roll Jordan Roll,* 11 more.

ONLY 97¢

plus a small shipping charge

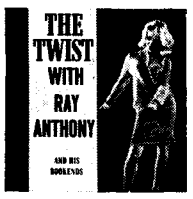
when you become a trial member of the Capitol Record Club and agree to buy only six future selections, from the several hundred available Capitol and Angel Albums to be offered you, during the next 12 months.

158. FROM THE "HUNGRY I": KINGSTON TRIO. Recorded live in San Francisco! *South Coast, Dorie, Wimoweh, Gue Gue,* 6 others. (Monaural only)

105. TENNESSEE ERNIE FORD. NEARER THE CROSS. Inspiring hymns—Now *The Day Is Over, Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me,* ten other favorites.

98. THE KINGSTON TRIO. They sing their smash hit, *Tom Dooley,* and 11 more great songs ranging from calypso to sea chanteys. (Monaural only)

Choose from the "Million Sellers" above or any of the outstanding albums and artists below!



415. RAY ANTHONY. THE TWIST. *Let's Twist, Bunny Hop Twist, Bookend Twist, Mexican Hat Twist, Peter Gunn Twist,* 6 more.

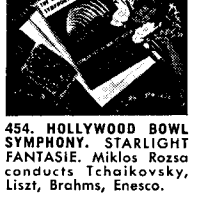
144. SLEEP WARM. DEAN MARTIN. Dean sings and Frank Sinatra conducts the orchestra in "sleepy" tunes: *Sleepy Time Gal,* 11 more.

416. JACKIE GLEASON. APHRODISIA. Originals for lovers. *Seraglio, Rapture, Glamour, Violet Mist, Orange Velvet, Pink Chiffon,* 6 others.

241. TEX RITTER. BLOOD ON THE SADDLE. *Bury Me Not On The Lone Prairie, Billy The Kid, Streets of Laredo* sung by the favorite of the West.

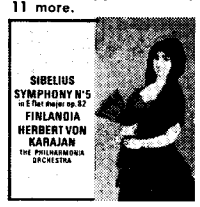
386. KAY STARR: JAZZ SINGER. Great up-beat Starr stylings. *Hard Hearted Hannah, My Man, My Honey's Lovin' Arms, Sunday,* 8 more.

361. STAN FREBERG PRESENTS THE UNITED STATES. Offbeat fun! *Pilgrim's Progress, Boston Tea Party,* 8 other great spoofs.



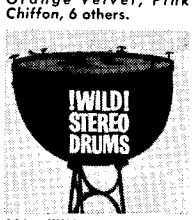
454. HOLLYWOOD BOWL SYMPHONY. STARLIGHT FANTASIE. Miklos Rozsa conducts Tchaikovsky, Liszt, Brahms, Enesco.

425. THE LETTERMEN. A SONG FOR YOUNG LOVE. *I'll Be Seeing You, In The Still Of The Night, Dreamer, Valley High,* 8 more romantic ballads.



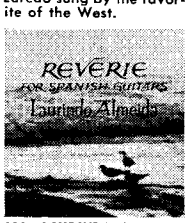
789. SIBELIUS: SYMPHONY NO. 5 AND FINLANDIA. Von Karajan conducts The Philharmonia Orchestra in a stirring performance.

316. JACKIE GLEASON. LAZY, LIVELY LOVE. *Because Of You, On The Street Where You Live, Speak Low, It Had To Be You,* 8 more.



391. WILD HI-FI/STEREO DRUMS! Billy May, Les Baxter and others in a dazzling percussion program! (Monaural or Stereo)

418. DAKOTA STATON AT STORYVILLE. Her first "on stage" album! *Mean & Evil Blues, Easy To Love,* 10 more greats.



422. LAURINDO ALMEIDA. REVERIE FOR SPANISH GUITARS. 11 classical works by Ravel, Debussy, Tchaikovsky, others.

360. STAN KENTON. WEST SIDE STORY. Thrilling jazz version of the stage and screen hit: *Maria, I Feel Pretty, Cool,* 7 others.

430. DINAH SHORE. DINAH DOWN HOME! A swingin' tour of the Sunny South—*Mississippi Mud, Carolina In The Morning,* 10 more by Dinah.

166. FRED WARING. DO YOU REMEMBER? The Pennsylvanians take you down memory lane with *Remember, Stardust, For Me And My Gal,* more.

802. VON KARAJAN. MOZART SYMPHONIES. No. 38 in D Major ("Prague"); No. 39 in E Flat Major. Philharmonia Orchestra.

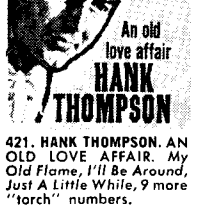
1. GERSHWIN. His most famous works—*Rhapsody in Blue* and *An American in Paris.* Leonard Pennario with the Hollywood Bowl Symphony.

352. DAKOTA STATON. DAKOTA! Her greatest album yet: *If I Love Again, Pick Yourself Up,* 10 other fabulous song stylings.

447. JEAN SHEPARD. GOT YOU ON MY MIND. 12 country hits—*Big Midnight Special, One White Rose, Mockin' Bird Hill,* more.

448. FARON YOUNG. THE YOUNG APPROACH. His most popular hits: *Backtrack, Goin' Steady,* 10 more for Faron Young fans!

455. ROBERT IRVING. THE SEASONS. Glazounov's dances interpreted by "the best conductor of ballet in the world"—Atlantic.



421. HANK THOMPSON. AN OLD LOVE AFFAIR. *My Old Flame, I'll Be Around, Just A Little While,* 9 more "torch" numbers.

526. VIC DAMONE. LINGER AWHILE. The "Lively One" swings 12 meaningful ballads: *One Love, Deep Night, Change Partners,* more.

438. JO STAFFORD SINGS AMERICAN FOLK SONGS. Paul Weston conducts. *Shenandoah, Single Girl, The Nightingale,* 9 others.

183. JACKIE GLEASON PRESENTS VELVET BRASS. Plush interpretations of favorites: *The Man I Love, September Song, Out Of Nowhere*—13 more.

790. LALO: SYMPHONIE ESPAGNOLE, OP. 21. Leonid Kogan, violinist, Kyril Kondrashin conducts The Philharmonia Orchestra.

103. JONAH JONES. JUMPIN' WITH JONAH in a swingin' new set of tunes: *Just A Gigolo, A Kiss to Build a Dream On,* ten others.

355. GEORGE SHEARING. THE SHEARING TOUCH. Superb stylings of *Nola, Misty, Bewitched, Honeysuckle Rose,* 7 more. With Billy May strings.

514. SING-A-ROUND WITH ARTHUR GODFREY. Merry miscellany of group-singing favorites—*Row, Row, Row Your Boat, Frere Jacques,* 16 more.

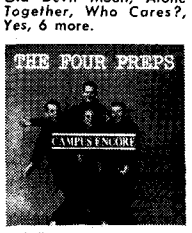
338. DEAN MARTIN. THIS TIME I'M SWINGIN'... *Mean To Me, Someday, Just In Time, Imagination, True Love,* 7 more.

441. CLANCY'S CLOWNS. SAXAPHOBIA. Unique stylings of 12 from the Roarin' 20's. *Nola, Charleston, Oh By Jingo!*

192. GUY LOMBARDO. THE SWEETEST WALTZES THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN. Beloved favorites: *Beautiful Ohio, Alice Blue Gown,* 10 other waltzes.

327. FREDDY MARTIN. SEEMS LIKE OLD TIMES. 22 sentimental favorites, including *Diane, Johnson Rag, Whispering, Charmaine, Paradise.*

342. JUDY! THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT. Judy Garland sings: *If I Love Again, Old Devil Moon, Alone Together, Who Cares?, Yes,* 6 more.



419. FOUR PREPS. CAMPUS ENCORE. Songs, spoofs, recorded live. *Moon River, Michael, Lullaby, Sphinx, Heartaches,* 8 others.

795. THE FABULOUS VICTORIA DE LOS ANGELES. 19 songs by the world's most gifted soprano. Handel, Schubert, Brahms, Granados, folk airs.

439. JONAH JONES. GREAT INSTRUMENTAL HITS. *Lisbon Antigua, Cherry Pink,* 9 more—with swingin' chorale riffs!

CAPITOL RECORD CLUB

"The Record Club of the Stars"
Dept. 5362, Scranton 5, Pennsylvania

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why don't you settle back and have a full-flavored smoke?

Marlboro

the filter cigarette with the unfiltered taste

This is the Combination—Marlboro's famous Richmond recipe of ripe golden tobaccos combined with the exclusive Selectrate® Filter. It gives you flavor you can get hold of. Plenty rich, yet plenty mild. Settle back with a Marlboro and make yourself comfortable.

You get a lot to like—
filter,
flavor,
pack or box

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Defense of Gambling

An inveterate player argues that cranky critics are violating the rights of honest gamblers.

By JIMMY BRESLIN

I have a number of ways of handling my money, none of which is particularly enthralling to bankers. But it is my life, and if I have any loose money around, I like to pull over to the side and stop for a laugh. One thing I do for entertainment is gamble a little. Win or lose, a bet steps up my pulse, and I like it.

Millions of Americans share my pleasure in gambling. In New York State alone, 13,000,000 visitors to the tracks bet well over $1,000,000,000 in 1962.

There is nothing morally wrong with gambling, and everybody ought to have the right to bet. But outmoded laws and blue-nose thinkers infringe upon our right to gamble. Legal wagers are separated from illegal ones merely by the technique of placing the bet. The bet made on the street corner is unlawful while the one at the track has the blessing and the encouragement of the state.

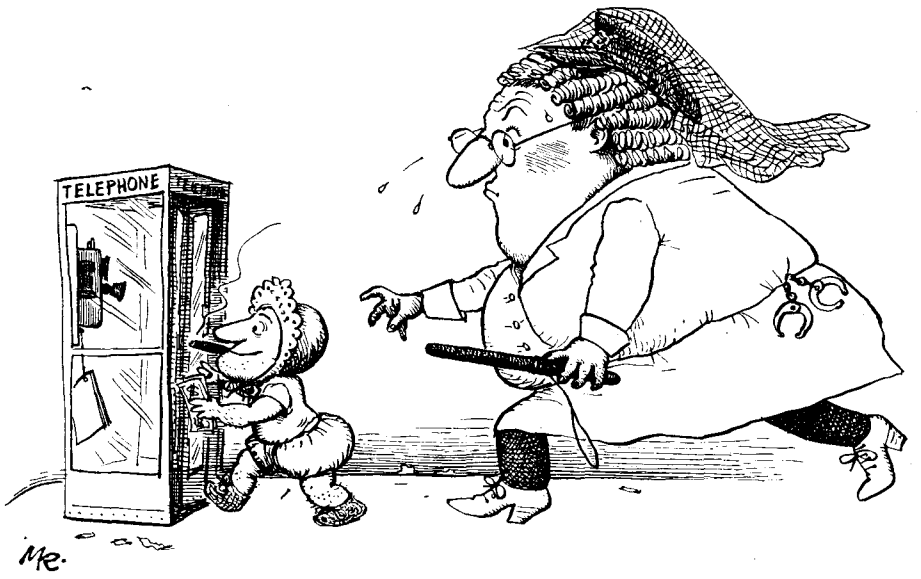
This distinction infuriates me. *The New York Times*, which is not known as much of a punter, recently took time in its editorial columns to agree with me: "Consistency would require that, from a moral or ethical point of view, either all gambling should be outlawed or a carefully regulated extension should be allowed."

My gambling is on a now-and-then basis. It takes in many things. A theory I have about horse races, for one. My system involves the effect of high tide on a race track located near salt water. Only certain horses fit into this system. In betting them, if I don't happen to be at the racetrack, where wagering is legal, I give my money to a bookmaker, which is illegal.

Once in a while I bet a prizefight too. In September, for example, I bet, illegally, with a bookmaker, that Floyd Patterson would destroy Sonny Liston. I bet on other sure things too. I can even remember making man-to-man bets on how many even numbers the next cop will have on his shield.

The important thing is, all of this is up to me. I decide whether or not I am going to gamble. If I have the inclination and money, I might take a chance. Or maybe I won't. I never know. But I do know that nobody, whether he is a politician or a clergyman or a policeman, should tell me I cannot.

Jimmy Breslin, of Baldwin, New York, placed his first bet in the 1946 Kentucky Derby on Hampden (finished third). As the father of four, Breslin says, he finds that his action at the betting window is somewhat limited.



To begin with, there is nothing wrong with gambling. It is anything but a universal sin. There are many religions which have no objections to it. The Archbishop of Canterbury said he could take no negative stand, based on religion, when England decided to legalize gambling. My own confessors, Roman Catholic priests, say that there is nothing morally wrong with gambling in itself. I gamble, then, with a clear conscience.

There are many churches and organizations which feel otherwise. These groups have gotten backing from people in high places—Nelson Rockefeller, governor of New York, for one. He has said he is against gambling on moral grounds.

The Charges Against Gambling

This is fine. I have respect for any man's belief. I do not think I would care to be around a man who bet in defiance of his church. But I stop dead when any religious belief except my own has a say over my personal conduct. Judging by his too-strenuous battle against all legislation designed to legalize my right to gamble, Rockefeller seems to feel differently. Well, if we are going to start playing this little game, I am going to get a law passed requiring Nelson to eat fish every Friday.

The feeling and laws against the right to gamble come, as a rule, from the same forces which once took away a man's right to drink and gave this country Prohibition. The do-gooders, who still feel there is something ugly about a junior prom, faint at the thought of dice hitting the wall. Some of these thinkers even wrote letters to John Glenn, blasting him for "violating God's space."

Those who do speak against gambling feel they are doing the right thing. They list several reasons, all frightening and valid-appearing when put on paper.

"Gambling," says a prominent churchman, "is a moral and social evil that tends to undermine the ethical teachings of our churches and glorifies the philosophy of getting something for nothing. It fosters a belief in the desirability of idleness."

He then goes on to list the social points upon which all antigambling arguments are based. If gambling establishments were allowed to operate freely, particularly in poor neighborhoods, children would go hungry while parents bet away the paycheck in an attempt to get rich without working. Antigambling people also tell you that homes will break up and the jails will be stuffed with clerks who became silent partners of employers in an attempt to recoup losses. Many vague studies of this are cited, including testimony from people in an organization known as Gamblers Anonymous. ("I'm a graduate of Harvard, '52, and Sing Sing, '60," one member testifies.) The temptation presented by gambling is simply too much for the average person to resist, antigambling forces say. They also claim the professional gambler, with his greed and sharpshooting, would wreck people if allowed to operate freely. They point, with we-called-it-right pride, to the trouble New York State has had with legalized bingo. The professionals moved in on the bingo games, paid off state inspectors, and proceeded to give the ladies who like bingo a classic fleecing. When you investigate these arguments, you find they are based on superstition and old wives' misinformation.

Take the business of "the undermining of the ethical teachings of our churches," for example. This is strictly opinion. The Very Rev. William P. Baddeley, Dean of Brisbane, Australia, appeared at Queensland's Eagle Farm Race Course one afternoon, armed with a big cigar, binoculars, scratch sheet and a powerful opinion on the day's card. He sat down and murdered the bookmakers with six winners. Dean Baddeley then left the premises with a pocketful of cash, a saintly smile on his face and a statement for the newspapers: "I found it a fine afternoon of healthy fun."

When the papers came out the next day, clergymen of all faiths in Australia had conflicting opinions. Many of them sided with Dean Baddeley. Others did not. But you could not get a clear-cut decision on the matter if you tried.

There is, however, an immoral ar unethical aspect to gambling today. It is present because of the laws and organizations which try to stop gambling. Their stand has been a tremendous aid to organized crime. Racketeering became a big business in this country because of Prohibition. The people demanded liquor and beer, and the only ones who could supply it were those who were willing to operate outside the law. This was a natural for hoodlums. Gambling, thanks to the laws against it, likewise provides the racketeer with a prime source of income.

Who Gets the Racket Money?

The racketeers' gambling bankroll pays off politicians and police, and finances narcotics and vice. The bankroll will last forever as it now stands because people demand gambling. But if gambling were legalized, the racket guy would be out of business, or would become a legitimate, tax-paying businessman, which is what happened in the liquor industry when Prohibition was repealed.

The greatest fable of all concerns the effect gambling has on the poor. In 1919 we were told that whiskey was wrecking the masses. Now in 1962 we are told that people would bet themselves out of their families and into state institutions if free to do so. Therefore, gambling must be suppressed for the common good. This the kind of thinking that was very popular with the Druids.

England, which has legalized gambling, investigated the subject very thoroughly. A report by its Royal Commission, which has influenced New York's Mayor Robert Wagner to ask for legalized gambling, was filled with common sense.

"We find no support for the belief that gambling, provided it is kept within rea-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jack McIntyre is a stockbroker in San Francisco

"I'm a stockbroker. Why should I buy life insurance?"

"Then a MONY man showed me why insurance was an important part of my investment program."

Jack McIntyre talks it over with Lew Tilin

"Maybe you're surprised to see a stockbroker in an insurance ad.

"Well, I've always had a little life insurance. But mainly I was relying on stocks to protect my family.

"Then MONY man Lew Tilin changed a lot of my ideas about insurance.

"He showed me how a MONY plan would be a vital 'backstop' for my investments. How it could guarantee security for my family . . . whatever the market did . . . and build cash for emergencies, without my having to sell anything.

"I guess I wasn't easy to convince. But Lew's judgment and advice won my respect fast.

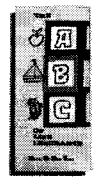
"I'll never regret starting on his plan! It's reassuring to know that if I die, my family can probably live as well as they do now.

"Just recently, I called Lew about adding to my MONY program. That's how much I think of him . . . and MONY!"

MONY MEN CARE FOR PEOPLE. *They'll be glad to discuss both life and health insurance, and are well trained to work out a plan to help you. For more information about* MONY *insurance, mail coupon at right.*

MONY
MUTUAL OF NEW YORK

MONY
Dept. P 13
Broadway at 55th Street
New York 19, N.Y.



Please send me your free, easy-to-read booklet, "The ABC of Life Insurance."

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

BIRTH DATE _____

OCCUPATION _____

MONY HAS PROUDLY SERVED THE PUBLIC FOR 120 YEARS

The Mutual Life Insurance Company Of New York, New York, N. Y. — Life, Health, Group Insurance, Pension Plans — Sales and Service Offices throughout the United States, in Canada, and serving our Armed Forces in Western Europe

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

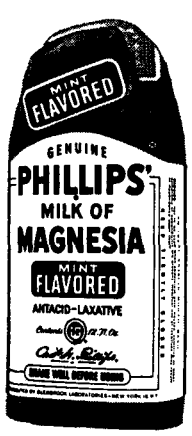
Milk of Magnesia is the laxative doctors recommend and...

Lots of people think the mint flavor in Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is the best thing that's happened to laxatives in a long time. It makes the world's best laxative the best tasting, too.

Even more important, doctors recommend milk of magnesia. We asked thousands of doctors, "Do you ever recommend milk of magnesia?" The overwhelming majority said, "Yes!"

Like regular Phillips', Mint-Flavored Phillips' is both a laxative and an antacid, so it relieves both irregularity *and* acid indigestion. Yet it's so gentle, it's ideal for all ages.

So get Mint-Flavored Phillips' Milk of Magnesia and prove to yourself that the world's best laxative is the best tasting, too!



REGULAR OR MINT-FLAVORED

SPEAKING OUT

sonable bounds, harms either the character of those who take part, no matter what their economic status, or their family circle and the community generally," the report said. "It is extremely difficult to establish that gambling is immoral. It is the concern of the state that gambling, like other indulgences, such as drinking liquor, be kept within reasonable bounds. But this does not imply there is anything inherently wrong in it. We believe gambling is more likely to be kept within reasonable bounds by the development of informed public opinion than by restrictive legislation."

In other words, just give the people a Pure Food and Drug Act-type label to guide them, and they'll bet just as they drink—in moderation. There always will be a small number of compulsive gamblers who blow the baby's milk money on dice or a horse. We have them now. But the compulsive gambler, the one who steals and kites checks to pay for his habit, is a sick man like the alcoholic. His trouble isn't gambling; it is mental. Most people who gamble, whether rich or poor, do it just as they drink—socially. A bet here, a bet there, a drink here, a drink there—it's all the same. The poor don't drink champagne, nor do they make big bets. They do not steal to pay bar bills. Nor should any reasonable mind look for them to steal for gambling. The poor are normal human beings. To say a man with a family will put the dinner money on a horse bet is ridiculous.

Today it is consummately easy to gamble in all poor neighborhoods; it has been for decades. But a query of welfare departments in New York and Chicago shows that gambling has almost nothing to do with the fact people are on public rolls. The Greenleigh Report on Chicago's relief rolls shows conclusively that gambling doesn't enter the picture. Responsible city officials in New York, including the mayor, are satisfied the poor in town are not mental defectives, as antigambling people seem to feel.

The Poor Man's Game

The major concern about poor people's betting centers mainly on the policy-numbers game. This is a lottery which puts a little fun into the dullness of neighborhoods where there isn't much money. It is a major industry particularly in areas populated by people whose skin does not happen to be white. Antigambling people call it "the vicious numbers racket" and say the poor colored people have to be protected from it. But most of the poor colored people are so busy getting a kick out of their daily 25-cent number play that they don't have time to listen. But since it is illegal, the only people who run policy are racketeers.

On this matter I am compelled to turn to the philosophy of Harry (Champ) Segal, the magnificent Broadway character who has been conversant with gambling since acquiring the ability to count to 10.

"They say it's a disgrace the way the policy guys go around collectin' quarters from these people on the chance of their number comin' up," he comments. "Well, how much do you want them to bet—a hunnert dollars? The numbers game is the poor man's racetrack. And what's become so special about colored and Puerto Ricans? Are they privileged citizens or somethin'? Let 'em take their chances like anybody else and have their fun, win or lose. I wouldn't pay a dime of the taxpayers' money to stop it."

The restriction of the right to gamble has promoted some of the most sickening displays of hypocrisy this country ever has had. In 26 states a man is allowed to gamble all he wants, provided he does it at a racetrack. Yet if he makes the same bet out in the street, he can be arrested.

Take last March 20. Horse racing opened its season at New York tracks and 82,120 people attended races at Aqueduct Race Track and Roosevelt Raceway. The total betting handle was $6,024,632. And while all this was going on, the police were proudly announcing that they had broken into an apartment in the Bronx and arrested two men who were running a bookmaking service for those people who could not get to the track, or preferred to bet on exhibition-baseball games. The two bookmakers were hustled off to jail as if they were menaces. And that night the head of Aqueduct Race Track had dinner with high-society people. I've got to see the man who can justify this.

The argument advanced by officials is that the state obtains tax revenue from the track and does not get any from bookmakers. The answer to this is, of course, to legalize it everywhere and get much more revenue.

New York Special Sessions Judge Edward F. Breslin, who insists, rather proudly, that he is no relation, points out: "a person picked up for bookmaking or policy-number running today is guilty of a misdemeanor. This places him in the same category as a man arrested for indecent exposure or shoplifting. I fail to see the equity."

My friend Fat Thomas, who is a bookmaker, agrees. "I am picked up," he said, "while I'm handling the action of some guy who can't get off to go to no racetrack. Who picks me up? A plainclothesman I always see trying to win a daily double down at the track."

There happened to be a time in this country when individuals were respected, not controlled, and gambling was recognized for what it is—a form of entertainment that can produce revenue. Benjamin Franklin conducted a public lottery in Philadelphia—much like the lottery they call the "numbers racket" today. Franklin's lottery raised funds to buy a battery of cannon to defend Philadelphia. George Washington, a confirmed horse bettor, also ran a big lottery. He built the Cumberland Road with revenue from it. And in Boston, John Hancock rebuilt Faneuil Hall with lottery money.

Today this is considered criminal activity. Yet, with the hallmark of hypocrisy, the greatest lottery in world history—the Irish Sweepstakes—sells most of its tickets in this country. The politician or policeman who would dare try to stop it has not yet been made.

The Sweepstakes is illegal, but when I worked on a New York City newspaper, the city side kept an open telephone to Dublin on the days of the drawings, and the lucky numbers were rushed into print. The paper still does this too. In fact, two New York afternoon papers run page after page of agate "Sweeps" numbers, and a man can go blind trying to find his number. It is great for circulation, because half the town has Sweepstakes tickets. And on the day of the race, pictures of winners are slammed onto page 1 (a bizarre hatchet murder can't even make the paper on Sweepstakes day). With the photos are quotes from the Internal Revenue Department about how much tax winners have to pay. To date, nobody ever has arrested a Sweepstakes winner, although anybody with a ticket is breaking the law. And the tax people have yet to turn back the money on grounds it is illegal.

Pleasure for High and Low

The entire situation becomes particularly sad when you see responsible public officials forced to string along with this mess. John Edgar Hoover, for one. Here is a man whose dedication to his country has been tremendous. Mr. Hoover, unfortunately, also happens to be about as good a handicapper of a horse race as I am. Worse yet, he bets his own selections. Under the laws, he does this only at a racetrack which, because of the fence around it, is a moral place—as opposed to the corner candy store, which has no fence around it and therefore is immoral.

In 1961 Attorney General Robert Kennedy had legislation put on the books which makes it a Federal crime to engage in interstate gambling activity. Why Kennedy got onto gambling is anybody's guess—I know for a fact Jimmy Hoffa does not bet with bookmakers. And while Kennedy was hard at work with his new laws, Hoover, whose bureau must investigate and enforce them, was found, one Saturday, in the winner's circle at Bowie Race Course, presenting a trophy to the winner of the feature race.

Then you go back to the dull, wet afternoon in the spring of 1961 when a man named Dwight D. Eisenhower sat at Belmont Park Race Track. His wife was with him, and she had the exuberance any lady gets after a couple of winners.

Somebody in Eisenhower's party asked Jimmy Jones, the great horse trainer, to pick a winner for Ike in the third race. Jones shuddered, then selected for Eisenhower a horse called Secret Honor. When the race began, the horses rushed from the gate—all except Secret Honor. He posed as if he were a park statue. Jones closed his eyes and tried to recall where, in his sinful past, he had done anything bad enough to deser e this.

Then Secret Honor started to run. In the stretch he was moving up with a wonderful rush. I looked at Eisenhower. He was beaming with excitement. Secret Honor, unfortunately, came in third, and Ike was out some money. But he still was beaming. As President of the United States, he did not attend a racetrack because, as James C. Hagerty, his press secretary, admitted, "there was too much opposition to it." But at Belmont Park Eisenhower was just another citizen, getting the same kick out of a bet I and all the millions of other bettors get.

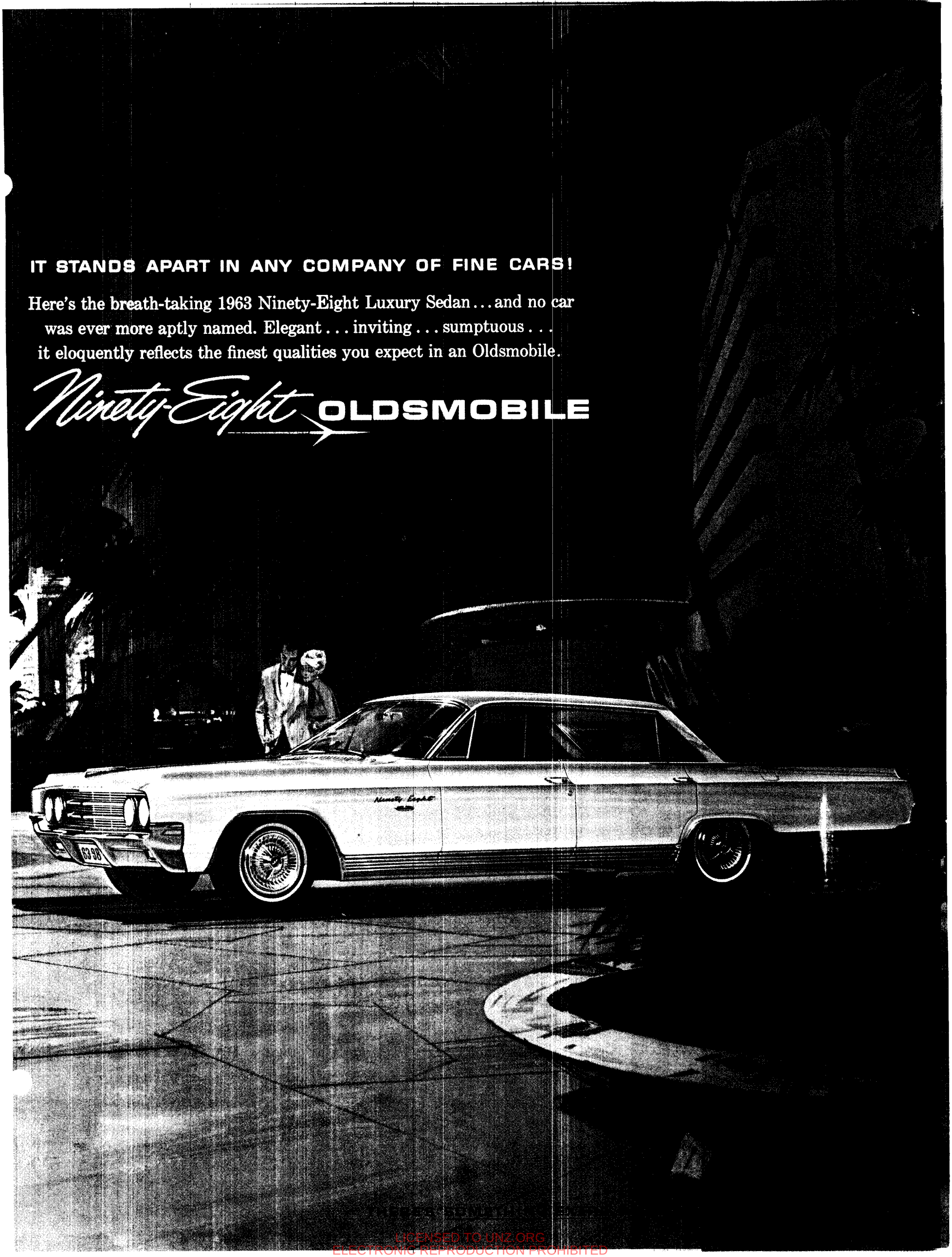
Why should this harmless pleasure of the low and the mighty be restricted by law to the comparative few who can make it out to the track? **THE END**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

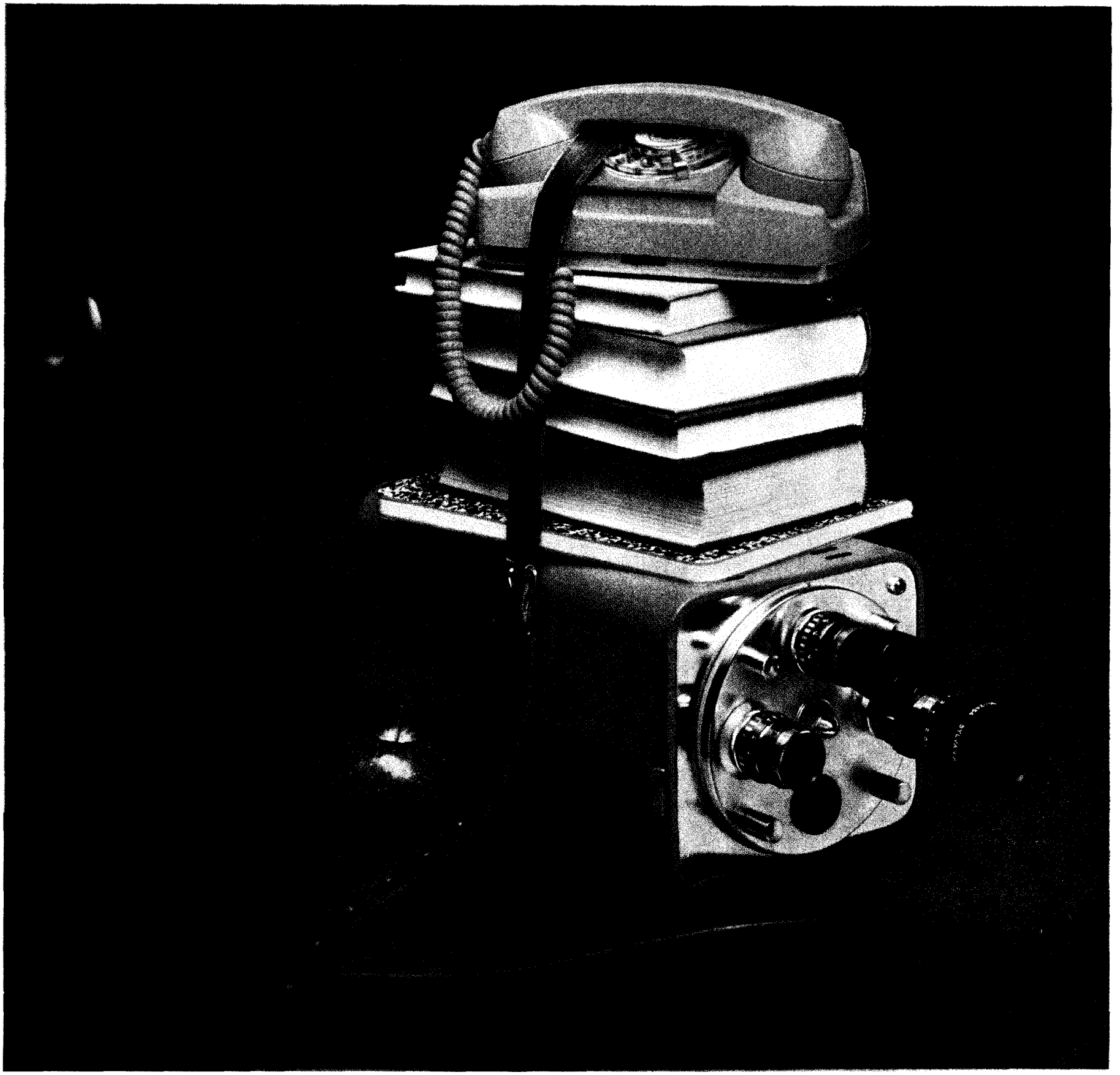
IT STANDS APART IN ANY COMPANY OF FINE CARS!

Here's the breath-taking 1963 Ninety-Eight Luxury Sedan... and no car was ever more aptly named. Elegant... inviting... sumptuous... it eloquently reflects the finest qualities you expect in an Oldsmobile.

Ninety-Eight OLDSMOBILE



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



For information on planning and organizing Educational TV, write Dept. M2, General Telephone & Electronics, 730 Third Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

USING TV TO TEACH...BY "TELEPHONE"

Today, a single teacher can personally instruct thousands of pupils in dozens of schools over special TV telephone lines. GT&E is bringing this modern form of Educational TV to the nation's schools through its own Operating Companies in areas of 32 states. This advanced system includes inexpensive TV cameras and receivers developed by our subsidiary, Sylvania. "ETV" is another example of how GT&E works to advance communications on all fronts.

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

GENERAL SYSTEM

730 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK 17

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS SUBSIDIARIES: General Telephone Operating Companies in 32 states • General Telephone & Electronics Laboratories • General Telephone & Electronics International • General Telephone Directory Co. • Automatic Electric • Leich Electric • Lenkurt Electric • Electronic Secretary Industries • Sylvania Electric Products

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY B. Franklin

QUACK MARRIAGE COUNSELORS

A GROWING NATIONAL SCANDAL

By BILL DAVIDSON

A special *Post* report reveals a nationwide problem involving thousands of charlatans and incompetents who give advice to couples in marital trouble, and sometimes ruin lives.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Many counselors are profiteering fishermen in the waters of misery."

Glenn Rogers shows mass of evidence he collected on counselor whom he blames for contributing to breakup of his marriage.

Beverley A. Brewitt sought premarital counsel and received such bizarre advice that she complained to the City Attorney.

In the Los Angeles classified phone book under the heading MARRIAGE AND FAMILY COUNSELORS there is a large ad which reads, "PROBLEM CLINIC, National Association for Family Service, Continued Counseling, Individual and Group Therapy, Problems, large and small treated under the guidance of Dr. A. Donahji, Ph.D., D.D.N.S., Founder—Palace of Brmhayati." Last November 9, Donahji was visited by a young couple who introduced themselves as Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mason and said they were seeking help from a practitioner of the burgeoning new field of marriage counseling.

The Masons entered Donahji's establishment in a house sandwiched among storefronts on Los Angeles's Western Avenue, and they found themselves in a shabby waiting room decorated with worn oriental rugs, battered couches, a giant brass gong and huge portraits of Jesus Christ and Donahji, with the latter getting top billing. While Mason stayed in the waiting room in the company of moist-eyed, middle-aged women patients, Mrs. Mason was summoned in to see the doctor, who wore a turquoise turban (matching his telephone) and a Ben Casey-type surgical smock. The doctor, quite handsome and about 28, held Mrs. Mason's hand during the interview.

In response to a brief medical history and her admission that she and her husband had an unsatisfactory sexual relationship, he gave his diagnosis: Both she and her husband had "psychic auras" that were "too light and thin"; they had married each other, though they were more "like brother and sister," because "you see each other in one another." He advised Mrs. Mason to stop taking thyroid pills (which her physicians had administered to her for years as a vital necessity) because "they're doing more harm than good and will make you blind by forming crystals at the tops of your eyeballs." He also warned her that the pills would cause hair to grow on her chest. He concluded by assuring her that he could cure her marital ills in six more visits at $10 a visit.

Three days later Donahji was visited by a subpoena server for an investigating committee of the California State Assembly. He then learned to his astonishment that Mason was a reporter working for me in the preparation of this *Saturday Evening Post* report and that "Mrs. Mason" is, in reality, a former Los Angeles policewoman named Louise Sheffield who was employed by the committee as an undercover investigator. At committee hearings on November 19 Donahji testified that his real name is Don Wilson, that he was born in Girard, Kansas, and that he had awarded himself his Ph.D. and doctor-of-divinity degrees. He admitted that he had absolutely no educational background that would qualify him to handle complicated emotional problems as a marriage counselor, let alone to give medical advice (as in the matter of Miss Sheffield's thyroid pills). Investigators for the state medical board referred his case to the City Attorney for possible action.

The Donahji case was a striking example of the evidence turned up in a coast-to-coast 10-city survey by a *Post* team of five reporters who posed as clients for marriage counselors. The survey indicates that the current epidemic of unqualified counselors is having far more disastrous effects than the mere separation of people from their money. I found that they have wrecked lives, have pushed emotionally disturbed clients over the borderline into severe mental illness and might even have caused suicides by their inexpert handling of cases beyond their comprehension.

In sending our operatives to check on Donahji and his ilk, neither the California Legislature nor *The Post* was primarily interested in the jailing of charlatans. The Assembly's Committee on Governmental Efficiency and Economy held its November hearings with the objective of recommending laws to license and regulate marriage counselors, something no state now does. The committee's consultant, a sociologist named Maxwell Miller (formerly on the faculty of Tufts University in Boston), had learned, as I did through a nationwide study, that the marriage counselor field is infested with quacks, phonies and incompetents. In the professional journal, *The American Psychologist*, it was estimated in 1953 that there were approximately 25,000 quack marriage counselors in the United States, earning themselves more than $375,000,000 a year.

Quacks Outnumber Professionals

"Today," says Dr. David R. Mace, executive director of the ethical American Association of Marriage Counselors, "those figures probably have increased considerably. Why? Because in the last few years 22 states have passed strict new regulations to license and control psychologists in an attempt to weed out the quacks in that profession. The quacks simply took down the PSYCHOLOGIST signs outside their offices and substituted MARRIAGE COUNSELOR signs instead. With practically no regulation at all—except for the psychiatrists, psychologists, social workers, etc., who meet the rigid standards of our association and those of the Community Chest family-service agencies—anyone can hang out a shingle and advertise himself as a marriage counselor. So a horde of quacks has flocked into our field, and they're making more money than ever before."

The *Post* survey discovered that the incompetents and quacks outnumber the dedicated, competent professionals in the field. We came across self-labeled marriage counselors who had been taxi drivers, plumbers or bartenders, with barely a high-school education. Among the quacks there are phony clergymen, misguided idealists, gypsy fortune-tellers, unqualified ex-physicians, hypnotists, spiritualists, "psychoanalysts" with "degrees" from nonexistent or unrecognized universities. We found inventors of Rube Goldberg contraptions for treating medical and mental ills, and even junk dealers (one Wisconsin scrapyard offers marriage counseling along with old stoves, secondhand pipe and cannibalized automobile parts). They all have one thing in common: They are profiteering fishermen in the waters of human misery.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Dr. Donahji's" advice: "Stop those thyroid pills—they'll blind you."

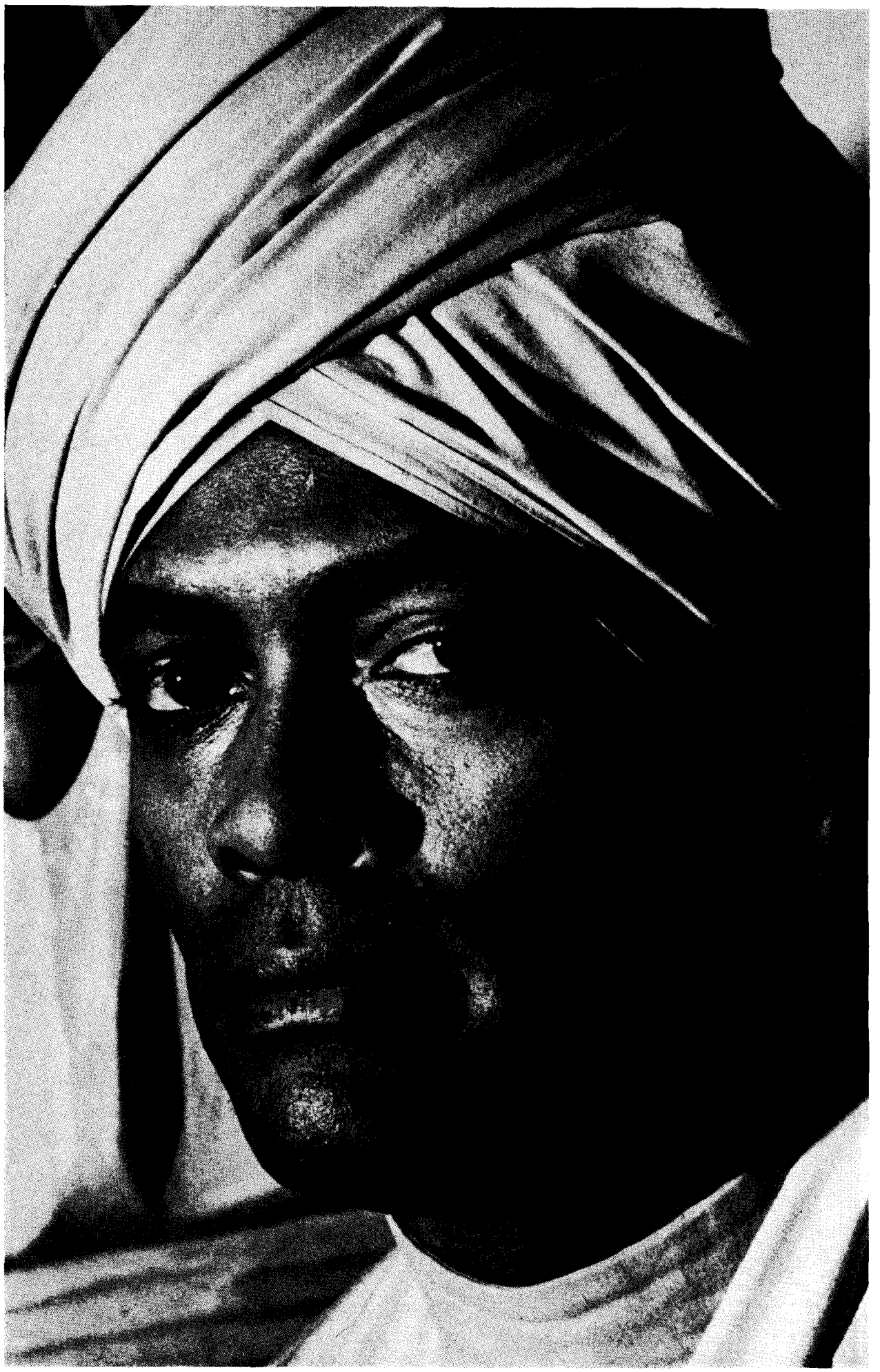
The spectrum of dangerously unqualified people in the field runs from the pure black to the lightest grays. One of my reporters (posing as a young husband at the breaking point—holding two jobs, living with his wife's family, etc.) visited Madam Ann, a Los Angeles gypsy who advertises as a marriage counselor and spiritual adviser. Her advice was that he should see her twice a week for several weeks, her qualifications being that "I was born with the power to solve problems. The answer comes to me when I burn candles and pray at church." Madam Ann's fee is $5 a visit. Before she became a marriage counselor she got 50 cents a visit for reading palms.

At the other end of the spectrum is a middle-aged woman physician in a large suburb who gave up the practice of medicine in 1952 for the easier and more lucrative field of marriage counseling. She was visited by one of my reporters, an attractive young lady who told the doctor she was at the point of desperation because her marriage had broken down into a complete lack of communication between her husband and herself. For $15, payable at the end of the visit, the doctor offered counsel of the caliber of the advice-to-the-lovelorn columns: "Do more things together; be there when he gets home from work, etc."

Although this may sound harmless, it isn't. Last year this same doctor who has had no training in psychiatry attempted to handle a case on which I patterned my reporter's problem. The real patient now is institutionalized with a severe mental breakdown. The details were revealed to me by an executive of one of the top-rated family-service agencies, which picked up the debris after the doctor had finished her "counseling."

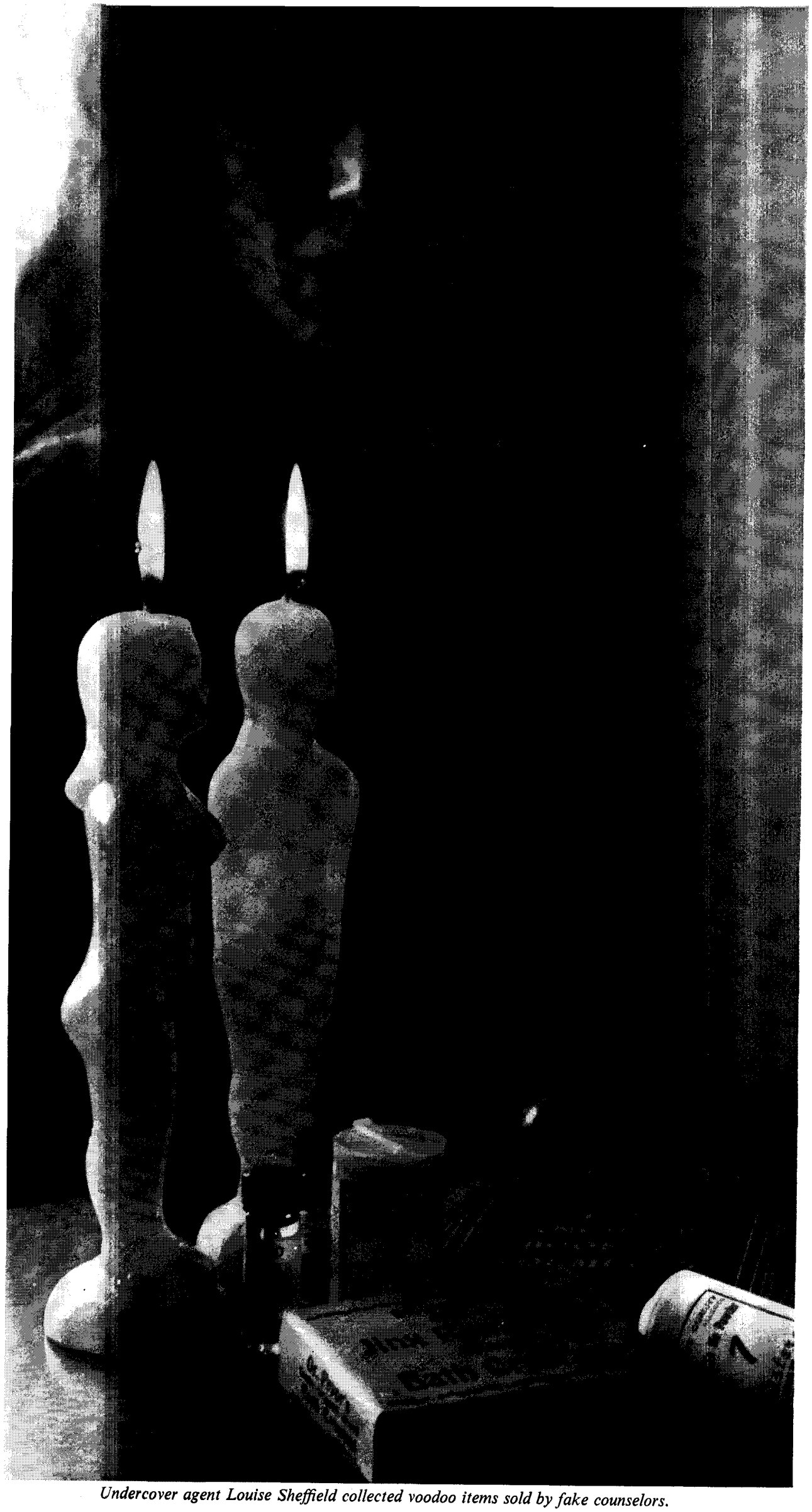
Says the executive, a distinguished clinical psychologist, "I had known this woman doctor previously, and one day she called me in a panic. She said that something had gone wrong in a marriage-counseling case and that she desperately needed my advice. This couple she was treating had a total inability to talk to each other, she said, and they were joined in a sort of mutual destruction—using everything to tear each other apart. I asked the doctor what treatment she had attempted and she said, 'I tried to bring the anger out.' This did not surprise me because it's her favorite expression. In her amateur dabbling she believes she can solve every problem with a cathartic approach to things—like wringing the worms out of the soil after a rain. The only trouble was that while she was engaged in 'bringing out the anger' the wife went to pieces.

"What happened was this: The wife was what we call an ambulatory schizophrenic. There are many such people with an underlying psychosis which can be managed just so long as it is not forced to the surface. The woman was expressionless and emotionless. She talked about marital explosions in a completely flat tone, as if reciting something that had happened to someone else; she had no goals in life and said she just wanted to live and get by; she kept describing a hollow inside of herself which she had tried to fill with food, art and education; she had compulsive feelings,



Turbaned "Dr. Donahji" guaranteed client "cure" for marital ills.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Undercover agent Louise Sheffield collected voodoo items sold by fake counselors.

Inventors o

like not answering phone calls from her husband except at a certain hour. There was a rigidity with which she was holding herself together—like living in a corset so as not to fly apart.

"All this would have been immediately apparent to anyone with professional training in this field. But not to my marriage-counselor friend. Unlike other physicians who take specialized training in handling emotional disturbances, she thought that treating mumps and measles in babies was all the training she needed. In 'bringing out the anger' she broke through the poor woman's thin line of defense and blindly caused the underlying psychosis to erupt. The woman went into a depression and refused to eat. She was obviously in a severe suicidal state.

"It was then that the doctor came to us for help, but by that time we could only turn the patient over to a psychiatrist. It now will take months of treatment and thousands of dollars to bring her back even to the state in which she started. So that's the kind of damage untrained marriage counselors—even those with M.D. degrees—can do. I dread to think of what happens with the plumbers and out-and-out con men who are plying the trade."

In Chicago last year a young steelworker came to see Wilda J. Dailey, head of the Midway Center office of the Family Service Bureau, United Charities. He announced that he had set himself up in practice as a marriage counselor in the evenings after his work at the steel mill and asked her agency to refer clients to him. Miss Dailey inquired about his qualifications, which consisted of a high-school education, a couple of college courses and the fact that he had read Freud. Miss Dailey, of course, told him referrals were out of the question and sternly warned him against his plan.

"Nonetheless," says Miss Dailey, "he told me he had a knack of helping people, and nothing I could say would stop him. He set himself up in a nice office on South 63rd Street, hired a secretary, decked himself out in a white coat. The clients came in off the street. He did fine until two months later when he got hold of a couple of psychotics. They drove *him* crazy. He closed, and we haven't heard anything of him since."

In Detroit a real-estate man set himself up in business as a marriage counselor, beat up one of his clients who was not responding to treatment, got in trouble with the law on a fraud charge and finally committed suicide. In a Midwestern city, reports Dr. Aaron L. Rutledge, president of the American Association of Marriage Counselors, "a psychiatrist was expelled from the medical society for having sexual intercourse with a variety of his patients. He nonchalantly declared himself a marriage counselor and continued his practice and practices." In Van Nuys, California, a woman having conflicts with her husband picked the name of a marriage counselor out of the phone book. For a few sessions the counselor talked to her across his desk; then he asked her to lie on his couch; a few sessions later he asked her to remove her blouse during treatment, and finally he asked her to take off her skirt. Says Yvonne Giroux, director of Family Service of Los Angeles, "When the woman became frightened and wanted to leave, he kissed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

weird contraptions are treating mental ills.

and fondled her. She fled and came to us. We checked her carefully to make sure she was not suffering from delusions. A few days later, when we began to investigate the counselor, we found that he had pulled up stakes and left town." When Miss Beverley Brewitt visited a Los Angeles marriage counselor for premarital advice, she was shocked by his bizarre sexual advice and given an illegal physical examination. The counselor then offered his "services" to relieve any "sexual frustrations" she might have.

In New Jersey I found a 50-year-old woman, the wife of an extremely wealthy man, who decided to become a marriage counselor after she had raised her family and had little else to do. She didn't want to take full training—which would have meant going back to college for a graduate degree in psychology or social work, plus several years of clinical work with an agency—because this would have interfered with her social life. Instead she took courses over a six-month period and received a certificate which stated that she was now qualified to practice marriage counseling. She is what is known in the profession as a "ninety-day wonder," and she has a profitable practice among the marital misfits in her wealthy, suburban community.

The Sick Can't Treat the Sick

You might say, "At least she has some training, so what harm can she do?" A reputable psychologist who knows her well answers that question quite succinctly. "This woman is mentally ill," he told me, "and in these cases the sick can't treat the sick. Her specialty is figuratively crawling into bed with her clients. She ferrets out all their sexual practices and gets full detail on every caress, and so on. She gives them the most outlandish mechanical sexual advice. Her rationale is that if you somehow get people to derive pleasure from each other's bodies there will be an eddy from it which will ameliorate other areas. In the hands of an incompetent, which she is, this is a dangerous theory. Even more dangerous is her underlying motive. The woman has an abnormal sexual curiosity rising from a sexual inadequacy in her own marriage. Her quest for detail about the intimacies of her clients is, for her, a substitute. How different is this from the peeping Tom who looks into bedroom windows?"

In our investigation my reporters and I ran the gamut from the peeping Toms to the out-and-out charlatans to the well-meaning incompetents. In Los Angeles one of the reporters phoned A. Henry Silver, who advertises in the phone book: "Psychoanalyst . . . Release of whole burden can be accomplished from first consultation . . . Marriage and sex problems . . . Resulting in lasting peace of mind and efficiency. . . ." On the phone Silver promised what not even Freud, Jung and Adler, acting in concert, could do. He said, "I'll solve your problem in one session for a hundred dollars"—and this was before he knew the problem or even the name of the potential client.

Another marriage counselor named Volney G. Mathison calls himself an "electropsychometrist." He offered to eliminate the young man's marital woes with an interview ($45); a "self-hypno" tape recording to be played over and over by this client in order to hypnotize himself ($50), and a tape recorder on which to play the tapes ($79.95). Mathison also suggested that he could cure other bad habits, such as bed-wetting, excessive smoking and homosexuality.

In a reputable-appearing marriage clinic in Los Angeles the marriage counselor gave the reporter standard psychological tests and sold him a course of treatment that cost $90. Then the reporter was informed by a staff marriage counselor that his handwriting on the psychological tests would be a key factor in solving his marital problems. "In thousands of hours of treatment," said the counselor, "I've learned the importance of handwriting analysis."

Perhaps the most startling experience undergone by the reporter in Los Angeles was at the hands of V.I. Negri and Associates, advertised in the phone book as "Ph.D. Psychologists Specializing in Personal, Marital and Sexual Problems." The reporter called for an appointment and was told to come to Vitale I. Negri's home, a $50,000 English-manor-style house just off Wilshire Boulevard. Mrs. Negri collected a $15 fee from the "patient" in the doorway and then ushered him through a pantry into the presence of the master in an office hung with diplomas—a "doctor of philosophy" degree from Western Institute of Psychoanalysis in Los Angeles and several degrees from Commonwealth University in Los Angeles. We could find no evidence of the existence of these institutions.

Negri, an elderly snapping turtle of a man who conducted the interview in stocking feet, first reviewed the reporter's sexual habits in his marriage and then delivered himself of a medical lecture on the dangers to the prostate gland which would jar the credibilities of any first-year physiology student. There was a further discussion about the "patient's" nervous state, and then came the grand play. As the reporter describes it, "Negri had me sit down in a chair with my back to a large electrical machine. It had a label something like THERMOMECHANISM on it, but it was too dark for me to read it clearly. From the machine he pulled forward an arm on which were mounted two hinged metal plates. These he clamped around my head. Then he threw some switches behind me somewhere, and the machine started some generalized whirring back at the power source, while right at my ears there started a soft, metronome-like ticking.

"Then all at once the plates began to get hot. Negri asked me if I felt anything. When I answered that the thing was getting hot, he wanted to know if the heat was equal on both sides of my head. I answered that I thought it was a bit cooler on the right side. He released me from the device and said, 'I want you to take B-1 vitamins. That will help your nervousness and clear up that weakness on the right side. Anyone can tell from just looking at you that you're neurotic. I can supply you with a bottle of 100-milligram B-1 vitamins for $2.87. I also want you to have a long talk with your wife. You must be firm with her. Your trouble is that you love your wife not wisely but too well.'"

Less amusing were the experiences of two of my reporters, both young women, in New York. One of them went to a so-called marriage clinic in a shabby office in a midtown Manhattan office building. On her first visit she was informed by the marriage counselor in attendance that (a) she was frigid; (b) she was entirely responsible for the sex problems she had complained about in her marriage because she had probably undergone a frightening experience in childhood, "like being raped by your father," and (c) it would be better to break up the marriage "rather than go through five more years of misery." Another marriage counselor in the office of a chiropractor advised her, after about 15 minutes of interviewing, "to find someone you love and want to rush to bed with." He asked, "How do you know your husband isn't a homosexual?"

Bad Advice Could Incite Murder

My other New York reporter went to a man who calls himself "The Listening Rabbi" and told him the story of a troubled interfaith marriage. She complained that her husband's parents refused to accept her and that he continually sided with them. The marriage counselor said, "Did it ever occur to you that the only reason your husband might have married you was to revenge himself on his parents for the early religious upbringing they forced on him?"

The danger in these three cases is inherent. As a psychiatrist explained to me, "If any of these women were borderline psychotics, or mentally disturbed in any severe way, such advice could drive them to murdering their husbands, or to suicide, or both."

In the face of wholesale incompetence and quackery in this field, does a person with a serious problem dare to go to a marriage counselor? The answer: Yes.

First of all, when practiced ethically and with proper education and training, it is an honorable and valuable calling. For example, in divorce cases where he thinks a marriage can be saved, attorney Louis Nizer prefers to send his clients to a professional marriage counselor rather than to a psychiatrist or a psychoanalyst, except in instances of extreme emotional disturbance. He says, "Psychoanalysis takes too long. A good marriage counselor can clear up the ordinary maladjustments and misunderstandings in from six to fifteen visits. While the percentage of success is not high, it is gratifying enough to warrant frequent use."

Secondly, it is possible to avoid the quacks and incompetents if you exercise the same amount of care as you do in choosing a physician or surgeon. The principal fact to realize is that, as Sanford Sherman of New York's Jewish Family Service told me, "There is no profession of marriage counseling. Anyone who claims to be in such a profession should be investigated further. It is a field involving many people who are qualified in their own professions, such as psychiatry, psychology and social work. Most of the phonies don't have a profession of their own, and they latch onto 'marriage counselor' as a title." Thus the American Association of Marriage Counselors requires for membership a minimum of a master's degree in social work, an M.D. degree, a Ph.D. in psychology, sociology or a closely related

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Maxwell Miller, a sociologist and California consultant, helped organize investigation of marriage counselors for state's legislature.

Assemblyman Lester McMillan directed hearings by California committee looking into need for state control of counseling.

Nevin Wiley, director of Family Service organization in San Diego, spurred City Council to control all forms of counseling.

field, or a three-year graduate degree from a theological seminary. In addition, a full-fledged member must have had at least five years' experience in clinical marriage counseling.

Many members of the association are affiliated with clinics or with public or private family-service agencies. This gives a distinct advantage to the client because, as the American Foundation of Religion and Psychiatry points out, "Marriage is many things. It is a legal, medical, economic, religious and social relationship, as well as an emotional one. . . . Ideally, the marriage counselor should be a doctor, lawyer, minister, psychologist and sociologist. The next best thing is to form a team of counselors. Fortifying this theory, a study by the Marriage Council of Philadelphia indicates—contrary to widespread belief—that in only one of seven cases is the main marriage problem a sexual or emotional one.

A typical recent case in Washington, D.C. was illustrative. It involved a multiplicity of problems: money; the husband's troubles with his job; the children's failures in school; the wife's difficulties in adjusting to the religious extremes of her mother-in-law, who had come to live with the family. *Four* experts combined to work on this situation. A social worker taught the wife how to budget and arranged for special counseling of the children in school; an attorney helped obtain a bank loan for the husband, thus getting the other creditors off his back; a minister mediated the religious differences between wife and mother-in-law; and a psychologist, after tests and consultations, switched the man from a bookkeeper's job to an outside salesman's route, for which he was much more suited. Today, less than a year after a near divorce, the marriage seems to have been saved.

It is because of teamwork like this that the most effective marriage counseling being done today is in the family-service agencies—which have experts in all categories on their staffs or serving as consultants. Three hundred such agencies in major cities of the U.S. and Canada (all supported by the Community Chest and United Fund and charging fees ranging from nothing to $25 a week, according to ability to pay) belong to a remarkable organization called the Family Service Association of America. The F.S.A.A. sets rigid standards for member agencies' personnel and sends fieldworkers to keep the quality of the counseling on a high level. If an agency falls below the required high standards, it loses its accreditation. The F.S.A.A. agencies do more marriage counseling than any other group in the United States. In 1962 they handled more than 300,000 cases. Nearly half the cases they see involve marital problems. A social worker with at least a master's degree and several years of clinical experience is assigned to each case. The caseworker is backed up by psychologists, psychiatrists, lawyers, clergymen, etc., who act as consultants. Cases of severe mental illness, for example, are immediately referred to a psychiatrist or clinical psychologist, according to the severity of the disturbance.

Public at the Exploiters' Mercy

With such excellent service readily available, why is it that hundreds of thousands of people fall into the hands of the quacks and the incompetents every year? There are many reasons.

Frequently the agencies, plagued by a shortage of qualified personnel, have waiting lists—and desperate people will turn to anyone who promises to help them without delay.

Another reason is ignorance and naïveté. As Dr. Aaron L. Rutledge, president of the American Association of Marriage Counselors, recently wrote, "The public is at the mercy of the exploiters. It is against professional ethics to advertise but the borderline operator and the quack do not hesitate to use the tactics of the sideshow hawker. . . . The most intelligent person can make serious mistakes when suffering from acute emotional stress. He assumes that the yellow pages or newspapers would not announce the services of disreputable people, and he dials the first or largest number he sees."

A third reason for the current epidemic of quacks and incompetents is that the average person frequently finds it difficult to tell if he is dealing with a legitimate practitioner or a phony. The diploma on the wall may be a fake. Even if genuine, the Ph.D. may be in physical education or geology or some other subject wholly unrelated to the behavioral sciences. The membership certificate in a high-sounding professional organization may be a fraud.

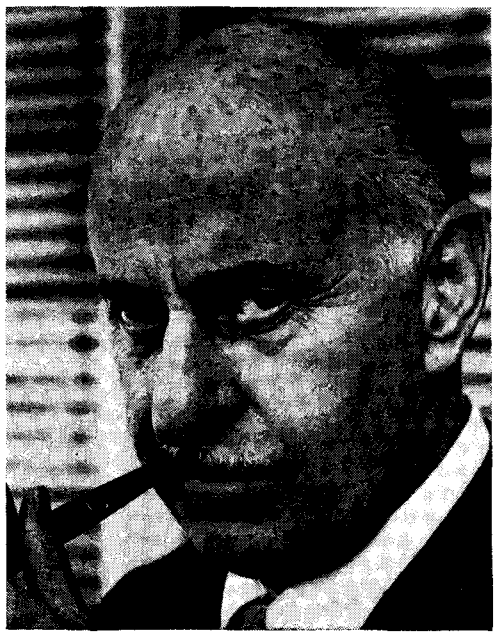
Not long ago, for example, many marriage counselors received letters and application blanks inviting them to join, for $12.50, an organization known as the American Marriage Counselor Association (a name confusingly similar to that of the reputable American Association of Marriage Counselors). The address was P.O. Box 476 in Evansville, Indiana. The letter adjured the recipient to join in order to "quickly and effectively clean out our profession, ridding ourselves of the shysters, interlopers, impostors, incompetents and charlatans who have too long taken away the dignity and good name of what should be one of our most honored professions." Since no qualifications were asked for, I filled out an application blank and mailed my $12.50. I wanted to see if, with no educational background in the field, I could get myself "a handsome certificate of membership" plus a "duplicate certificate in miniature size" for my wallet.

The only thing that prevented me from thus becoming a "certified" marriage counselor was that the Better Business Division of the Evansville Chamber of Commerce got to P.O. Box 476 before I did. The American Marriage Counselor Association turned out to be a destitute ex-lawyer who had become impressed with the get-rich-quick possibilities in the marriage-counselor field, of which he had no professional knowledge. Because he is a partial invalid he was not prosecuted after he'd promised to cease and desist his "accrediting" activities and return all money sent to him. I have yet, however, to get my $12.50 back.

With such chicanery rampant, the public currently has virtually no protection against falling into the hands of a quack or an incompetent—except to follow the rules laid down in the "do's and don'ts" of seeking help from a marriage counselor, printed with this article. It is incredible, but only one place in the country imposes legal control over the marriage-counselor racket. This place is San Diego, California.

In 1948, long before the term "marriage counselor" came into general use, San Diego was plagued with a host of phony practitioners who customarily used the label "psychologist" or "psychoanalyst." On June 7 of that year Nevin Wiley, director of the Family Service Association of San Diego, a top-rated F.S.A.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Irving R. Stone, San Diego Psychology Commission chairman, recommended his city's pioneering laws be extended statewide.

agency, complained about the infestation to George Chaplin, the editor of a now-defunct crusading newspaper, the San Diego *Journal*. Shocked, Chaplin on June 9 dispatched a reporter named Richard Looman to investigate. Looman's disclosures made front-page news in the *Journal* for more than a month.

First, Looman obtained for himself a business license from the city. It cost him 84 cents. He wanted to dramatize how this license was all that was necessary for him—or anyone else—to go into practice as a "professional consulting psychologist." Next Looman reported on cases of outrageous quackery that he had found and which were confirmed by Samuel Futterman, M.D., a psychiatrist and consultant to the Family Service Association of San Diego. In one case a quack failed to recognize mental illness in a husband and gave credence to the man's wild delusions that his wife was being unfaithful with all of his friends. The counselor actually persuaded the wife to undergo sterilization "to save the marriage." Looman found another counselor who had sexual relations with his women patients, "designating such acts as a proper part of treatment." Another quack to whom Looman went, posing as a patient, told him that his wife was probably trying to poison his food and tried to sign him up for treatments at $120 a month to correct supposed glandular damage.

On August 10, 1948, a month after the newspaper began its disclosures, the San Diego City Council—following two days of hearings—set up a five-member commission of professionals to license "every person conducting or carrying on the business, occupation or profession of psychologist, or who counsels people with mental, emotional or marital problems. . . ." In 1953 the Council set up a similar five-member commission to license and regulate social workers engaged in counseling. The standards are tough. For both categories, a minimum of a master's degree from a reputable school is required, plus accreditation in either the American Psychological Association or the National Association of Social Workers, plus five years of supervised practice. Only people licensed by either the Psychology Commission or the Social Work Commission may practice marriage counseling in San Diego.

Louise Sheffield posed as client to expose this "Problem Clinic."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All states have failed to protect the public. Now they must crack down on the quacks.

As a result San Diego—unlike any other city in America—has been almost completely free of marriage-counselor quacks and incompetents for 14 years. Only licensed practitioners are listed as marriage counselors in the phone book. There is no backwash of shattered victims. Irving R. Stone, chairman of the San Diego Psychology Commission (he's also the chief clinical psychologist at the state of California's mental-hygiene clinic in San Diego), told me, "The only problems we have had go back to a provision in the original law which exempted certain professions, like doctors and ministers, from licensing. Occasionally we get some nut who ordains himself a minister in a church he creates himself and then opens up a pastoral counseling service. We go after them, usually on fraud charges, through the district attorney's office."

Legislative Action in California

If it can happen in one city why can't it happen in others—or even in whole states? Last October Maxwell Miller, consultant of the Committee on Governmental Efficiency and Economy of the California State Assembly, asked himself that very question after receiving numerous complaints about quack marriage counselors. So did Assemblyman Lester A. McMillan, chairman of the committee. They decided to investigate and hold committee hearings to determine whether legislation should be recommended. It was just about that time that I was in California working with my team of investigators, and I outlined to Miller my views of the problem as I had observed it nationally. Miller suggested that my investigators join forces with his. The committee's former policewoman, Louise Sheffield, thus became the feminine half of a "husband-and-wife" team with my skilled reporter, Robert Mason. Copies of all of my reports of visits made to suspected quacks went to the committee.

At a subsequent public hearing of the committee on November 19 several of the quacks uncovered by Miss Sheffield and Mason were ordered to testify under subpoena. The committee also heard testimony from victims and from expert witnesses. One of the victims, a consulting engineer named Glenn H. Rogers, told how he'd paid $4,100 over 10 years to a San Francisco marriage counselor. He testified that he had gone to the "doctor" in 1950 because of tension on his job but that "he told me sex was at the root of my trouble, and he cleverly told me he must consult with my wife and talk with her." After that, reported Rogers, the man "began clandestine operations with my wife and directed that both she and I have extramarital experiences." Said Rogers, "This man held sway over my family for ten years. He conducted himself improperly with my wife, permanently crippled the psyche of two of our three children and contributed heavily to the breakup of our marriage in 1960." This testimony was substantiated by Assemblyman Donald Mulford of Oakland, California, where Rogers lives.

The committee also heard from the Rev. William V. King, pastor of the Church of Modern Philosophy in El Monte, California, who testified that he had issued himself his degree as doctor of divinity as well as honorary degrees in philosophy and psychology, and that he practices marriage counseling "because I have a psychic to diagnose what is wrong with people." The "reverend" said he'd gone only to the eleventh grade and founded his church and marriage-counseling service "by a divine revelation." Another clergyman, Dr. Ray Charles Jarman, testified he'd been a minister for 50 years and done marriage counseling since he was 17. He admitted to the committee that he takes the dangerous hallucinatory drug LSD (lysergic acid diethylamide), which should be administered only under the strict control of a physician. "It's a very remarkable drug," he told the committee. "I saw reality for the first time, and I felt I should share this feeling with my congregation." (It was brought out at the hearing that Jarman is a defendant in a $500,000 civil damage suit in Superior Court in California; he's accused of inducing a client named Donald W. McCollum to take LSD with the result that McCollum attempted suicide and was committed to a mental institution.)

All the expert witnesses urged legislation to curb the quacks and incompetents. San Diego's Psychology Commission chairman, Irving R. Stone, recommended an extension of San Diego's strict licensing system to the entire state; Superior Judge Roger A. Pfaff, who heads Los Angeles's highly successful court conciliation program (there are 11 qualified marriage counselors on the staff), asked for strict standards—"a minimum of a master's degree in one of the behavioral sciences with five years of professional experience, at least two years of which should be in marriage counseling."

Possibilities of a Crackdown

Will California become the first state to crack down on marriage counselors? Probably. What form will the committee's proposed legislation take? It's still too early to tell. However, in my discussions with Maxwell Miller, several possibilities emerged:

1. The state will limit marriage counseling to specific professions, such as psychiatry and psychology, in which the applicant is previously qualified, licensed or certified. In addition each applicant will have to take an examination to be licensed as a marriage counselor. Church groups which advertise as counselors will have to have a state-licensed marriage counselor on the staff.

2. The state will set up disciplinary measures against practicing without a license.

3. The committee will recommend liability provisions for any harm licensed marriage counselors cause to patients similar to malpractice provisions applying to licensed physicians.

4. The committee will recommend that marriage counseling be limited to clinics and agencies which offer panels of experts.

Even if California passes only the minimum proposed legislation, other states *must* follow suit. They are confronted by a real and present menace—incompetents and quacks who prey on, and often harm, troubled, vulnerable people. The state governments have been derelict in failing to take action before this, for there is no question they have power to put the phony counselors out of business. Now *The Post* and California investigations have shown how big the problem is, how it can be exposed, and what sort of legislation can be enacted to solve it.

As other states follow California's lead, the plague would be well on its way to eradication. This would answer the prayerful pleas of the dedicated, honest practitioners in the field who inherit the pitiful mess caused by the incompetents and quacks, often when it is too late. Before I left on my study around the country, I spoke with Else Siegle, a top executive of the Community Service Society of New York, one of the most respected agencies in the country. Mrs. Siegle studied at the University of Vienna and at the New York School of Social Work. She is typical of the hardworking, eminently qualified humanitarians who are trying to stem the tide of charlatanism.

Mrs. Siegle said to me, "Help us, *please* help us to get some licensing to weed out the incompetents. Human beings are the most precious commodity we can deal with." **THE END**

DO'S AND DON'TS

Do . . . phone your local Community Chest or United Fund to be referred to an accredited qualified agency . . . *or*

Do . . . write to Family Service Association of America, 44 East 23rd Street, New York 10, New York, for information about the best agencies in your area . . . *or*

Do . . . write to the American Association of Marriage Counselors, 27 Woodcliff Drive, Madison, New Jersey, for the names of qualified members of the association practicing in your area.

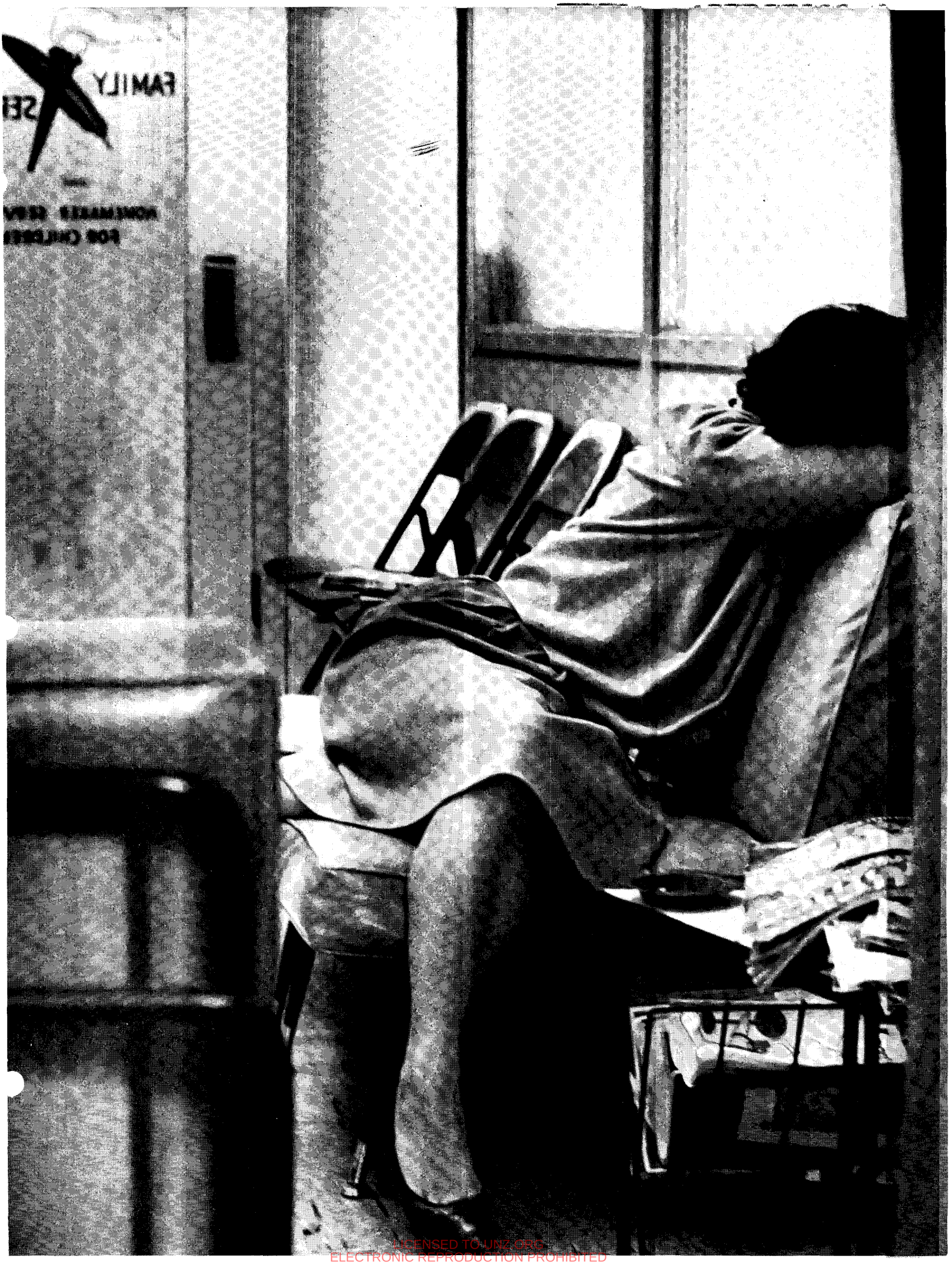
Don't . . . go to any marriage counselor who advertises flamboyantly. The legitimate practitioner will be listed only by name, degree and professional affiliation.

Don't . . . go to any marriage counselor who promises to solve your problems. The legitimate practitioner promises nothing except help in enabling you to understand your problems so *you* may be able to solve them.

Don't . . . hesitate to ask any practitioner for the details of his background, training and qualifications. The legitimate practitioner is proud of his preparation for the field and welcomes, rather than resents, such questions. Also look behind the degree. Make sure the Ph.D., M.S.S. or M.A. is in the behavioral sciences (psychology, sociology, etc.), and that it has been obtained from a reputable school or university.

At limit of despair, a woman awaits help from a legitimate counseling agency.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"King" of the U.S. Senate

Robert S. Kerr straddles the Old and New Frontiers • By JOSEPH KRAFT

Many years ago a serious young man asked the governor of Oklahoma to define his political philosophy. The governor said, "Son, my philosophy is that I'm ag'in any combination I ain't in."

Uninspiring as that point of view may seem, it represents a political fact of prime national importance. The author of the creed is Senator Robert S. Kerr. And Kerr, besides being a millionaire 40 times over, besides being a captain of industry and a baron of lands and cattle, has been the only Senator—perhaps the only man in the Congress—to emerge during the Kennedy Administration as a force in his own right. "What Kerr wants, Kennedy gets," they say in the Senate press gallery. On the floor Kerr has been called "the uncrowned king of the Senate."

Getting into combinations—a capacity for upward merger—lies at the heart of Kerr's success. "My father," he says in a characteristic allusion, and with characteristically involuted syntax, "often impressed on me the secret of the success of John D. Rockefeller, the story of which he once read. It was the ability to associate with him men of far greater ability than he had, and with them he established a community of interest, and for them he provided the opportunity to achieve success for themselves while they were contributing to his. I have followed that formula all my life."

Merging the Old With the New

It was thus—by making the services of his own little firm available to the giant Phillips Petroleum Company—that Kerr built a family drilling business into the Kerr-McGee Oil Industries, Inc. (oil, chemicals, uranium, and assets of about $200,000,000). It was thus—by making his money available to Oklahoma Democrats—that Kerr entered politics, first as a party fund raiser and national committeeman; next, in 1943, as governor; since 1949 as Senator. It was thus—by expanding a narrow special interest in oil and gas to a broad public-works position engrossing the interest of every Senator—that Kerr became a power on Capitol Hill. And now he is verging on a final, portentous merger—a merger of the Old and the New Frontiers.

Not many Americans have deeper roots in the Old Frontier than Robert Samuel Kerr. The second son of a pioneer family that had trekked from Texas by covered wagon, Kerr was born in 1896 in a log cabin near Ada in the Indian Territory of what was to become Oklahoma. His memories of the harsh, early years are vivid: "Our home most of the time when I was growir up was ten acres in the suburbs of Ada, where \ had an orchard, and then my father would lease forty to sixty acres to plant corn and cotton. I never saw a man work so hard to make a living as he did for his wife and six kids. He ran that farm, and the kids would do most of the work in the orchard. He would work in the lumberyard, the cement plant, and teach country school. For several winters he taught for sixty dollars a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

month. I would see him leave home and walk down the railroad track on Sunday evening, and then come back on Friday."

One fruit of that experience is a massive self-reliance, evident in everything Kerr does. Kerr writes his own speeches, drives his own car and, in his words, "has almost no social life." On a recent flight to Oklahoma he told the passengers where to sit in the plane, then assigned them places in the waiting car, and then supervised the stowing of the luggage. Unlike most millionaires, he has stuck close to native soil. He visits New York about once a year, and the one trip he made abroad—to Europe with the artillery in World War I—he plays down: "The only powder I smelled was face powder." His chief residence is Kermac, a 60,000-acre cattle ranch with a $600,000 show-place home at Poteau in southeast Oklahoma. His four children all live and work in Oklahoma. Elegant antiques gathered from around the world by Mrs. Kerr fill the house, but Kerr's attitude toward these is well represented by his comment on his own bed—once the property of Napoleon I. "All I know," he says of the bed, "is that it sleeps good, and I bought it secondhand."

Exaggeration as Natural Law

Supreme self-confidence is fed by a massive vitality. Kerr stands six feet, four inches, weighs 230 pounds, eats enormously, talks in a low roar. His favorite gesture is an expansive upward wave of the right hand that gives the impression he owns the sky. Exaggeration is a law of his nature. Retorting to someone who suggested a five percent cut in the space budget, he said, "You wouldn't want the astronauts to get only ninety-five percent of the way to the moon."

Two traditional speech forms—Biblical citation and frontier stories—provide expression for the Kerr exuberance. A religious man who gives away 30 percent of his net income to the Southern Baptist Church and who shares its dim view of smoking and drinking, Kerr goes to the Bible the way other men breathe air. His way of telling committee members to stop dawdling is to quote Deuteronomy: "Ye have compassed this mountain long enough; turn you northward."

Kerr's collection of frontier stories must rival that of the late Will Rogers. "I have been accumulating them for sixty years," he says. "They were a part of politics then, and a part of it now." Indeed, there is perhaps no situation for which Kerr cannot find an appropriate frontier tale. One of his favorites concerns a cowboy playing cards with a group of gamblers. "Can't you see," a friend of the cowboy's warned, "that those gamblers are aiming to take you?" And the cowboy replied, "Can't you see that I'm aiming to take them?"

That story reflects a native contentiousness, akin to the code of the frontier and reflecting a belief that, while some interests can be put in harmony, others are necessarily in conflict.

On the Senate floor, Kerr is notorious for the ferocity of his attacks. "It is the law of the jungle in the Senate," he says. A typical verbal assault came on August 23, 1958, when Sen. Frank Lausche of Ohio opposed a proposal backed by Kerr for diversion of water from Lake Michigan to the Chicago sewage system. Lausche claimed the plan would violate a treaty with Canada. Kerr asserted that Lausche had not read the treaty. Lausche assured "the Senator from Oklahoma that the Senator from Ohio has read the treaty." There followed, in the words of the *Congressional Record*, this exchange:

MR. KERR: Could the Senator, who has read the treaty and seems to be so familiar with it, advise the Senate of the provision in the treaty with respect to the settlement of any question or matter of difference arising between the high contracting parties?

MR. LAUSCHE: I ——

MR. KERR: Mr. President, that illustrates and proves the statement that I made. . . . He said he had read the treaty. He said he knew what was in it. I asked him a simple question about one of the most important features in it, and from the look on his face it came as a shock and surprise; in my judgment he has never heard about it.

Kerr usually comes off best in such jousts partly because he works so hard. "When I am managing a bill, I try to know more about it than anyone in the place," he says. Besides diligence, Kerr has going for him a truly formidable mind. The chief Senate intellectual, Paul Douglas of Illinois, who happens to be an old foe of Kerr's, has said: "I regard the Senator from Oklahoma as probably having the highest IQ in the Senate."

Kerr's mental powers seem to be entirely innate. His education is unimpressive: One year at Oklahoma Baptist University and another at Oklahoma University Law School before passing the bar. Except for Westerns he reads no current books—he needed an explanation when someone used the term "status symbol" not long ago. And when big words come into play he literally reaches for a dictionary. But he has analytic penetration—an instinctive grasp of the decisive elements of a problem, whether it involves tax legislation, or breeding bulls.

Nothing better demonstrates Kerr's grasp of essentials than the base of his power in the Senate. This base is not the Space Committee, of which Kerr is chairman, for that committee lacks great prestige. Neither is it the Finance Committee, for Kerr, until very recently, has had to play second fiddle to Harry Byrd of Virginia. Nor is it, as some have alleged, private financial obligations owed by some Senators to Kerr; indeed the two Senators with whom he has joined forces in business (Clinton Anderson of New Mexico, onetime Kerr partner in a bank; and Albert Gore of Tennessee, who has shared in Kerr's cattle enterprise) are usually lined up against him. Still less is it personal magnetism. "Other Senators fear Bob Kerr," one Senate member says, "but they don't like him."

Rather, the base of power is Kerr's post as chairman of the Rivers and Harbors Subcommittee of the Senate Public Works Committee. Every two years this subcommittee produces a bill that, in one way or another, puts dozens of Senators in the debt of the Senator from Oklahoma. "He orchestrates that bill like Toscanini," a legislative expert says. The powers in the Senate—Allen Ellender of Louisiana, for example, or Richard Russell of Georgia—are regularly taken care of. So are many sleepers. In the last days of the last Congress, Kerr could even win support from Thruston Morton, a Kentucky Republican, and Frank Church, a liberal Democrat from Idaho. The 1962 Public Works Bill included money for Devil's Jump, a $151,000,000 reservoir in McCreary County, Kentucky, and Bruces Eddy, a $186,000,000 dam-and-reservoir program for the Clearwater River in Idaho.

Lyndon Johnson's Loyal Lieutenant

For many years Kerr dedicated his gifts and powers to narrow purpose. He played little or no part in the fights flaming national issues. His one important venture in foreign policy—a Senate speech criticizing General MacArthur, which was delivered the day Harry Truman fired the general—had its genesis in fears that MacArthur would throw 10,000 Oklahoma boys in the 45th Division into war on the China mainland. Initially, his national reputation was based on sponsorship of a measure freeing natural-gas producers from Federal regulation. (It was vetoed by Truman and Eisenhower.) In the Senate he was mainly known as a loyal lieutenant of Lyndon Johnson. "I wish," Johnson once said when there were only 48 states, "that there were ninety-five Senators like Bob Kerr. When I need a yea, he gives me a yea; when I need a nay, he gives me a nay; and when I need him in the cloakroom, not voting at all, he's in the cloakroom."

There were—and there still are—those who think Kerr's limited scope reflected a limited purpose: filling the pockets of his friends in the oil-and-gas industry. When he bid for the presidential nomination in 1952, he was laughed off as the "Oklahoma Gusher." But probably a truer measure of Kerr's purpose is provided by his book *Land, Wood and Water* and by his biggest and pet project, a $1,200,000,000 flood-control, navigation and conservation scheme for the Arkansas, White and Red River basins. The book preaches, and the project aims at, one goal: the development of an industrial complex along the banks of the rivers in Oklahoma, Arkansas and Texas. Though the project was funded in 1958 and is due for completion in 1970, many Oklahomans are still skeptical. ("It would be cheaper to pave the river," one says.) But mention the project to Kerr and his eyes light up, and he talks of ore-laden ocean-going barges coming upriver from New Orleans, of a great port built near Tulsa, of a steel and chemicals industry. "It would be like the Rhine, or the Ohio River basin," he says.

It is the considered opinion of the serious young man who asked Kerr his philosophy when he was governor, and who has watched him in the Senate, that "Kerr doesn't want money; Kerr wants that project. He wants to build in his own lifetime, a memorial to himself." When that comment was relayed to Kerr, he said, "The man responsible for TVA was George Norris—from Nebraska, a thousand miles away from Tennessee. When there's a TVA on the Arkansas River, I don't want it said that the man responsible came from a thousand miles away."

A Memento for the Grandchildren

Whatever Kerr's purposes, no man on Capitol Hill has been more assiduously courted by the White House. When Congress is in session, Kerr keeps in constant touch with the President. In October, 1961, the President flew to Oklahoma to dedicate Route 259—a mountain road that runs through the middle of nowhere—and to spend the night at Kerr's ranch. Kerr has since bought the car the President rode in, and set aside, for his grandchildren's room, the rocker the President sat in.

This is not to say that Kerr has yielded everything to flattery. He helped beat the President on Medicare. He is not likely to support a tax-reform bill if it impairs the depletion allowance for oilmen. Neither has he abandoned the Old Frontier view of national politics as a forum for the accommodation of local interest.

"No man in the Senate respects or loves the President of the United States more than I do," Kerr said on a television program last August. "But I love the people of Oklahoma more than I do the President of the United States."

Still, Kerr did reverse a previous stand to support foreign aid. He swallowed the protectionist interest of Oklahoma's mineral producers to lead the successful fight for the 1962 Trade Bill. And he has even shown some signs of beginning to understand the New Frontier view of national politics. This view is that national politics are a means of manipulating local interest to meet the overriding requirement that domestic performance correspond to international responsibilities. Not long after the August TV program, Kerr found the President going over the transcript of his remarks. And Kerr said, "Mr. President, I had to say what I said there about you and the people of Oklahoma. I had to say it for my sake—and for your sake." **THE END**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why did this Seattle crowd break loose during Washington-U.C.L.A. game?

Referee Lightner (above) puts part of the blame on coach Grayson (left).

Basketball's Bullies

Reckless coaches, rowdy players and riotous fans disgrace our colleges, says one top referee. • By AL LIGHTNER as told to AL STUMP

On the evening of last March 2, I stopped by the University of Washington Hospital in Seattle to visit my wife, Alma, who had undergone heart surgery two days earlier. Then I drove a few blocks to Edmundson Pavilion, where I was scheduled to referee an important Big Five Conference basketball game between U.C.L.A. and the Washington Huskies.

About 11 P.M. the last shot had been fired and I was back at the hospital. They let me see Alma for a moment. And although she was still weak, she couldn't miss the welt on my jaw, scratches on my face and a bandage covering a cut scalp.

"You look worse than I do," she murmured, without asking what had happened. "Have them roll in another bed."

I'd been the fall guy in the middle of another basketball riot, and in the Lightner family such things never need explaining. Wild nights on the court are so common that it's nothing unusual when I stomp into the house, kick my equipment bag across the room, swear I'll never step onto another university campus and reach for the first-aid kit. Officiating in this game always has been tough. I've had 23 years of it, coast to coast, including 18 N.C.A.A. regional or national championship play-offs, and the stuff that's been thrown at me would fill a garbage truck—ripe Michigan mackerel, bottles, rock candy, a stink bomb, a piccolo, a pair of women's spiked shoes. This comes under the heading of "minor annoyances" and you take it and smile. But in the past half dozen seasons my job has become intolerable, and I've decided to break the "don't talk" rule that has long been imposed on referees.

I've needed a flying wedge of police to rescue me from a red-eyed mob at the University of California. I've torn rib muscles while pinned under a pile of fighting players at Gill Coliseum at Oregon State University. In Phog Allen Field House at the University of Kansas, a two-pound cow bell barely missed my head. In the 1959 N.C.A.A. finals at Louisville, Kentucky, my lip was split and a shoulder wrenched in an after-the-game brawl. At the University of Idaho I was knocked down, kicked and beaten by 200 fans who charged me, screaming their determination to make me eat my whistle. At Southern Methodist University in 1957, a red-hot 50-cent piece, one of a barrage of coins thrown from the seats, hit me in the eyeball. I could name other injuries, but why go on? Basketball officials across the country take similar beatings and for reasons that reflect no credit upon coaches, athletic directors and college officials. Fun is fun, I agree. It's always been part of the game to boo the roof off and hate the referee, but now the controls have slipped so badly that you're risking your neck to step out

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

Tony Mietla has worked for Campbell for more than a quarter-century

Why Campbell's meats are always right for the recipe

If you were to talk with Tony Mietla, who has been a meat cutter at Campbell's for 29 years, he could tell you many stories about how fussy Campbell is to get exactly the right meats for its recipes.

For example, we use only boneless loins in Swanson TV Brand Loin of Pork Dinners, and only tender, specially smoked ham in the Ham Dinners.

When it comes to beef for Campbell's Soups, Swanson Frozen Dinners and Meat Pies, and ground beef for Franco-American Spaghettis, again our chefs specify exactly what cuts they need. And just as the best home cooks do, they insist upon using the one that gives the best taste and texture to the finished dish.

The turkey meat that goes into our Turkey Noodle Soup comes from the same kind of tender bird you'd buy at Thanksgiving time. For Swanson Frozen Fried Chicken Dinners, the young fryers are grown to order for the very best quality—and for soups, we use the whole plump chicken, the kind that cooks up tender and gives soup the best chicken flavor.

Even the franks in Campbell's Beans & Franks are made to a special recipe, to get the flavor that goes best with good cooked beans. And for Campbell's Frozen Green Pea with Ham Soup, we use only the tender, pink hams like those in the picture.

Buyers who shop for meat with a knowing eye, and chefs who cook with a knowing hand—it takes both to create the flavors you like best. And teamwork like this is a big part of the motto Campbell works by: "*To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care.*"

Campbell's Quality

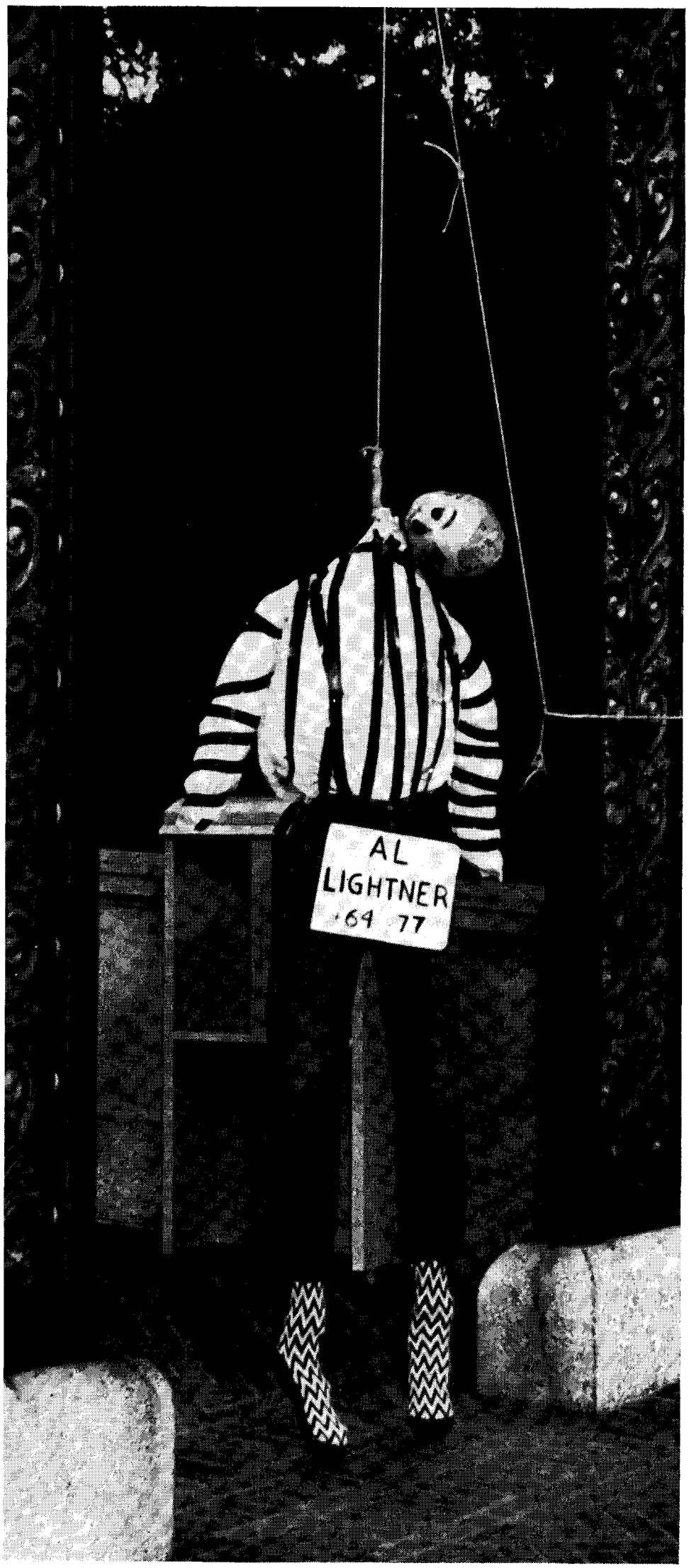
CAMPBELL'S
SWANSON
V-8
FRANCO-AMERICAN
RED KETTLE

. . . all made by Campbell

We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination,
And every single can contains
Our business reputation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A bottle opened my scalp. . . . I took dozen



This happened after Lightner forfeited a California game.

Bullies there in a striped shirt. The game has got out of hand. It disgraces our colleges. Rowdyism and out-and-out hoodlumism have become the ordinary thing, and several veteran referees have quit, worn down by the abuse and the threat of being hurt. I've just about decided to do the same. Frankly, I'm scared. I'm "naked," unprotected, on the floor. If I continue refereeing, I'm certain that one of these nights I'll be seriously injured.

A dozen years ago the pros saw the light. The game can't operate profitably without (a) backing up officials' crackdowns on unruly players and coaches and (b) policing the house thoroughly. The pros succeed in both. Most colleges fail in both. Why? Because they don't try. There are several reasons why violence erupts. First, coaches are under fantastic pressure to win, and they work in a madhouse. Most of them are nice guys off court, but on the bench they change completely, fly apart emotionally and sometimes touch off crowd misbehavior. Second, basketball's well-known "home court edge" puts the visiting team at a disadvantage—by an estimated 8 to 10 points. Yet this no longer satisfies home zealots. Unless their team wins, you've got trouble. Not every night, but much, much too often.

From Insult to Injury

To see these forces at work, take that evening of last March 2 when the local Washington Huskies played U.C.L.A. at Seattle. Tip-off time was still five minutes away when I approached Coach John Grayson of the Huskies to ask, "Who's your captain for tonight?"

The lanky Grayson glared at me. "You're such a smart character—*you* pick him," he snapped.

The fact that Grayson doesn't like referees is well known on the Coast. We officials call him "Mr. T"—for technical foul. In our opinion, he ranks with Branch McCracken of Indiana, Jack Gardner of Utah and Bones McKinney of Wake Forest for explosiveness.

But I let his crack pass. Then, early in the game I called a charging foul on Washington's star forward, Roger Niva. Grayson leaped up, kicked some towels and yelled, "If that isn't the worst —— call I ever saw in my life!" Taking their cue from his outburst, many of the 7,000 customers began hurling coins, orange peels, bags and wads of gum at me.

There was no question about my next move. I flashed the technical-foul sign to the scorekeeper, awarding U.C.L.A. a one-point penalty shot. As the ball dropped through the basket, the crowd's muttering built up to an ominous roar. It took no genius to see that trouble was coming. The fans, of course, had no way of knowing that I was acting under orders. Grayson had been a problem for a long time, and Commissioner Bernie Hammerbeck, who assigns Big Five officials, had told me to "nail Grayson the first time he causes trouble. I've had enough of his pyrotechnics."

Then, as if stirring up the well-filled stands weren't enough, Grayson's behavior produced a second result. When one coach begins disputing decisions, his rival across the court begins worrying that this agitation may influence the ref, so he starts popping off himself. And from the bench of Johnny Wooden of U.C.L.A. came a towel and the rasping cry: "Open your eyes, you homer!" "Homer" is basketball lingo for an official who favors the home club. And since I live not many miles from the Washington campus I couldn't ignore the questioning of my integrity. I instantly hit U.C.L.A. with a technical.

The fever now spread to Roger Niva, the Washington star, who screamed dirty words at me after I caught him elbowing the Bruins' Walt Hazzard on a rebound. "Remember what happened a few weeks ago," I warned him. In an earlier game, I'd "technicaled" Niva for the same thing.

Clenching his fists, Niva snapped at me: "I can say anything I want because I'm captain!" That brought more junk flying from above. This time foul calls didn't help. Tempers steamed to the point where courtside fans tried to trip me as I ran past them. When that failed, the Washington cheerleader jumped into my path. Shoving him aside, I caught a hot penny between the eyes. Today's campus cutups apply matches to coins and throw them in salvos. But all this was nothing compared to what happened near the end of the game. With 17 seconds to play and U.C.L.A. leading by 68–66, I ruled against Washington on where an out-of-bounds ball should be put in play. It was an open-and-shut decision, but Grayson raved and complained to the crowd. It was like ordering a tree and a rope. The Los Angeles boys won, 69–66, and as time ran out I heard a familiar sound—rushing feet.

About 50 students and older fans came at me, swinging. A bottle opened my scalp. A handful of campus police tried to hold them back, but I took dozens of punches and elbow blows as we struggled toward the dressing room. One 200-pounder in a "Big W" sweater made a fullback's rush at me. An officer flattened him and hollered at me, "Don't stop—we'll run for it!" Amid falling bodies we made it. A guard was set up outside the locked door.

"Never again while Grayson is coach here," I told the sportswriters, "will I work a game at this school. I get $65 a game to act as a referee. I'm not paid to be a punching bag or to keep the crowd in line while he incites it."

Friends slipped me away later. Large headlines followed. Washington U officials "deplored" the "incident" and Athletic Director Jim Owens officially apologized next day. "For which 'incident' do you apologize?" I asked Owens.

"Why, for the one last night," he said.

"Thanks, I wanted to make sure," I said, "because I've been manhandled here three times in the past two seasons."

Although Grayson eventually added his regrets, my promise not to return to Seattle remains firm. For this wasn't an isolated incident, but simply one more case among hundreds each fall and winter of rabble-rousing, terrible sportsmanship and irresponsible patrolling of a school facility by people supposed to set and enforce good standards of conduct.

I'd like to be able to say we should excuse the actions of coaches. They're in a frenzied, jammed-tight, contagious atmosphere where the score seesaws

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# of punches. . . . An officer hollered, 'Run for it!'"

every few seconds. But I won't make excuses. Grown men shouldn't pound their fists on the floor, shred towels, scream, faint, fling dippers of water. Such people are dangerous—especially since today's kids often have hair-trigger tempers; they've watched TV violence and they respond to every action of the coach.

Several seasons ago, at Idaho University, someone on the bench yelled at me, "You should be hung, you s.o.b.!" The Moscow gym already was in bedlam, but in the next period, as I was sprinting along the sideline, a rope with a noose at the end dropped from the balcony. I ran into it, but luckily the noose slid off my chin. You may not believe it, but I had to argue before the clown with the rope was thrown out.

A short time later, in the N.C.A.A. regional tourney held at Brigham Young University at Provo, Utah, it was Utah versus the Southern California Trojans. The game wasn't a minute old when I called a violation on the Utes' All-American Billy (The Hill) McGill. A hoarse cry came from just behind me. There stood Jack Gardner, the stocky Utah coach, waving his fist, doing a Hopi war dance and yelling. "Get out of here!" I ordered him.

"You can't do that to Hill!" Gardner bellowed. His angry shouts turned 11,000 fairly orderly fans into hooligans. Paper cups, programs, apple cores and a dead fish showered down and the floor became unplayable.

Even though Utah won, the night ended with my umpire partner and me running a gantlet of dirt clods, curses and a few haymakers. At the parking lot I found all four of my car's tires flat and the gas tank fouled with dirt. Right up to the national-championship level, it's common for basketball officials to come to work in cabs, knowing their cars may be sabotaged.

Zigzagging to Safety

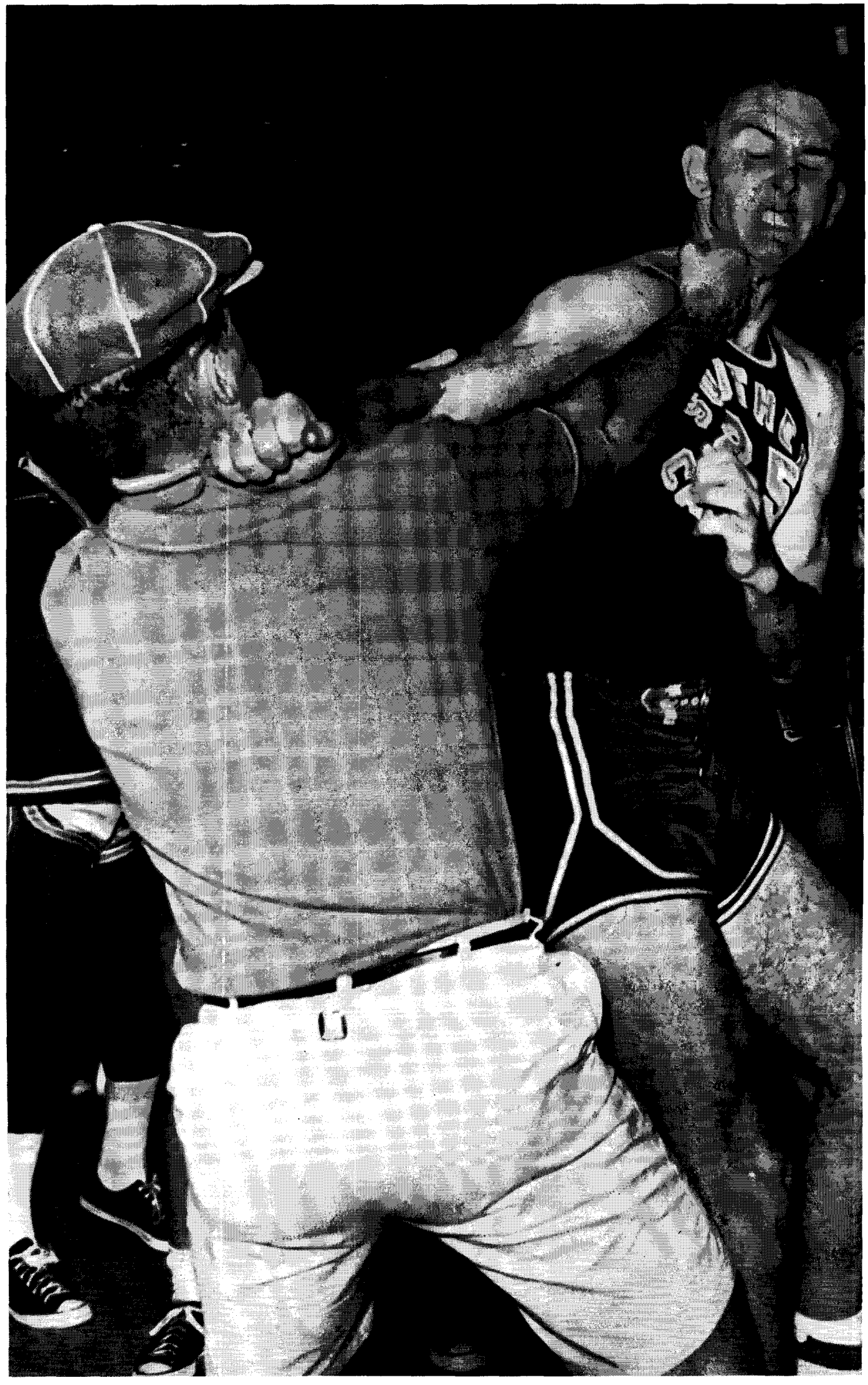
I've seen other referees roughly treated too. During the 1961 N.C.A.A. Regionals at Kansas University, I was opening the locker-room door when I saw two figures in striped shirts running a zigzag course toward me, pursued by about 40 people. They were Jack Taylor and Larry Varnell, a top Rocky Mountain-Midwest referee team, who'd just finished calling the Texas Tech-Houston game.

"The door's open!" I shouted to them.

Dirt "bombs" were bouncing off the two. Behind the posse of Houston fans came a half dozen police. Taylor and Varnell fell inside, I slammed and bolted the door and the cops and fans fought it out. So it goes at our best-known centers of culture.

Despite everything that has happened, college officials cling to their belief that basketball—which packs emotion-charged crowds of 10,000 and 15,000 into confined spaces—needs only token supervision. No football crowds (1 referee football as well) get half the leeway allowed in basketball field houses. And if football coaches behaved as their basketball counterparts do, they'd be slapped down fast by a disciplinary committee. The same holds true for players.

Rowdyism in basketball, I believe, contributes directly to a deeper and more



This happened when a competitive fan decided to vent his feelings on Ken Stanley of the U.S.C. Trojans.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Referee Lightner rests warily during a rare quiet moment.

"If colleges don't maintain order, this great game could be killed for good."

Bullies serious problem, one that basketball has so far been unable to solve—the "fix" scandals that keep breaking out, season after season. When gamblers see open defiance of authority, officials held in contempt, coaches stirring up trouble and colleges making no move to control the situation, they figure it's a logical next step for them to move in.

Is the Whole Game Nuts?

A gambler in Kansas City told me, "You know why kids can be bought? They watch their coach panic and go crazy when he's losing and they feel awful. That's as sophomores. By the time they're seniors, they've seen so much daffy stuff they think the whole game is nuts and why shouldn't they make money out of it?"

One league that *has* cracked down, to some extent, is the high-pressure Big Ten. But even there it's still necessary to give officials a football-player escort to and from the lockers. "I don't know the answer to the big increase in rowdyism in the midwest," Jim Enright, the veteran Chicago referee, told me recently. "Getting tough has helped some. But timeouts to sweep the junk thrown on court have become as routine as stopping play to give teams a rest. We've even needed state police to put down fights."

"In the Big Eight and Missouri Valley," says Cliff Ogden of Kansas City, "it's so bad that the boys no longer hope to referee a good, clean game. They only hope to get through the night with some semblance of crowd control and with nobody carried out."

Ogden, now a football official, is among a growing number of veterans who've quit the court—men such as John Morrow of Waco, Texas, who also finds the gridiron a rest cure by comparison. An old partner of mine, Lou Batmale of San Francisco, says, "One night in the Stanford gym convinced me. The home coach and fans ripped me up and down so hard that I went over, draped my whistle cord around the coach's neck and walked out."

On the West Coast we've also lost J. V. Glover, whose shirt was torn off by a hysterical coach; Johnny Kolb, who was chewed out by an athletic director; and Tom Cross, who says, "I couldn't take the abuse and face my family."

To be fair about it, I must confess that coaches occasionally have a legitimate complaint. Often they explain their blow-ups by saying they're the victims of incompetent officials, or "homers" who show bias against the visiting team. Both types exist—but they are rare.

Most of us love and respect the game, or we wouldn't stay in it. For we also surrender any chance for self-defense. An unwritten code goes with each assignment: no matter what punishment you take, you must never protest publicly. If you put the finger on a school, you've "copped out." Our pay ranges from as low as $20 per game to $65–$100 at big-time colleges—well below the wage scale for football. But there's no pay high enough for some of the things that happen to a referee.

Once, after driving nine hours through a semi-blizzard, I trotted out at Moscow, Idaho, to be met by a wave of boos. In a rowdy game, Idaho University nosed out Oregon. Among the worst actors on the floor was "Jungle Jim" Loscutoff of Oregon, on whom I called two technical fouls. Halfway off the court I knew it was coming. Even though Idaho had won, two to three hundred Idaho rooters charged me with a roar. I fought with both fists, but went down amidst kicks to the ribs and head. Huge hands grabbed and lifted me and I was propelled to a corridor and shoved into a room. In a daze, I heard the door slammed and locked. Fists pounded on it from the outside. Then I recognized Jim Loscutoff, his back to the door.

"Oh, no, not you, too," I groaned. How could I fight a man who stands six-five and weighs 230 pounds?

"Hell, I'm the guy who hauled you down here," said Jim.

Opening the door but standing braced in it, he shouted, "If anybody out there wants to get Lightner, you'll have to take me first!"

The rioters blustered, but none accepted the challenge. Eventually, police arrived and removed me in a squad car. I've always felt Loscutoff saved my life—or the next thing to it—that evening. "Simple pity," he explained it.

I'm not implying that all college games end in such scenes. In basketball "pressure" areas of the country, about half of all contests are run off without major incident. In 30 to 40 percent of the games the gallery litters the floor, or coaches square off to fight, or players get so roughhouse that constant foul-calls spoil the sport. In the other 10 to 20 percent a man needs a storm cellar.

The game itself has become more "hard-nosed" in recent years. It parallels the crippling sort of football we've seen lately. Once upon a time officials could strictly enforce rules against "flailing," violent uppercutting, and hipping during the battle for rebounds. But now we're instructed to "use discretion" and "be lenient," since rebounding "is such a colorful phase." In short, look the other way. Some whistlers do so, chiefly because of a grading system used in many conferences by which coaches rate officials and can reduce their employment. I haven't looked the other way, and won't.

As I see it, colleges must take at least a half dozen housecleaning steps. These do not include enclosing officials in elevated isolation booths, as has been suggested, where they can "see better"—and also be safe from fans. If that happens, we might as well abandon the game.

To begin with, coaches should face a strong penalty if they do not respect rule changes—however controversial. For example, an offensive player no longer may dribble into a defensive man's path. Yet when a foul is whistled on the offense, the complaints are loud.

Coaching from the sidelines should be dropped. I don't believe in gluing a man to his bench, only in stilling the voice that sparks riots.

Players who specialize in trouble should be called on the carpet by the Dean of Men, just like any other mutinous student. Athletic directors, who in most cases have hardly been alert to hooliganism, must step in. Proof that they can help came at Southern Methodist University during the N.C.A.A. Regionals of 1957. Wilt (the Stilt) Chamberlain, then at Kansas U., has since called the battering he received in an Oklahoma City U. game the worst in his experience, "including the pros." I can vouch for it: I did all I could to save him from the crudest sort of fouling. Local fans meanwhile strewed the floor with trash. When portions of seats came crashing down, I demanded that Matty Bell, the S.M.U. athletic director, be summoned. "Either stop this or I'll forfeit the game and walk out," I told him.

"You wouldn't do it," said Bell.

"Try me," I replied.

Taking the microphone, Bell walked to center court and angrily boomed, "People of Dallas, I'm ashamed of you! We've invited these teams here. If we didn't want them, we wouldn't have invited them. From now on, I want them treated as our guests!"

Ten thousand quieted at once and the game ran its course, with Kansas winning.

Also, the old practice of imposing technical fouls when rooting sections get unruly should be reinstated. The N.C.A.A. has a silent agreement against it. "No official would risk it today," it's argued. "If he did, he'd be dead." All I know is that it once was effective.

Finally, there is the ultimate step the book entitles a referee to take. The last time it happened, to my knowledge, came on January 7, 1956, at the University of California with 3:17 left to play in a hairy Cal-U.S.C. contest. The coaches and players were abiding by the rules, but the fans were wild. A tennis ball bounced back and forth across the court. California's famous Straw Hat Band pelted me with hot coins and paper wads. A broom was thrust out to trip rival players.

Referee's Final Step

Then I was hit in the eye with a penny. I wear contact lenses and I was blinded. A doctor was hastily called to treat me. "Thank you, and good-bye," I said when he'd finished.

Although Tommy Harmon was broadcasting the game on live television to six states, I took the scorebook, wrote "forfeited to U.S.C." across it, tucked the ball under my arm and walked out. Six thousand sat speechless.

Did a riot follow? Friends, it was one of the biggest in Bay Area history. Four policemen who came to my rescue were shoved around and kicked. I was punched repeatedly, and later I was hanged in effigy from Sather Gate on the Cal campus. Nevertheless, the forfeit stuck and Chancellor Clark Kerr of the University of California decided to take a hand. Last season, when assigned a game there, I read pre-game editorials in the school paper announcing a "basketball sportsmanship project" for the campus. The Student Council demanded that everyone behave. Within the arena the Straw Hat Band had been moved well back and was under surveillance. Rene Herrerias, the Cal coach, suffered plenty when his team took a one-sided defeat, but not once did he protest a ruling. And everywhere I looked I saw a policeman.

It is obvious that college students and officials can maintain order if they want to make the effort. It is equally obvious that the effort must be made soon, or this great game—already crippled by scandals—could be killed for good. **THE END**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DEPENDABLES FROM DODGE!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY . . .

TO TOP THIS COMPACT

Technically, two ways. Manually and automatically. You see, the snazzy Dart GT convertible (above) has an optional automatic top. Or you can get a manual top as standard equipment. Same with the lower-priced Dart 270. Either way, you have the top of the convertible news for '63. You see, most other converts are famously loose with your hard-earned dough. Not Dart. It's a compact. Its low price and upkeep are in keeping with other compacts. But after that, no comparison! Dart's got the 6 that scampers like a V8. And Dart's a new kind of compact in the large economy size. It's got relaxin'-size room and comfort. It's really too roomy to be a compact, but too darned thrifty to be anything else. You pay a lot less for Dart and get a lot more going for you. ☐ Your Dodge Dealer has a full line of Darts. In 2 series, 9 models. Convertibles, sedans, a hardtop, wagons, the works! See him and drive one of The Dependables.

COMPACT DODGE DART

DODGE DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

PICK A SIZE . . . PICK A PRICE . . . PICK A DODGE. THREE NEW SIZES: COMPACT DODGE DART, STANDARD-SIZE DODGE, BIG DODGE 880. SEE YOUR DODGE DEALER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE/a condensation of a new novel by

PAUL GALLICO

THE HUNGRY LIONS

A stricken circus abandons four men, a girl and a starving menagerie on a disaster-swept Spanish plain.

It was unusual, this gathering in the main building of the winter quarters at Chippenham, England. Summoned by Sam Wonder, proprietor of the Wonder Circus, the newly arrived artistes and staff stood in uneasy groups, murmuring and waiting. They should have been unpacking their gear and props, seeing their animals into stalls and preparing for the weeks of limbering up and practice necessary after the long winter hibernation if their acts were to be ready in the spring. But Sam Wonder had called a meeting on this wet, miserable February day, a meeting for everyone, from the aristocratic Walters riding family down to the lowest groom, and including even Mr. Albert, servant of the beasts.

They all seemed out of place standing about the ring in their everyday clothes, made lumpy by the muscular bodies they concealed. The women were dowdy and ordinary, and the men, mostly small, were even less impressive.

One of the inverted tubs used by the performing elephants had been placed at one end of the building outside the permanent ring, and there was a stir as Sam Wonder emerged from his office, climbed up onto the tub and stood silently looking them over. He wore a tattersall waistcoat under his jacket and the fawn raincoat and brown bowler hat which were his uniform. He carried the long-stocked, thin-lashed ringmaster's whip.

Wonder thumped the stock of his whip on the tub so that the blows echoed in the cavernous enclosure. "OK, OK!" he said. "Pipe down. Is everybody here?" And even as he asked, his shifting eyes were searching and counting.

All the members of the Walters equestrian family were there, and standing with them was Fred Deeter, the American ex-cowboy who also presented the Liberty act and who had been clamoring for a chance to show off the cats. *Well, now he was going to get it,* Wonder thought. He took in the moon faces, Chinese and Japanese, of the Oriental jugglers, Risley balancers and wire-walkers known as the Yoshiwara-Fu Tong troupe—tiny people uncomfortable in Western garb. He noted the Albanos, a group of ground acrobats, pyramid builders and tumblers, and the Birdsalos, husband and wife, and Joe Purvey, their partner, who did a Trampoline-and-bar act. The four clowns were all there: Tom Drury and Bill Semple who worked as Panache and Gogo, the white-faced Augustes; the ugly little bowlegged Hungarian dwarf and utility midget clown known only as Janos; and old Jackdaw Williams, his bird perched on one shoulder. Williams had come to the circus at the end of a season in the music halls.

There was a girl standing next to Jackdaw Williams. She was someone Sam Wonder did not know. She had on a beret, and beneath it showed a glint of reddish hair. Her hands were pushed down into the pockets of a blue cloth coat. Her expression was wary. She was the only one in the group who obviously did not belong.

To one side Wonder saw his ground staff: Joe Cotter, the tent boss, his bald head covered with a cloth cap; Pete Sprague, the mechanic, as always in grease-stained overalls; and the experienced tentmen who had traveled with the show the year before. There were also the two grooms and, standing slightly detached from the group and faintly ridiculous in the black swallow-tailed coat and black bowler he wore when not cleaning cages or feeding animals, Mr. Albert, the beastman.

"OK, OK," repeated the circus boss. "I suppose you're all wondering what I've got you together for? Well, here it is. You've signed to tour with the Sam Wonder Circus this summer. Only this year the Wonder Circus ain't showing in England. It's going to Spain."

A murmur of surprise rippled through the performers. Jackdaw Williams said, "My contract don't say nothing about touring Spain."

"It don't say nothing about *not* touring there either, if you read it," Wonder said, grinning. "But that's neither here nor there. What I'm giving you, anybody that wants to, is a chance to git out." Once more there was a confused rustling and exchange of glances.

Wonder thumped the tub again with the stock of the whip. "OK," he said, "I'll give you your say when I'm finished. Now you listen. All of you who were with us last season, how did you like playing to Mr. Wood?" A nervous titter rose. "Mr. Wood" referred to the

© 1962 by Paul Gallico

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL WHITTINGHAM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HUNGRY ONES

patchwork of empty benches that showed through a thin crowd.

"You seen it last year," Wonder went on, "but I seen it the year before that, and it started back in 1958. And I seen it on my books too. The receipts have been falling off. And I'll bet it's the same with Chipperfields, Billy Smarts and all the rest. Only they got more fat to eat off of. I ain't." Then he flung another question. "You know what's at the bottom of it all?"

No one said anything.

"Tellyvision aerials!" Wonder shouted. "Hundreds of 'em, thousands of 'em! Look on the roofs of the houses of any town. Every house has got one. That's where they all are, sitting in their kitchens and parlors looking at the telly!

"You can get jobs with other circuses, but I'm telling you they'll all go bust if this keeps up—just like the cinemas. But you know where they ain't got the telly yet? Spain! I been there, and I know." He paused to let that sink in. While they had been loafing the winter away, he, Sam Wonder, had been ferreting out the situation.

"That's right," he continued, "Spain. There's telly in some of the big cities, but there's none out in the country. There ain't been a British circus on the Continent in the last forty-three years. Well, we're gonna show 'em. We're going where there ain't any blasted tellyvision!" They were with him now, acquiescing. Wonder saw that there were not going to be any difficulties.

Wonder had learned that a cattle boat could transport the entire company and their equipment from Liverpool to Santander at minimum expense. Then, as in England, they would travel southward by road. Three large lorries would carry tent poles, canvas and seating, as well as all the props. Sam Wonder owned several motorized living wagons in which he rented out space to performers who had none of their own. But most of the circus people owned one, from the huge caravan of the Walters equestrian family, which housed and traveled seven, to the smaller ones of the clowns and singles like Jackdaw Williams.

The cages and the beast wagons could be hitched in train behind the lorries, for the pace of the circus would necessarily be slow. Judy, the single elephant scheduled to accompany the show, and the horses, would walk between towns and villages; where the distances were too great for an overnight march, they would allow several days for the trip, and camp en route.

After his speech, Wonder called each act separately into his office. As the Walters family lined up in front of his desk—Harry and Ma, their three boys, Jacko, Ted and Toby, and the two girls, Angela and Lilian—Wonder explained what he expected of them.

"We'll keep the family act for the second half. You three," said Wonder, nodding toward the boys, "open the first half with voltage. Call yourselves the Jacko Trio." Sam Wonder had that old-time showman's reverence for the half- or even quarter-truth. With a change of costume and a partial change of name, the flatties in the audience never caught on that the same performers were returning time and time again in different guises.

"Your girls ought to be about ready on the wire," he said to Harry Walters. "They've been practicing long enough. We'll bill them as the Liliane Sisters."

"Anything else?" Pa Walters said, somewhat sarcastically.

"Yes," said Wonder. "You, Toby, you're always mucking about that elephant. How would you like to present the pig?"

"*Bona*," said the boy, flushing with pleasure. "Can I?"

"Yup!" Wonder said. "Twelve minutes. Rajah Poona. Find yourself an Indian getup with a turban. Something classy that'll show off your muscles. OK, that's all." The family got up to go. Wonder waved a finger at the youngest Walters boy. "You, Toby, I want to see you a minute."

The showman tilted in his swing chair. He lighted a short Schimmelpennick, a juvenile-sized cigar. "About that elephant now," he said, "she don't like women." Toby was only half listening, for his mind was engaged with the excitement of his new job, and he already saw himself booted, costumed, turbaned, alone in the ring, displaying his power over so huge an animal. It gave him a delicious feeling that Sam Wonder had singled him out to present the elephant act, for his family kept him down. His brothers and sisters could shine in spangled costumes or tights, their faces free of makeup, but Toby was always hidden beneath the grotesque mask of the Auguste. The town girls did not even recognize him when they came rubbernecking around the wagons after the show. He was the best rider in the family, and although his father and brothers would never admit it, his clowning and comedy performance was the mainstay of the act. Of course, the skill and timing required to portray a drunken man trying to stay on the back of a horse was usually lost upon the audience. Now, dressed as a glamorous Indian potentate, he would have the spotlight all to himself.

"I'm giving you a little tip about the elephant," said Wonder. "I got it from the feller that looked after her when she was with McPhee's Circus. They say she killed a woman once in Bombay. I dunno if it's true. It was a long time ago. But this feller give me the tip, and I'm passing it on to you." Toby was listening now. He hadn't known that about Judy.

"Albert'll keep on looking after her, but she's your responsibility. Get it? I don't want anybody hurt, and specially not any flattie or gajo hanging around the lot. Keep 'em away. A lot of them damned women go ootsie-tootsie about animals, and you never know. She's all right in the ring, but she don't like 'em coming around her. Maybe she got something there."

Toby nodded.

"That's all," Wonder said. "When you've worked up the act, lemme know, and I'll cue the music with you." He took the Schimmelpennick from between his teeth. "I'm a ringmaster now." He grinned his savage grin. "And the band—we'll be using a panatrope."

Unit by unit, Wonder saw the artistes and detailed what they were down for on the program. Fred Deeter was to triple, presenting the Liberty horses as Signor Alfredo, the mixed-cat act as the Great Marco, and an exhibition of whip-cracking, lassoing and rope-spinning in cowboy costume as Buffalo Slim, with his trick horse, "Marlene Dietrich," a palomino with almost human responses.

Wonder summoned Jackdaw Williams. "You do your specialty number with that lousy bird," Wonder told him, "but you come back in the last half billed as Marvo the Juggler. Why the hell don't you stick to juggling or that musical act of yours? You're a much better juggler than you are a joey."

Williams, a big, powerful man with a bulbous nose and weary, heavy-lidded eyes, said amiably, "Why don't you mind your own business, Sam? Say what you want and cut out the lectures." One of William's specialties was to appear as a living scarecrow with Raffles, his jackdaw, perched on his shoulder. He had trained the bird to fly into the audience, where it would filch eyeglasses, programs, bags of sweets, women's purses or anything that was loose, and bring them to him. When the bird had collected enough articles, Williams would hold up each one and ask the owner to stand and identify it, and the jackdaw would fly back with it, with Williams sometimes deliberately muddling articles, such as returning a woman's hat to a man, to get the laughs.

Wonder merely grunted, "Uh, huh." Then, removing the stem of the Schimmelpennick from between his teeth and using it to point at Williams, he asked, "Who's the mussie?"

The lids of Williams's eyes seemed to droop still further. The cigarette between his lips glowed strongly before he replied, "Nobody."

"She your palone?"

Williams did not appear to be greatly interested. "You might say," he replied.

"Josser, ain't she," Wonder said, not as a query but as a statement.

"Yup."

"Ain't there nothing she can do? Sing, dance, tumble?"

"Nuntee," Williams replied.

Wonder said flatly, "You'll have to get rid of her. We don't carry any dead weight on this trip."

As flatly, but without anger, Williams said, "She goes, or I don't. Which way do you want it?"

"OK," Wonder said at last, "but it's at your expense—and she's got to do something. Put her to work selling programs or sweets or taking tickets, or maybe she could dress up an act. She ain't bad-looking. What's her name?"

"Rose."

"Rose what?"

"I dunno, I never asked her."

"Where'd you find her?"

"Picked her up. She was on her uppers."

Wonder, sore at having lost a battle, said, "Just a little tart, eh?"

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," Williams remarked equably.

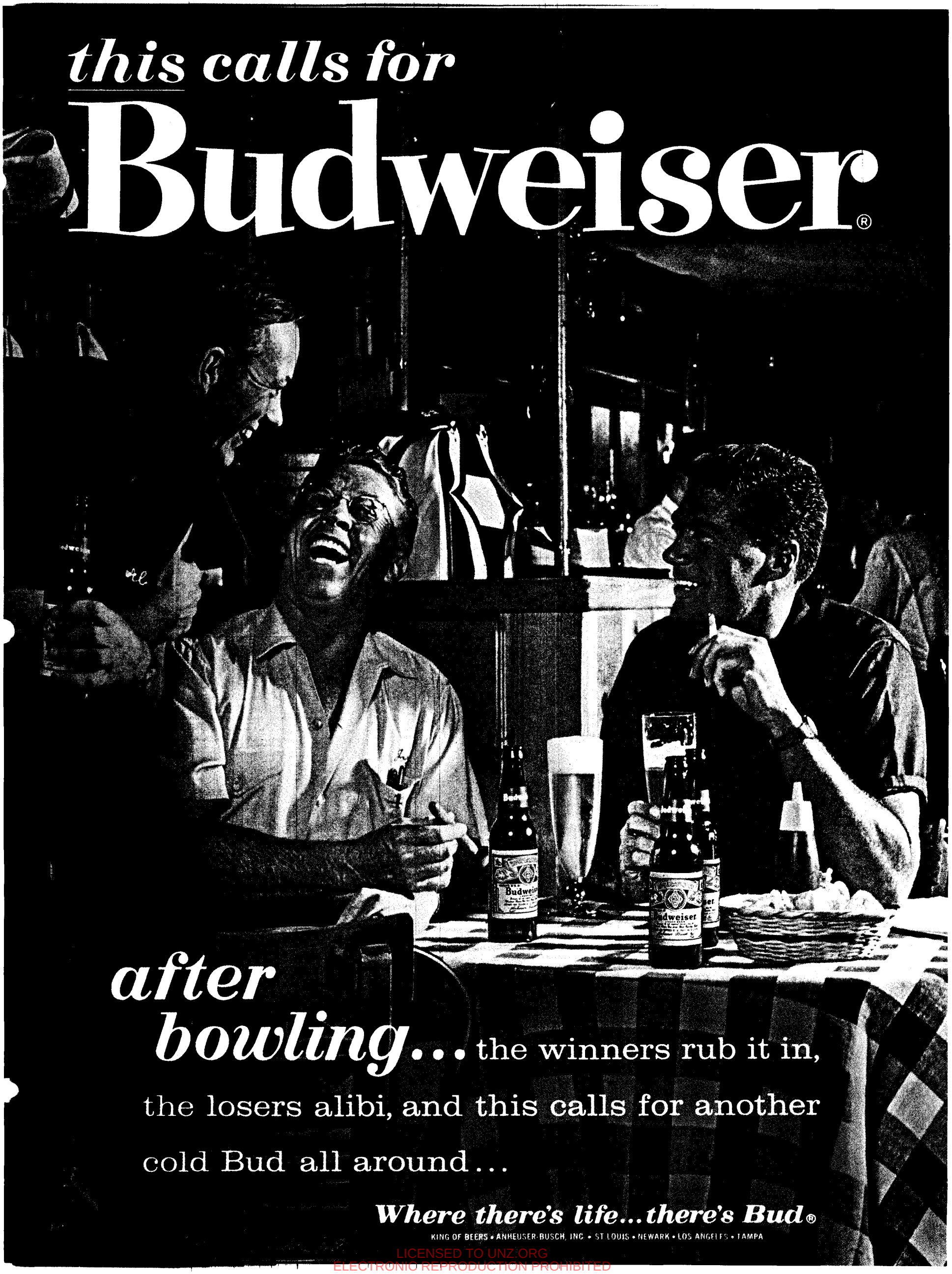
Toby did not know what drew him to Rose—love or hate.

Since the elephant, Judy, had been turned over to Toby for presentation, the beast had been moved to a new spot not far from the big living wagon of the Walters family. She was staked out here, her left front foot and right hind foot chained. Mr. Albert still fed and watered

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this calls for

Budweiser®



after bowling... the winners rub it in, the losers alibi, and this calls for another cold Bud all around...

Where there's life...there's Bud®

KING OF BEERS • ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC • ST LOUIS • NEWARK • LOS ANGELES • TAMPA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HUNGRY ONES

her, and the love between the two was undiminished, but it was Toby who looked after her now, groomed her, fussed over her and saw that everything was right and comfortable.

One morning, shortly before the troupe's departure for Spain, Toby was raking Judy's furrowed hide to clear it of dirt, a grooming which delighted the big beast. Harry Walters stood in the doorway of his wagon, sipping coffee. The two older boys, Jacko and Ted, were playing cards on the bottom step. A washing line was strung up from their roof to the roof of the next van, and Ma Walters, aided by the two girls, Lilian and Angela, were stringing up the family's costumes and underclothes.

Rose suddenly appeared, splashing through the pools of muddy water which had collected on the tober. She was wearing black gum boots which came halfway up her legs, a dark-green skirt belted at the waist and a white cotton blouse, its short sleeves revealing the mass of freckles on the white skin of her arms. She wore no hat, and her hair fell free about her face. She was glowing with the sudden change in the weather, the blue skies and the sunshine.

There was a stiffening among the Walterses at her appearance, but she was too engaged with the delight of living to be aware of it. If she had any inkling of the contempt in which nonperformers were held by these people, she gave no sign of it. She came up fearlessly to the elephant, unseen by Toby, who was working on the far side, reached up and patted the beast and said in astonishment, "Oh, it's prickly. I thought it was made of rubber." And she smiled at the Walters group.

Harry Walters, looking down at the coffee cup in his hand, said, "If you know what's good for you, you'll get away from that elephant." And then to make time with Ma, he added, "We don't want you around here anyway."

Toby saw Rose standing, her cheekbones not more than an inch away from the clublike, sawed-off tusks and the long, loose trunk, which could strike with the speed of a cobra and the force of a trip-hammer. "Get out of there!" he shouted. "Get away from there! Do you want to get hurt?"

Rose stood where she was and deliberately leaned her cheek against the rough skin of the elephant's trunk. "What's the matter with you all?" she cried. "And why should I get out? It's not your elephant. It belongs to Mr. Wonder. And besides, she loves me."

Catastrophe quivered for a moment. Toby had caught the glitter in Judy's eye. He seized Rose roughly by the arm and pulled her out of range of the squirming trunk, though not wholly out of danger if the elephant chose to make one gigantic surge against her chains and charge.

Rose's cheeks flushed, and she jerked her arm away from Toby's clasp. "Lemme go! I wasn't hurting your old elephant. What's the matter with all of you? What are you staring at?"

At Judy's feet was a slight depression where rainwater from the night before had gathered. And as the Walterses watched, Judy dipped her trunk into the pool, sucked up a gallon or more, and aiming straight at Rose, splattered her in one explosive gust that caught her full in the face and covered her from head to foot. The girl's hair was filled with mud, her eyes half-blinded, her cheeks streaked, her white blouse sodden and muddled, her skirt drenched. She stood momentarily stunned. Then came roars of laughter from the members of the Walters family. And even Toby could not withhold a grin.

But the laughter of the other Walterses, and particularly the women, was less amused than derisive. Ma Walters chose the moment to spill some of her accumulated venom. She came forward, her fat arms akimbo. "That's it, you little tramp," she said. "Now you've got what you deserve. Dirt! That's what you are—dirt all over. Now get out of here."

Toby said, "Oh, shut up, Ma." He was still shaken by the incident, or he would never have spoken to his mother as he did. But he was also touched by the forlorn ridiculousness of the drenched girl, sneezing, coughing, trying to rub the mud out of her eyes. He felt impelled to shout at her too. "Don't you understand, you little fool? You might've been killed."

There was then nothing for Rose to do but weep tears of anger. She had an adequate supply of curses that she could have loosed upon them, but she was too thoroughly sullied and humiliated. It seemed that when she had tried to step across the line of demarcation into the cleanliness of Toby and his family, she had been hurled back into the squalor from which she had come. She turned and walked away.

That night Jackdaw Williams said, "I hear the Walters family gave you the laugh this morning." Rose looked up from a pan of frying sausages. Tears welled into her eyes again. "I'd keep away from them if I was you," Jackdaw went on. "They're a rum lot. Harry Walters is a rat, and his woman thinks she's God Almighty."

Rose's face flushed. "I'll get even with them if it's the last thing I do," she said.

"Suit yourself," the man said, "but feuds don't do nobody any good when you're traveling with a show. I seen too many of them."

The two had fallen into a way of living that was agreeable and convenient to them both. Rose looked after his creature comforts, and he did not interfere with her in anything she chose to do outside that area. Later that night, lying in the darkness on the thin mattress which Jackdaw had bought for her, Rose asked, "What don't elephants like?"

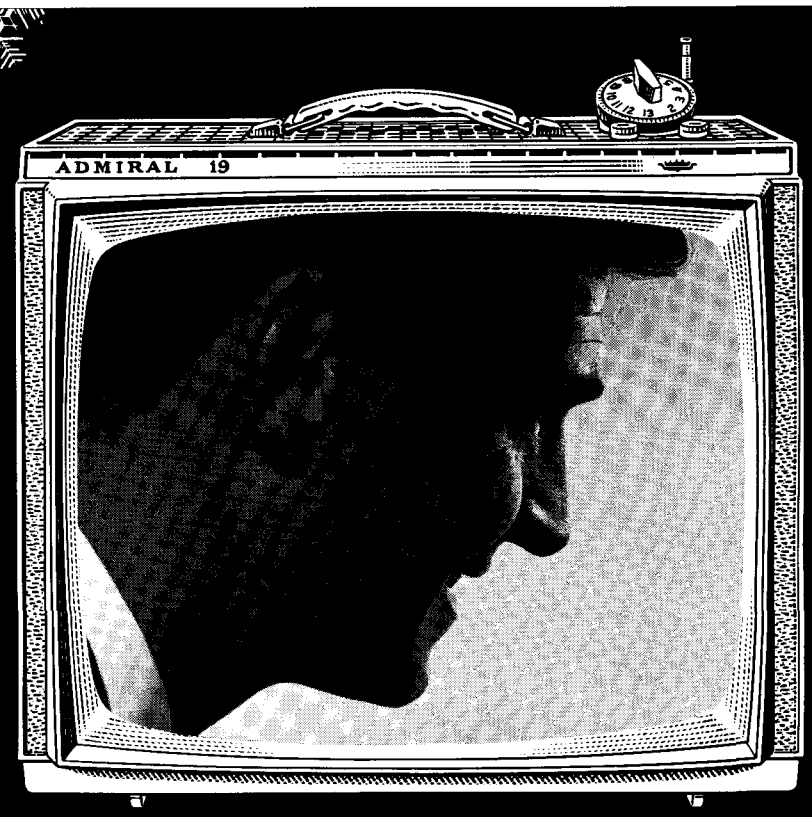
Jackdaw's voice issued from his bunk at the opposite end of the van. "Something unexpected in the dark, or small animals suddenly yapping about their feet, or something even like opening an umbrella. Some people say elephants are afraid of mice, but I never seen one that was. They don't like horses sometimes, or kids. Judy now, she don't like women. But I guess you found that out."

There was a moment of silence which Rose did not choose to break. Then from the nearby bunk came a chuckle. "You might try firecrackers."

"Oh!" said Rose, startled that Jackdaw had been reading the purpose behind her queries, and then, "Would they hurt her? I wouldn't want ——"

"Hell, no," Jackdaw replied. "Just give her a bit of a stir-up. I've got some you can have. Whizzers and shriekers, that just sort of scuttle about on the ground." His chuckle filled the gloom of

Admiral Winter Specials!



Model P9509
$129.95 Special Value
until February 23, 1963

Save now on all-new 1963 quality Admiral 19" Portable TV!
19" overall diagonal
Get this $12.95 stand FREE with the purchase of any of these three! Limited time only!

Modern Admiral "Movie Square" styling
Sharper, brighter pictures, even in fringe areas. Built-in Telescopic Long Range Antenna. New Top Tuning. Slim, lightweight. Luggage-type carrying handle. P93K10 Series.
$139.95*
COMPLETE WITH ROLL-ABOUT STAND

Admiral—pioneer and developer of the 19" picture tube—introduces another major breakthrough in 19" Portable TV! The precision-wired, precision-crafted chassis that sets a new standard of performance and reliability in TV! Admiral gives you Portable TV that's slimmer, lighter and luggage-styled for true portability . . . a big 20,000 volts of picture power for blacker blacks and whiter whites . . . new flat picture tube for sharper viewing from any angle . . . a new extra sensitive tuner that increases amplifying power for superior fringe area reception. See these three wonderful new Admiral Winter Specials now and save . . . at your Admiral Dealer.

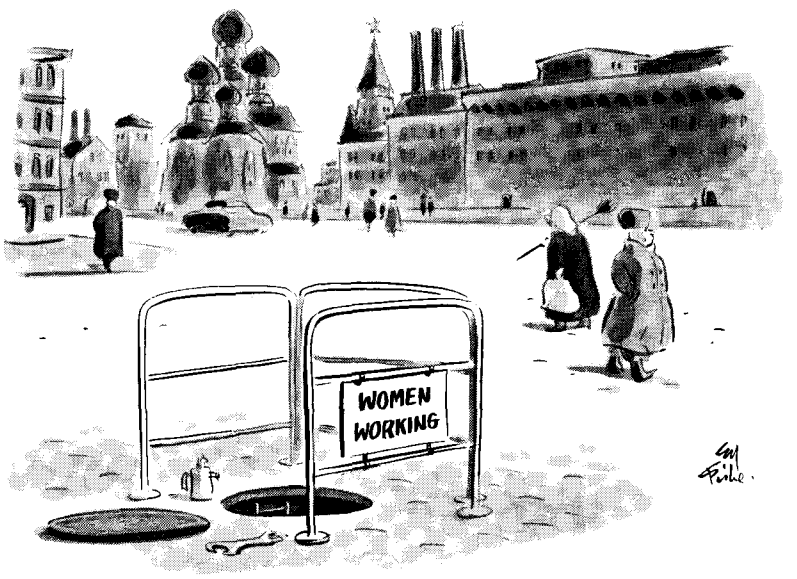
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the wagon again. "You might give the Walterses a bit of a treat while you're at it." This time Rose laughed too, for in her imagination she saw not only Judy and the Walters family but also Toby hopping about.

The following night, shortly after 12 o'clock, Rose crept out of the caravan, bearing a small package that Jackdaw had given her, along with his cigarette lighter. She approached the Walters wagon. On the far side of it, 10 yards off, she could see the elephant's recumbent form. Concealed in the shadow of the wagon, Rose removed six squibs from a box labeled LITTLE DEVILS, lighted the fuses and distributed them. Two she tossed in the direction of the sleeping elephant, and the rest she tipped through the open window of the big caravan. Then she stood off to observe the results.

The ensuing hullabaloo was completely gratifying, though in the case of the elephant, more than she had bargained for. She realized that Jackdaw had used her to satisfy his peculiar sense of humor. The whizzers and shriekers that fizzed and darted about on the ground, brought the great beast to her feet, quivering with terror. The next moment the animal was plunging against the chains and in her panic giving vent to an earsplitting trumpeting which, combined with her lungings and thrashings and the jangling of the chains, ruptured the night's quiet.

At the same time the Little Devils set alight on the floor of the caravan were doing their work and sent the Walters family tumbling out the back door. They came out bewildered, sleep-drunk and cursing—none louder than Toby, who at once recognized the dangers inherent in the



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

plunges of the frantic elephant and ran to try to calm her.

The noise brought the other performers hurrying to the scene, where the spectacle of the Walters family sent them into paroxysms of laughter, for the Little Devils were still whizzing and shrieking inside the caravan. Neither the shouts of Toby nor the frantic soothings of Mr. Albert had penetrated Judy's thick skull. Joe Cotter and Pete, the mechanic, and the three tentmen who were to make the trip to Spain, as well as the horse grooms, tackled the fear-stricken beast. Under Toby's direction and with the help of Fred Deeter, the ex-cowboy, they managed to get ropes around the elephant's two free legs, thus immobilizing her.

At that point Rose said to the Walterses, "Well, why aren't you laughing? Everybody else is." And to Toby, "Maybe this'll teach you to keep your bloody big gasbag under control." Then she turned and marched back to the Williams van.

There was an inquest the following morning in the office of a furious Sam Wonder. It was attended by Jackdaw and Rose, and Mr. Albert and the Walters family. Wonder chewed them out thoroughly, concentrating upon Rose and Jackdaw, but not ignoring the Walters family, who had been getting on his nerves lately.

There was no dismissing the dangerous nature of what Rose had done, yet Jackdaw remained unimpressed by Wonder's tirade and merely said, "They put the laugh on the girl. They've been picking on her and trying to get her chucked out. You tell 'em to leave her alone. They had it coming to them." For the first time Rose felt something like affection for Williams. Like her, he had an independence of spirit.

The following day Rose encountered Toby on the lot. He was going to ignore her, but she blocked him by walking into his path.

"Toby," she said. "Please, I'm sorry for what I done. It wasn't right. I could've done it to you, but I shouldn't have done it to Judy. She's an animal. She doesn't know any better, does she?"

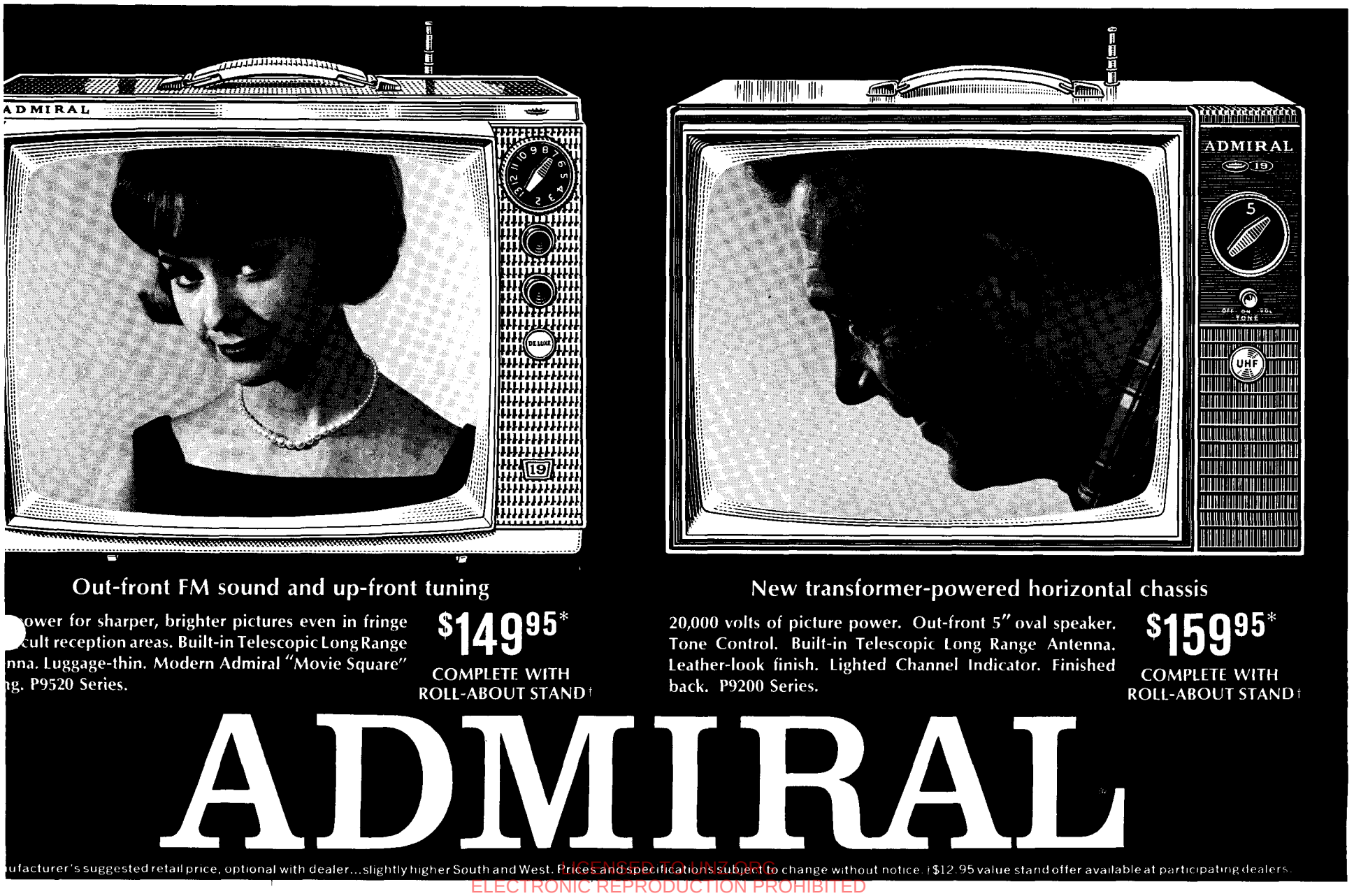
Her apology was so unexpected that it took the boy unawares and robbed him of his anger and his defenses. And though he was not then aware of it, he had gained a certain respect for her.

"Look here, Rose," he said. "I'm sorry about the other morning. I didn't mean to be so rough with you, but I don't think you understand. That elephant is a killer." The girl looked at him incredulously.

"Mr. Albert says that you've been getting along with his cats and the other animals," he went on. "That's fine, but don't come around Judy expecting her to do the same, because she's different. She doesn't like women. They say she killed one once."

Rose's eyes fell. "I suppose I was foolish. I thought I could make any animal love me."

"Well, don't be foolish anymore," said Toby. "Judy knows it was you who played that trick. Keep away from her, that's all." He turned and walked away. From his manner in turning away, Rose


ADMIRAL
ADMIRAL
ADMIRAL
Out-front FM sound and up-front tuning
ower for sharper, brighter pictures even in fringe cult reception areas. Built-in Telescopic Long Range nna. Luggage-thin. Modern Admiral "Movie Square" g. P9520 Series.
$149.95*
COMPLETE WITH ROLL-ABOUT STAND†
New transformer-powered horizontal chassis
20,000 volts of picture power. Out-front 5" oval speaker. Tone Control. Built-in Telescopic Long Range Antenna. Leather-look finish. Lighted Channel Indicator. Finished back. P9200 Series.
$159.95*
COMPLETE WITH ROLL-ABOUT STAND†
ADMIRAL
ufacturer's suggested retail price, optional with dealer...slightly higher South and West. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice. †$12.95 value stand offer available at participating dealers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HUNGRY ONES

understood him to be saying, "and stay away from me too."

Slowly but surely the show rounded into shape. The three cats worked obediently for Fred Deeter, with Rose assisting from outside the cage. And the presenting of Judy by the youthful, handsome Toby, glittering in his Indian potentate's costume, was as effective as a whole ringful of elephants. Sam Wonder was satisfied.

Two full-dress rehearsals, one for charity and the other for the inmates of the local orphanage, went off without a hitch. Late in April they packed up, moved upcountry to Liverpool and boarded ship for Spain. By mid-July they were showing in the Spanish heartland, the broad, flat, seemingly limitless plain of La Mancha, caught in the midst of an appalling heat wave.

Jackdaw Williams, preceded by the insane shouting of the bird perched on his shoulder and followed by laughter and a ripple of applause from the arena, plunged through the exit curtains into the back-entrance enclosure.

"God Almighty!" he cried. "Have you seen her?" He was dripping with sweat, except where it had not been able to ooze through the thick makeup of the Auguste, the wide bands of vermilion forming the blubbery lips, the chalk white of the eyelids and the eyebrows painted with black crayon.

Fred Deeter, the American ex-cowboy, already perspiring in stock, jodhpurs and long-tailed red coat for his doubling as Signor Alfredo, said, "What's up?"

Williams said, "You tell me, cul," and parted the curtain a trifle at eye level for the American to see.

It was hot in the confined enclosure where the performers waited their turn to go into the ring, but the furnace blast of heat from within the main tent was appalling. The July sun had been baking the Spanish plain for 20 consecutive days, and since early morning had been cooking the atmosphere to boiling point. Nine hundred spectators packed in tiers added their body heat to the stifling, stagnant air.

Deeter applied an eye to the aperture for an instant and then drawled in genuine amusement, "What the hell do you call that?" Then he said, "You're sure that ain't a gee put up by Sam Wonder?" using the circus term applied to a performer who pretends to be a spectator until he or she joins the act.

"Nuntee," said Williams. "I saw it come in."

They were playing the matinee performance in Zalano, a small town in the Spanish wine-and-olive country, where an evening performance had been scheduled as well. The object of their attention was a woman so obese that the broad spread of her hams, encased in what seemed to be countless layers of ruffled skirts, spread over three of the star-backed folding chairs of the front row. Out of the voluminous skirts arose a thick torso over which swelled, seemingly about to burst from their confinement, breasts as huge as melons. No neck was visible; the woman's head, monstrous and grotesque, rested upon the triple folds of chin dewlapping her chest. Her face, chalked in powder as white as her arms, had two precise circles of crimson rouged on to the cheeks which seemed almost an imitation of those on Gogo, the white-faced clown. Some illness or accident must have left her bald, for her head was surmounted by a towering peruke, brick-red in color and consisting of tiers and masses of artificial curls and ringlets.

She stood out against the drab background of the poorly clad audience. Her entourage of attendants was arrayed behind her. These consisted of her personal maid, a smartly liveried chauffeur and an elderly man who, in spite of the heat, was clad in striped trousers, short black jacket, white shirt and stiff collar.

She was the Marquesa Felicitas da Pozoblanco de la Mancha, 60 years old and immensely rich, owning vineyards, olive groves and saffron fields as far as the eye could reach from Zalano. The residents of the town regarded her with a mixture of fear and superstition. The elderly man accompanying her was Don Francisco, her majordomo, who kept his eyes fixed upon the broad expanse of the Marquesa's back, ready to heed her slightest signal.

Awaiting his time to go on, Toby stood looking at the brazen sky and the burning sun, still hanging high and potent, though it was past four o'clock. The tober where the circus was pitched was on the outskirts of the shining white-washed town. Beyond the town stretched the flat, bare plain of La Mancha, unrelieved by so much as a tall tree or a hill.

The plateau, shimmering gray-green as the heat waves danced above the grapevines and stunted olive trees in orderly rows, stretched endlessly and desolately to the edges of the horizon. There were not even those comforting symbols of the modern world: poles and wires to carry voices, messages and light. The vista was primitive and, for all of the orderly rows of cultivation, savage.

Except for the incongruous blare of music from the tent and the *thump, thump, thump* of the gasoline-driven generator, there was an awful stillness in the air. Not a bird chirped nor hen clucked nor child cried. Toby looked through a gap in the row of one-story houses, their whitewashed walls reflecting the broiling sun. Here a dirt street cut through the town, running westward, and at the end of it the flat plain with its shimmering, dancing heat waves resumed. In the far distance, low on the horizon, Toby saw a bank of dark cloud.

He stood for a moment wondering. They had not seen so much as a single wisp of cloud to relieve the seamless blue dome of the sky for three solid weeks. It had seemed as though never again would the sun be concealed or water fall from the burning heavens.

He went on to the shadeless field where the elephant stood swaying from side to side, "rocking the cradle." She greeted Toby with a flapping of her ears and a jangling of leg chains. Ordinarily she would have probed and caressed his features with the delicate tip of her trunk, but the heat had made her irritable.

She nudged the empty tub with her forefoot, begging for water. Toby said, "All right, old girl, afterwards. Let's get it over with. If you think it's hot here, wait till you get inside that tent." He loosened the chains, hooked the curved spike of the ankus into the strap of the spangled head harness covering her broad front and cheek pouches, and pulled. She followed him so docilely that he released the hook and left her free to shamble after him. They entered the little enclosure behind the main tent and stood to the right waiting their cue of Indian music from the panatrope. It was the rule of the circus for both men and animals that acts entering or exiting pass to the right to avoid entanglement.

The galop came to an end, applause rattled within the tent, the curtain was drawn aside, and the Liberty horses came trotting from the arena, blowing and nodding their plumed heads, to be met by the waiting groom. They passed by the elephant without giving her a glance. They were conditioned to the sight and smell of her as she was to them. Fred Deeter emerged after the last horse, his jodhpurs stained with sweat. He was followed by Rose, walking unsteadily in her high-heeled shoes in the sawdust. For an instant she found herself face to face with Toby standing at the head of his elephant, and she stood stone still, taken by surprise, as though she had never seen him there before. He, in his turn, looked her up and down, the color mounting in his face.

The girl broke the spell, but in that second of hesitation moved off to her left and passed on the wrong side of the elephant. With a slow, seemingly ponderous movement, the huge beast swayed toward her, just fast enough to jam her against the side of the tent.

Over the drumming of the hoofs of the departing Liberty horses a man shouted. A half-stifled cry burst from Rose. Toby whirled, the ankus held in both hands above his head, and with all his might struck the elephant on her tender ear. The beast squealed, then let out a trumpet blast of surprise and pain, and for an instant forgot the girl. In that moment's grace, shaking with fright, Rose freed herself. It was Jackdaw Williams who had shouted, and he pushed in quickly between the tent and the elephant, seized Rose roughly by the neck and yanked her out of danger.

The madness had left the beast, and Toby knew he was forgiven.

Oriental pipes and drums of the elephant's entrance music sounded in the tent. The confusion in the elephant's brain died down, old habits took over, and she entered quietly with Toby, stepping gingerly around the ring. Toby took his bow to the entrance applause, but his legs were trembling and his mind was not on the routine that was to follow, but instead on the memory of the girl's face, and that curious, strained moment when they had been caught up in each other.

Sam Wonder strolled over casually trailing his whip, his mocking expression accentuated by the way he spoke from the side of his mouth. "What's wrong? What's happened?"

"Nothing," Toby replied curtly, and raised his arms to the audience.

Sam Wonder's rasping voice filled the tent. "Rajah Poona and his wonder elephant, Saba, from the royal stables!" And from the side of his mouth again, "Come on, then, get on with it!"

Toby commenced the routine. He was aware that the elephant was still miserable and slow to obey, too quick to relinquish a trick or a position, out of time, out of tune, out of sorts. For the first time, his heart went out to her for the cruelty of demanding that so huge a beast heave its bulk about in such blistering weather.

Sam Wonder sidled close again and trickled out the words, "What the hell's the matter?"

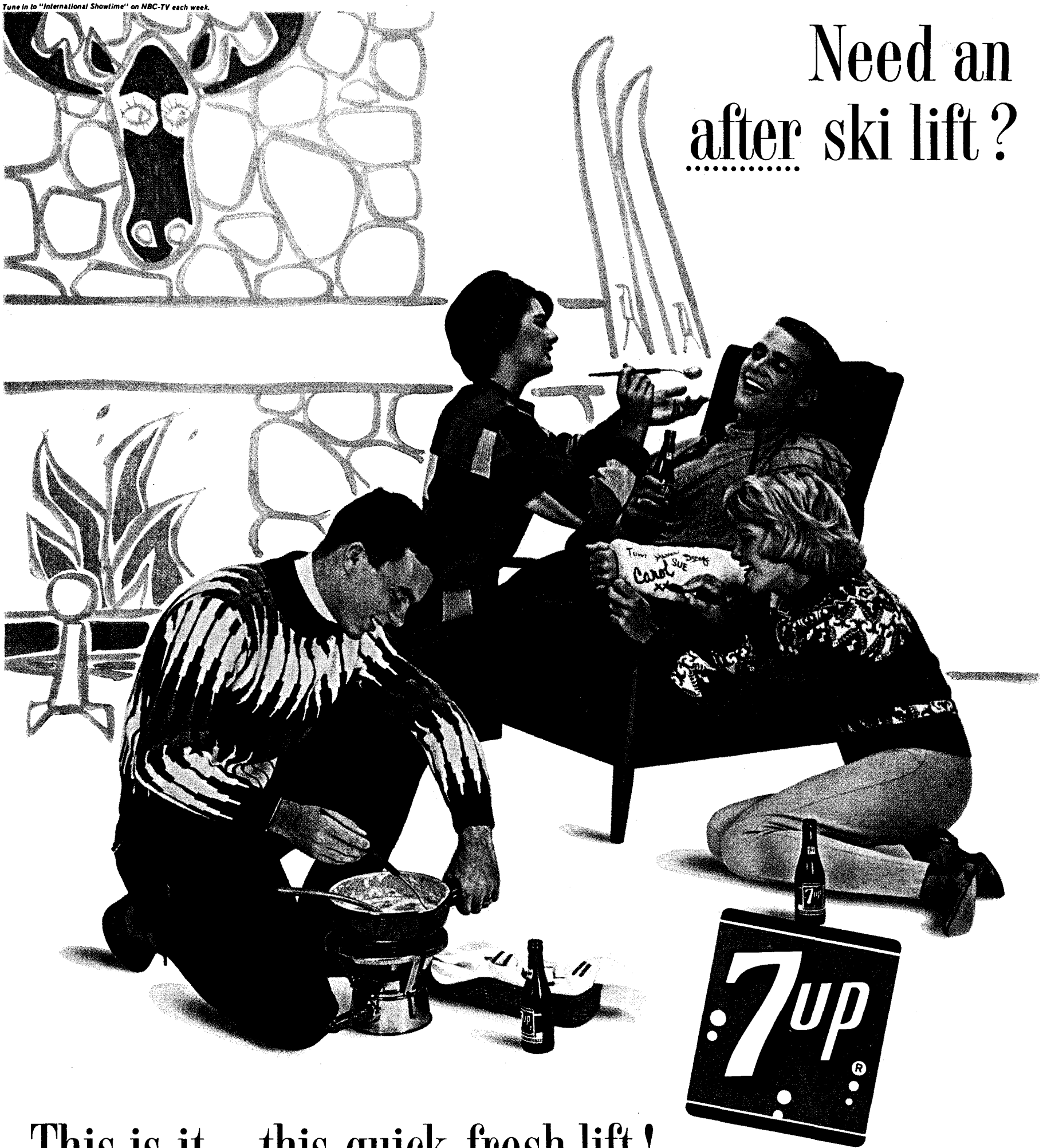
Toby said, "It's the heat. She's suffering. I'm going to cut three minutes."

Wonder said, "OK," glanced at his stopwatch and moved off toward the panatrope. Toby finished his act, his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tune in to "International Showtime" on NBC-TV each week.

Need an after ski lift?



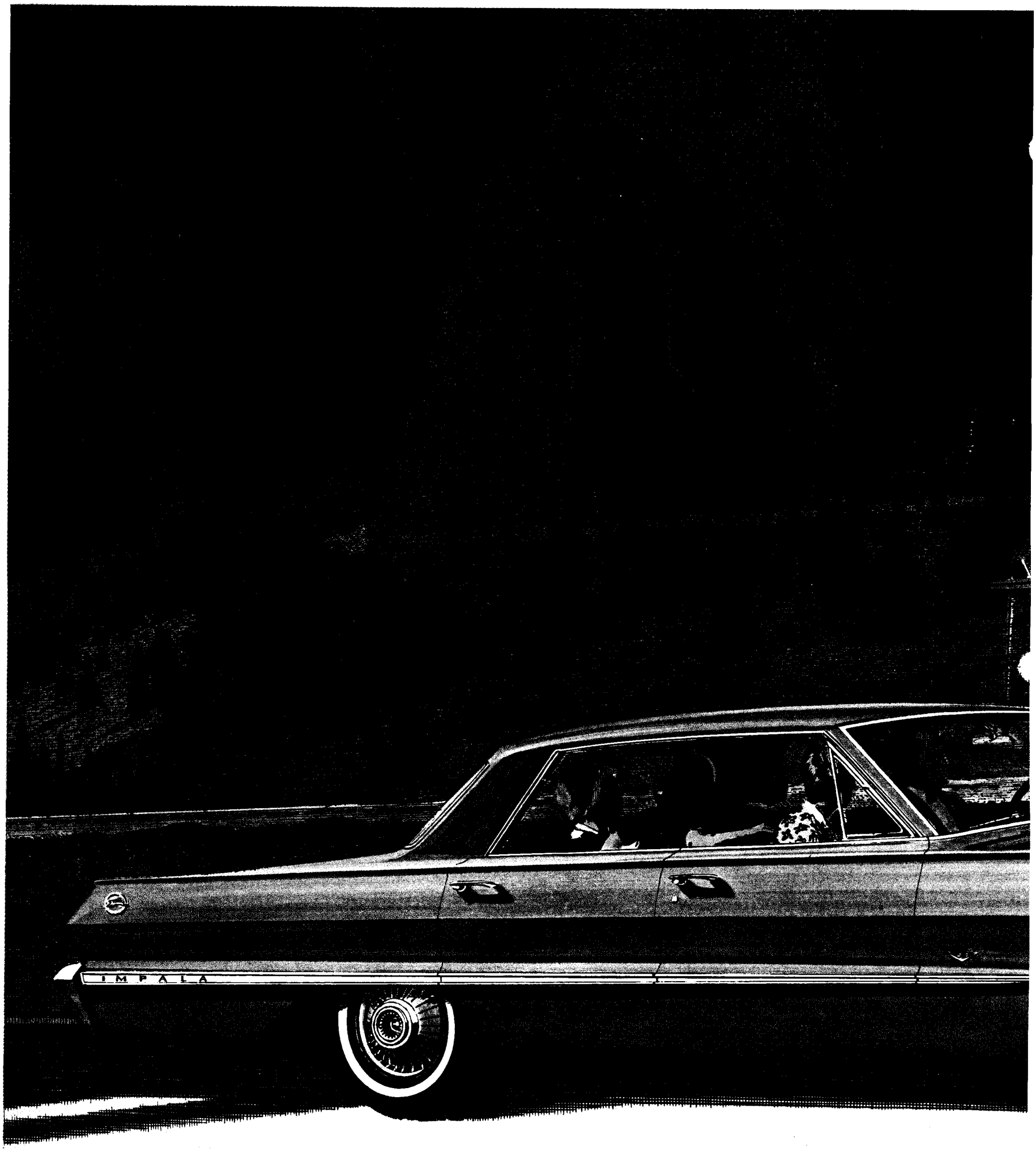
This is it—this quick, fresh lift!

Copyright 1963 by The Seven-Up Company

When you've been swooping down the slopes all day, you've just got to be bushed by sundown! But you *don't* have to stay that way! Seven-Up can bring you new energy in only 2 to 6 minutes. Seven-Up can give you a fresh taste. Seven-Up can even put sparkle in your spirit! Works after skating, too. Or after school. It's *always* 7-Up time!

FOR THIRST QUENCHING, FRESH TASTE, QUICK LIFT..."FRESH UP" WITH SEVEN-UP!

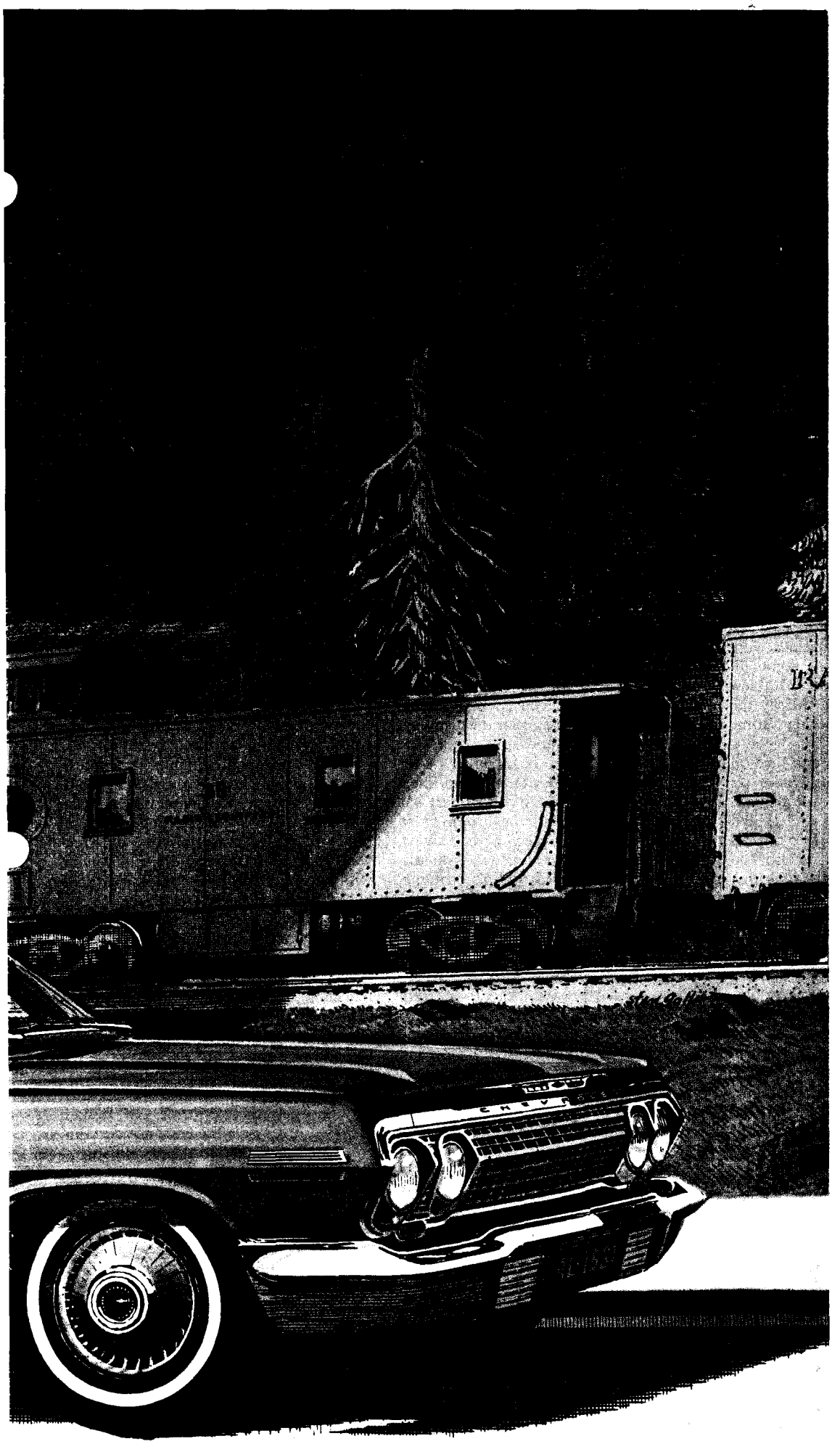
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



'63 JET-SMOOTH CHEVROLET

Chevrolet Impala Sport Sedan—one of 13 Jet-smooth models to choose from.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



When you're driving a Chevrolet, you don't take a back seat to anybody!

Everything about the exciting new '63 Chevrolet says you're driving a quality automobile. It moves effortlessly, quietly. It's thoroughly responsive whether you're stepping out to pass slower cars or threading your way through the jangle of rush-hour traffic. It doesn't matter what kind of road you're on, either. Its superb Jet-smooth ride makes gravel, chuckholes and train tracks seem almost like mirages. But some of its virtues are not experienced the moment you buy one. The '63 Chevrolet has self-adjusting brakes to save you time and money; its Delcotron generator will make your battery last longer; and its ventilating cowl takes air and rain water and rinses rust-causing elements out of the rocker panels to help protect the beauty of its richly styled Body by Fisher. Every model, from the luxurious '63 Impala to the low-priced Bel Air and Biscayne, has been built to be a more satisfying car every day you drive it. And you're really going to want to do a lot of that! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

Keeps Going Great

The make more people depend on

CHEVROLET

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HUNGRY ONES

costume showing dark patches where the sweat had soaked through, and led his elephant from the ring. Another act followed—tumbling acrobats—and in the sweltering atmosphere their timing was out, and they flip-flapped and somersaulted through the heavy air as though in a dream. In this manner the first half of the show drew to a close.

During the intermission Sam Wonder went out through the back of the tent to light one of his Schimmelpennicks. Almost immediately he was aware of an uneasiness on the lot as well as among spectators who had drifted out of the tent, many of whom stood looking westward, chattering excitedly in Spanish.

"Hallo," Wonder said to himself, and walked to the edge of the tober where he could get a better look. In the far distance a black wall stood well above the horizon. Ragged sulfurous streamers and mushrooms of cloud boiled upward from the solid dark bank. The lightnings that laced this ominous gathering were a bright purple, and the faraway thunder, which could be heard at long intervals, had a peculiar metallic note, as though sheets of tin were being rattled. The break in the heat wave seemed at hand.

The circus proprietor glanced at his watch and wondered whether there would be an evening performance and, for that matter, whether they could get through the matinee before the storm burst overhead. Had he been in England, he would not have been intimidated by the approaching storm, for there his tent crews were competent to cope with anything short of a tornado. Moreover, there was a language barrier here. In Zalano, as at all their other stands down through Spain, he had recruited local labor. Wonder was aware that in an emergency an untrained crew which could not understand and quickly follow instructions might prove disastrous.

Joe Cotter, the tent boss, came from behind the main top to stand beside the proprietor. The light had now undergone a subtle change as the sun, still shining from an otherwise cloudless sky, sank closer to the edge of the storm.

"What do you think?" Wonder asked.

Cotter scratched his head. He was an elderly, grizzled man of powerful physique and great experience. His was the responsibility: lives and safety against gate receipts. Where the big top was concerned, Wonder accepted Cotter's decisions as final. But he, too, was in a strange land, facing unusual conditions. "It depends," Cotter said.

One of the Spanish roustabouts appeared from the direction of the horse stalls carrying two empty water buckets. "Hey," said Wonder, motioning with his head. "How long before that thing will get here?"

The man looked at him blankly, unable to understand the words, but guessing his concern. He nodded and said, "*Si, si, muy malo.*"

"Get Gogo," Wonder said. Cotter returned with the clown in a couple of minutes.

"Ask this chavvy how long before that storm will be overhead. He ought to know something about local conditions," Wonder told the clown.

Gogo spoke to the Spaniard. The man replied volubly and vehemently.

"He says it will be an hour, maybe an hour and a half," Gogo told Wonder. "He seems to know what he's talking about. Storms don't move fast over this kind of country; but when it comes, it'll be a blowser. He says it's not so much the wind as the lightning."

It was just past five o'clock. The second half of the show would run for more than an hour. To call off the performance now and send the audience home would mean returning the money. Wonder turned to his tent boss. "I can get you fifteen minutes out of the second half, Joe."

Cotter did some rapid calculation and made his decision. "I guess at that rate it'll be safe enough. We'll have the customers out before it breaks. Once they're out, if there's a blowdown, nobody will get hurt."

The panatrope blared inside the tent, and the audience streamed back to their seats. Wonder pulled his silver whistle from his pocket, swinging it around his finger as he walked back to the performers' entrance. Little Janos, the Hungarian dwarf, was waiting to go on with his trained dogs—Thor and Wodin, the Great Danes, and Kiki, his comic fox terrier with the conical white clown's cap.

Wonder nodded to him and said, "John Orderly. Get on with it." The phrase meant, "Speed up the show." Every act had prearranged cuts in case of necessity. Wonder picked up his ringmaster's whip and entered the arena as spotlights illuminated the ring once more. He blew his whistle and announced, "Micky the Midget Magyar and his Capering Canine Comics!"

As usual, Janos made his entrance on his stomach, the two Great Danes on their leads pulling him along the ground, while the fox terrier barked and leaped over his prostrate form. Laughter rippled through the audience. But it was not the same as it had been before the intermission. To the fearfully oppressive heat was now added the menace of the oncoming storm. Not only the audience but the performers, animal and human, were affected by the change. The audience laughed more quickly and loudly, sometimes on a pitch rising close to hysteria. Tensions made the artistes more conscious of the dangers connected with their acts and the bodily movements necessary to bring them off. Although word had passed swiftly through the ranks that the matinee would be concluded before the storm arrived, the menace remained.

In that electric atmosphere Mr. Albert became the detonator. With the duties of property master and general ring manager that had been imposed on him in addition to his job as beast man, he was overtaxed. He was an old man and the heat was affecting him even more than the others. The rush of the last half of the show, along with the cuts being made to speed it up, were confusing him. At best, Mr. Albert was barely tolerated by the circus artistes, for he was classified as a josser—someone on the show, but neither circus-born nor part of an act. His fearful eagerness to please did nothing to soften the contempt in which he was held, and, if anything, aggravated it.

In the ring now were the Risley acrobats, the two fat, powerful members of the Yoshiwara-Fu Tong troupe. They lay on their backs in cradles and juggled and tossed objects about with their feet, including their own children, who flew like gaily colored shuttlecocks through the air. On the far side of the ring were the Trampoline and the trapeze bars to be used by the Birdsalos—Bill Munger, his pretty wife Betty, and Joe Purvey, their clown partner—in their comedy acrobatic act. Waiting at the rear for their ladder entree were the four clowns and Augustes, Gogo, Panache, Jackdaw Williams and little Janos.

Their clowning was a knockabout piece, a kind of delirium of sloshing with buckets of water directed mostly at the midget clown, sending him off dripping, choking, coughing and spluttering. The pails of water had to be standing by for this act so that there would be no interruption in the flow of fun. Mr. Albert was running in the last of the dozen or so pails of water to be used by the clowns. When he passed by Jackdaw Williams, waiting in his tattered tramp's costume, the bird perched upon his shoulder suddenly gave vent to an ear-splitting scream, and the Auguste, for no reason he could remember afterward, stuck out his foot.

At the loud scream of the jackdaw, every eye turned toward the entry curtain from which Mr. Albert, bearing two buckets, tripped and stumbled. He came staggering into the center of the ring and sprawled on his face, one bucket beneath him, the other emptying its contents over his head.

A roar of laughter greeted him. He was the funniest sight any of the audience had ever seen. The laughter ran around the tent, growing in intensity. And the loudest shout of all issued from the tiny mouth of the great, obese, painted woman sitting in the front row.

The clowns fell upon Mr. Albert, sitting him up and brushing him off with great solicitousness, whereupon little Janos, shouting with glee, emptied another pail of water over his head. It ran down Mr. Albert's face and neck, and collar and shirt front. One great unified scream of laughter rose from the audience. The fat Marquesa was leaning forward upon the rim of the ring itself, shaking, rippling and billowing with laughter.

So far it had been a kind of half-innocent, impromptu of perverted humor, but now malicious hysteria took over. All of the mad fury and absurdity of impossible cruelties practiced upon a helpless victim soon turned into a comic nightmare, against a background of uncontrolled, maniacal laughter.

Gogo and Panache picked up the drenched figure of Mr. Albert between them and hurled him across the ring. In a moment the old man was whirling on the jugglers' feet, just as had their wooden barrels, coattails flying and water spraying from him.

Mr. Albert was up, he was down; he was rolling in the sawdust, sneezing and coughing with water in his nose, eyes and ears. Sam Wonder stood at the side of the ring out of range of the splashing water, watching as though hypnotized. There was no laughter in him; the expression of mild mockery never left his bloodless lips and he was immobilized, fascinated by the spectacle, and taking a kind of cruel satisfaction out of what was happening to the old man, who with his humiliation was releasing them all from the tensions which had been building.

But the most astonishing sight was the fat Marquesa, now almost out of control with mirth. The white skin of her face had changed to a beet red. She was almost choking with laughter, her little eyes half closed, her bodice close to bursting, and she pounded the rim of the ring with her fists in an ecstasy of enjoyment.

Joe Cotter, the tent boss, pushed his way through the performers who had crowded just inside the entrance curtain, went up to Sam Wonder and said something into his ear. Wonder nodded and blew several blasts on his whistle, which eventually pierced the pandemonium of whoops, guffaws and shrieks, and penetrated to the clowns and their victim. Circus routine took over again, and the four picked up Mr. Albert, each holding an arm and a leg, and ran him out of the arena, accompanied by deafening applause and shouts of "*bravo!*" and "*olé!*" As they passed the Marquesa, who was still shaking with mirth, she rose and blew kisses toward them.

During the Trampoline act, Wonder nipped outside with Joe Cotter. Even the cold lizard's blood in his veins was chilled by the ominous change in the weather. The black mass on the horizon had swallowed the sun and a third of the sky, and the white buildings of the town were bathed in an eerie light. The campanile of the church was now illuminated by the purple electrical discharges erupting from the boiling clouds.

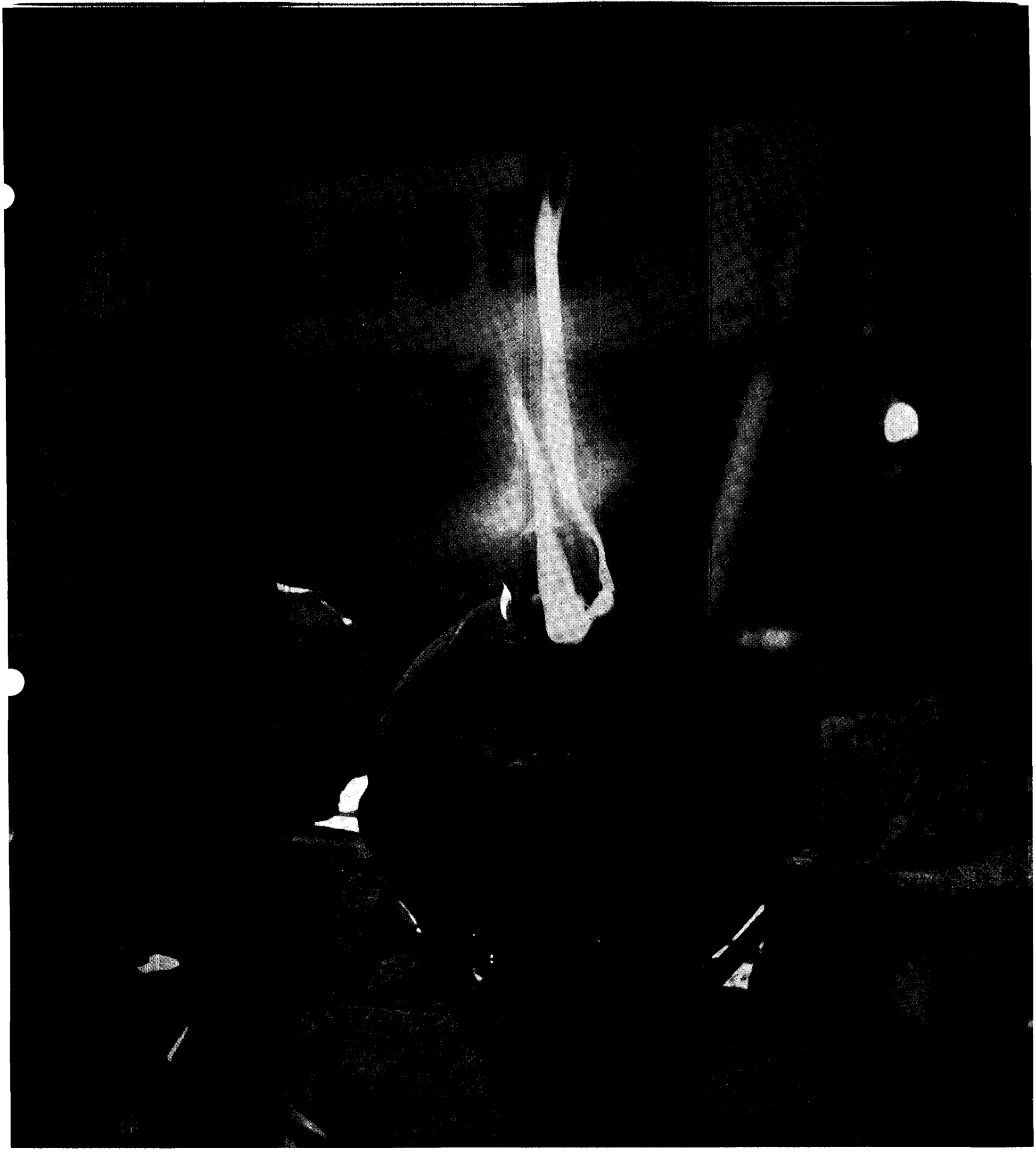
Wonder glanced at his watch. "How much longer?" he asked Cotter.

"Ten or fifteen minutes, I'd say. She's been comin' a lot faster than I thought she would."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Sir, do you want that businessman's lunch with an olive or a twist of lemon peel?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DANGER

Sometimes a danger is hard to recognize even though a warning lamp is lighted.

The loss of freedom is one such danger. And the steady growth of government-in-business is one such danger signal.

In the last 30 years the federal government has come to own many thousands of businesses, from cement mixing plants to ice cream factories. In the field of electricity alone it now has an investment of 5½ billion dollars in power plants and lines. And advocates of government-in-business press constantly for more.

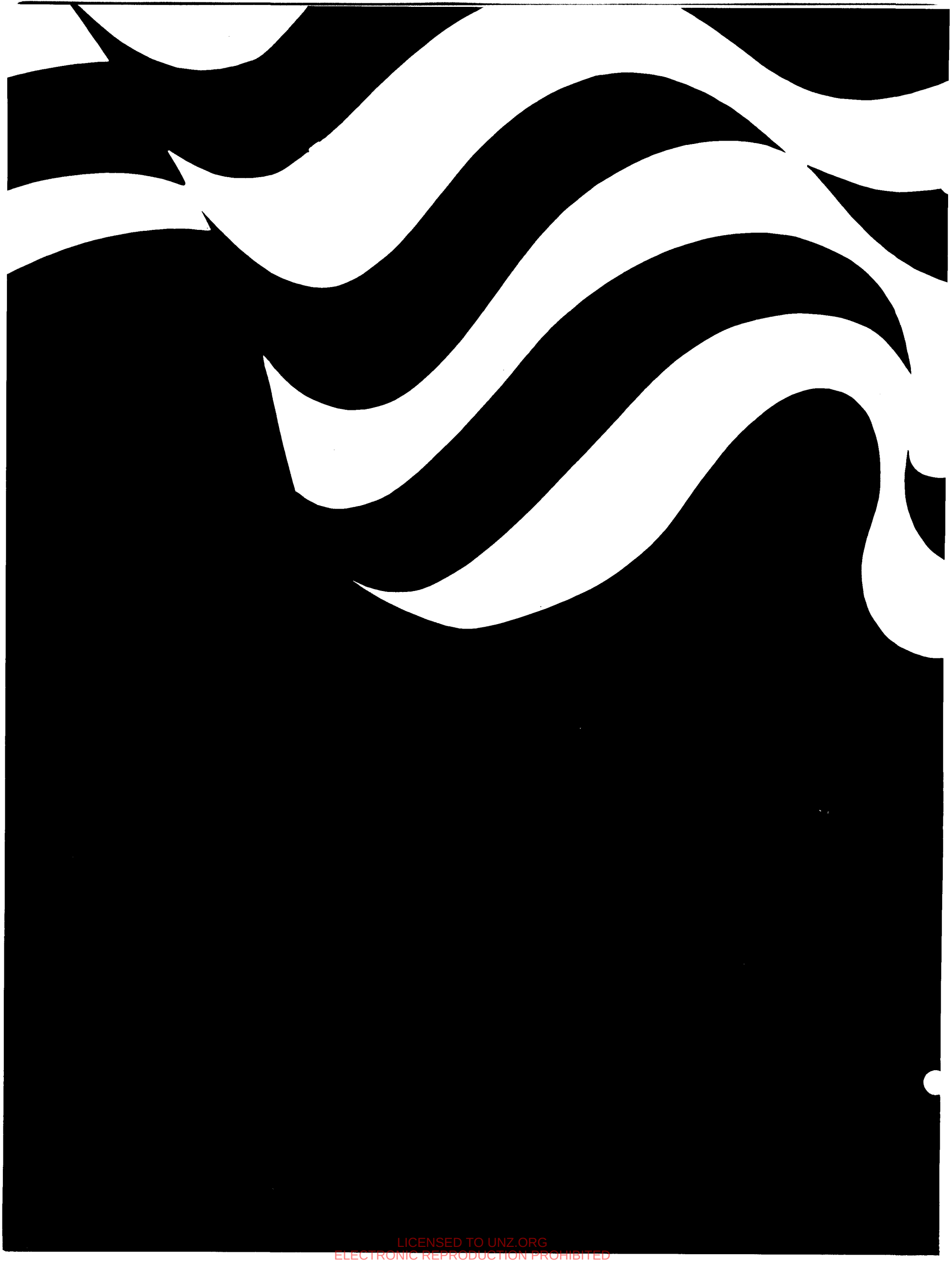
When government owns business it has in its hands both political *and* economic powers—the means of controlling goods and jobs. In such a state it can become difficult indeed for individuals to keep their basic freedoms.

Is this a risk you want to take?

Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies ... *Serving more than 140,000,000 people across the nation*

Sponsors' names on request through this magazine

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

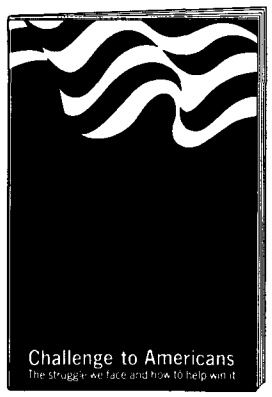
We are challenged
You are summoned

The news is making it clear that this is a testing time for Americans.

At a time of challenge, the American future depends upon the American people: what we think, what we do, how we rise as individuals to the task of meeting great challenge with great achievement.

We each have a part to play.

Yours is described in the timely new citizen action guide "Challenge to Americans" offered here which puts the crisis of the moment in the true perspective of the struggle which is likely to continue for years.



The world situation is far more complex than the emergencies of daily headlines.

As President Kennedy says:

"We are challenged by the revolution of communism. The Communists seek power through conspiracy, terror, aggression and deceit. They exploit and corrupt legitimate revolutionary forces, scavenging on poverty, ignorance, despair.

"And also we are challenged by the revolution of hope in continents long captive to stagnation and despair.

"We are challenged by the revolution in science and technology bringing new boons and new dangers to humanity.

"We are challenged by the revolution in international relationships. Nation has begun to work with nation to solve mankind's common problems. New international bodies are exploring uncharted paths of world cooperation in the interests of worldwide peace, justice, and freedom."

In an age of revolution, we dare not forget that we are heirs to a continuing, liberating revolution. We dare not fail to press that revolution forward, to perfect democracy at home, to make it an example to the world. *Only in earning our freedoms over again can we strengthen them.* Only by extending our freedoms to all mankind can we preserve them.

This we can and must do as individuals. *We must accept our responsibilities as we do our rights, the two are today inseparable.* We must look upon national challenge—whether it is an immediate challenge in Cuba, Berlin, or Asia, or the continuing longer range challenge—as a personal opportunity to do something important for our country. *We must seek to excel, to stand up, to stand out; in our private lives, our homes, our work, communities, schools, in all places, in all things.*

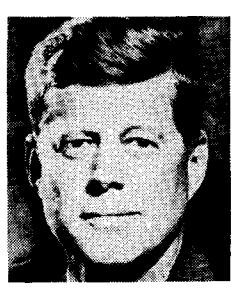
A good way to begin is with a mature understanding of what we are up against and what you personally can do about it. You will find exactly that in the timely new booklet, Challenge to Americans. Endorsed by Presidents Kennedy and Eisenhower, approved by the Department of State, it is an indispensable information and action guide for the purposeful citizen.

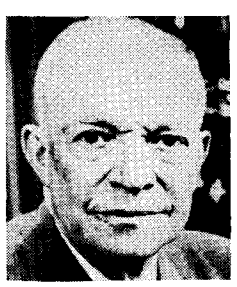
We need many such citizens. We need them now. We need you—your value as an individual, your power as the source of our national strength, your aid in deciding our common future.

Your copy of Challenge To Americans is free. You can be learning from it and you can be acting upon it in a matter of days. Write CHALLENGE, Box 1776, New York 17, New York.

FREEDOM IS NOT A GIFT BUT A TASK

"Understanding — knowing today's challenges, knowing how to meet them—is the theme of this booklet. Let action follow understanding. Let each of us resolve to do something extra for our country in this period of momentous trial and magnificent opportunity."





"I commend this booklet to every American. It shows how you may add to our country's strength. The important thing is to do something and not excuse oneself by thinking 'I can do so little it will make no difference.' It does make a difference, a great difference."

This advertisement marks the start of another volunteer public-service campaign by The Advertising Council. All advertising space and time for Advertising Council Campaigns are contributed as a public service; and all creative work by advertising agencies is done free of charge.

Among other voluntary Advertising Council campaigns are: U.S. Savings Bonds, Forest Fire Prevention, Highway Safety (seat belts), Youth Physical Fitness, Red Cross, Peace Corps, etc. The Advertising Council, 25 West 45th St., New York, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HUNGRY ONES

"Can we finish? We got ten minutes to go. If we send 'em home without seeing the last number, they'll talk."

"OK," said Cotter, "but you were running over. What the hell was that? A new act?"

Wonder said, "You can search me," and cocked an eye toward the sky before reentering the tent.

The matinee performance always ended with the presentation of the mixed group—the lion, tiger and leopard—put through their paces by Fred Deeter as the Great Marco in his African hunter's costume of khaki breeches, brown boots, white shirt and pith helmet.

Wonder passed Deeter awaiting his entry cue. Rose was with him, clad in jodhpurs and white blouse. She worked with Deeter in this presentation, outside the cage, of course, where she gave a passable imitation of fear as the ex-cowboy put the animals through their routine and, as with the Liberty horses, milked the audience for applause by pointing to him at the end of each trick.

She hated this act and was always miserable at the sight of the glorious beasts forced into humiliating poses. She was glad when she heard Wonder say, "Cut it way down, Fred. Five minutes. Let's get them out of here."

"You're telling me!" said Deeter.

For an instant the bright floodlights within the tent were overpowered by a great glare of purple lightning, followed by a rolling peal of thunder which drowned out the circus music. There was a stirring among the audience, and the animals grumbled, whined and flinched. Deeter held them by sheer force of will, put them into their pyramid, then leaned himself into the group, his arms about the lion and the tiger. This was the climax of the act and the finale of the circus. The next moment the beasts were slinking out through the steel tunnel, and Deeter took his bow. The show was over at last.

Yet oddly, none of the audience moved from their seats or showed any inclination to head for the exits. The program had made it plain that the Great Marco was the last number on the bill. The panatrope was playing an exit march. All the performers had vanished from the tent.

Wonder strode to the center of the ring and shouted, "That's all! Good-bye! Go home! *Finito! Finito!*"

It was then that he became aware that the members of the audience were remaining in their places as a mark of respect to the startling and flamboyant woman in the front row. Her attendants were gathering up her possessions and wraps.

The silver-haired man accompanying the woman was now making his way around the cage and coming toward Wonder with a most earnest expression upon his face. Wonder remembered that before the performance this same man had presented himself at the ticket wagon and purchased a block of 150 of the cheaper seats. During the performance this block had been solid with poorly dressed children who had been the noisiest in their appreciation of the Wonder Circus.

The man now came closer, and Wonder saw that he had a purse in one hand. He bowed politely, then said, "*Señor* Wonder? The Marquesa da Pozoblanco de La Mancha wishes me to say that she has been well entertained by your company and desires to show her gratitude by requesting that you accept this." And he handed Wonder the purse.

For the first time in his cynical life Sam Wonder gaped. The purse was fat, and within came the crisp crackle of notes. Such a thing had never happened to him in all his years of show business. The majordomo bowed again and retired. Wonder looked toward the Marquesa. She was standing waiting, disheveled from her great bout with laughter. The mocking expression once more appeared at the corners of Wonder's mouth. He removed his bowler hat, placed it over his heart and swept her a large and exaggerated bow.

Again the purple glare lighted the tent. The Marquesa remained unmoved and unhurried, and at Wonder's deep obeisance flashed him a horrid smile, revealing two even rows of manufactured white porcelain teeth. Then she raised one fat white arm with the five white little slugs of fingers on the end of it with their glittering jewelry, waved him a benediction and, moving with ponderous stateliness, passed from the arena with the majordomo. The audience then broke up quickly and rushed for the exits.

Filled with relief, Wonder and Joe Cotter stood side by side watching the thinning crowd. Wonder spat out the stump of his Schimmelpennick as the tent emptied. Then he turned to his tent boss. "Pull down!" he ordered savagely.

Cotter snorted. "Pull down? It's too late. We'll never make it. What the hell were you doing mucking around there all that time? I thought you were going to cut it short."

The white tent was now outlined against the pitch blackness and the lurid purple lightnings behind it. The tentman took a final look at the listless pennons atop the canvas roof and said, "She could ride it out. The spiggoty said there was more noise than wind. We'll knock the seats flat."

"Well, hurry!" said Wonder. He turned on his heel and walked off to his living wagon, trying not to seem anxious.

The cold front, heralded by lighter clouds varying in color from pearl gray to dun racing ahead of the inky canopy of the thunderstorm, whistled through the circus area, flapping loose canvas and ropes, picking up programs, newspapers, empty paper bags and wrappers of sweets and biscuits, whirling them about the grounds madly or sending them aloft, unnerving the circus people, chilling their sweat-covered bodies as the temperature dropped.

It was not a dangerous blow, but the suddenness of its icy breath, following upon the cloying heat, had the effect almost of stripping them of their clothes and leaving them naked and exposed to the monster following upon its heels.

Rose, still clad in brown jodhpurs and thin white shirt, ran with quickening panic for the living wagon she shared with Jackdaw Williams. The chill which seized her was less due to the cold blast from the hideous sky than to the fact that the little van looked so puny in the face of the storm now upon them. She wanted to hold it clutched tightly to her breast, shelter it and protect it. Yet even as she ran, her mind was on Toby and the animals, particularly the small, furry, terrified ones whose squealing, shrieking, chittering and whimpering penetrated the racket and the complaints of the larger beasts.

Jackdaw Williams, the tatters of his tramp garb whipping about his legs, was at the steps ahead of her. He said, "Get in and batten down. We're in for it."

There was no panic in Joe Cotter, only anger and frustration. He had no fear of the elements. Given an hour, he could have had his top down, dropping the small forest of poles lorded over by the tall, stout king pole, and letting the canvas down flat to the ground where the wind could not get at it, and it could suffer no more serious damage than a soaking. Now he was faced with a battle against a tent straining in a tempest. The responsibility for the life of the show rested on his shoulders.

Worse, he was aware that his force of Spanish labor—the tentmen and ring boys hired from the town—was melting away one by one. Set to the task of pulling down the supports of the cheaper plank seats and laying them flat on the ground, they would edge toward the exit and suddenly vanish, and he knew they would be legging it for the shelter of their homes. He had warned Wonder that in a crisis inexperienced hands hired from a village would be of no use.

The enclosure swayed, rattled, shook and ballooned in the grip of the icy wind. If the force were no greater than this, she would weather it; but in this strange, arid, foreign land he did not know to what strength the wind might build. His angry eyes took in the cage for the cat act. If the canvas were to tumble onto the circle of steel it would be shredded to ribbons.

He shouted, "Get that cage down! Where's that damn Albert?" But Albert was not there. He had gone off in the blackness to look after his animals.

Suddenly the circus lights came on in full yellow and multicolored glory, throwing the empty aisles between the tents and the circus wagons into eerie relief. The terrified elephant chained at the edge of the lot saw Mr. Albert come flying to her like a bat out of the night, and stretched out her trunk so that it stood straight out like an arm reaching for him. As the first lightning exploded over their heads, the elephant went to her knees gently in the posture she assumed in the ring when she covered her trainer. Mr. Albert quickly crawled beneath her belly, sheltering between her front legs.

The huge beast closed her eyes and bowed her broad front a little lower, as overhead the thunder and lightning were continuous, bolt following upon bolt, the noise unremitting, booming, rolling and reverberating, paining the eardrums with sharp, splitting explosions. The very air stank of the storm and its effect upon those enduring it; the smell was of ozone, urine, animals and fear.

The coming of the hail was heralded by an even more appalling blast, as though a thousand pieces of artillery had discharged simultaneously. The next instant, stone-hard, walnut-sized bullets of ice were beating down upon the circus encampment to the sounds of shattering glass and screaming women. Most of the windows in every caravan, trailer, lorry or living wagon were smashed, windscreens shattered and the glass of headlamps and searchlights cracked and splintered. The electric lighting system was put out of action at once, and bulbs were popping against the kettledrum symphony of the thunder.

The strange thing was that now all those who had run and hidden emerged bewildered from their wagons when there was real danger to life and limb. The smashing of their windows brought them out—the clowns, riders, acrobats, trainers—in dressing gowns or sweatshirts, some still with streaks of makeup on their faces.

Harry Walters, who had lost his head, was bawling contradictory orders to his family, and the two girls, Angela and Lilian, were screaming as the hail began to hammer them through their thin peignoirs. "Get boards! Board up the windows! Turn her around!" Walters shouted to Jacko, and to Toby and Ted,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Bourbon on the rocks."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"What the hell do you think you're doing here? Why aren't you looking after the horses? Who's looking after the horses?" Shielding their heads with their forearms, Jacko and Ted made off in the direction of the horse tent, but Toby moved off the opposite way.

"Hoi!" shouted Walters. "Where the hell do you think you're going? Chasing that cheap tart who's got her eye on you?"

Such rage flamed up in the boy that he forgot the storm, the hurt of the hailstones, everything. He said, "I'm going to look after Judy." But he did want to fetch Rose.

Walters screamed at him, "Blast Judy! Get over to the horses!" The elephant was no concern of Harry Walters's. She belonged to Sam Wonder, and he didn't care what happened to her. He watched Toby change direction and stumble after his brothers toward the horse tent.

The big top shook and swayed, shivered, shuddered, swelled and contracted. Unmindful of the stinging hail and the uproar, Cotter stood outside the main entrance to study the wind's vagaries, to be prepared to ease a rope here, tauten stays there, as the need might arise. Like the captain of a sailing vessel in a typhoon he watched his canvas and tried to calculate to the last ounce how much the strain masts would bear.

Then the first of the two lightning bolts struck. It hit the righthand king pole, splitting it down the middle; and simultaneously, with the frightful thunder crack that signaled the strike, a curl of flame appeared at the base of the pole as well as at the top around the edge of the canvas. The two small fires, if caught in time, might have been extinguished; but an instant later a second bolt, in the form of a fireball, ripped down through the tent and exploded at the base of a pile of wooden seating planks and their supports.

Instantaneously, the tinder-dry wood burst into yellow flowers of flame, which spread upward, devouring the canvas walls of the tent.

"Out! Out! Git out! Git out!" Cotter shouted. He had been inside the enclosure at the moment of the two strikes and was half stunned by the detonation. Yet he recovered enough to shove and harry the figures of the shocked and dizzied men remaining within the tent, pushing them, beating their backs, at the same time keeping up his half-hysterical cry of "Git out! Git out! She's going up!"

By the time they were all outside, the racing flames had circled the enclosure, and the heat of the burning benches was driving them back. Still Cotter kept his head, shouting, "Git those beast wagons out of there! Come on, lend a hand!" And among them they hustled the big cages containing the wildly excited cats out of range of the flames.

The main tent was an inferno. Fed by the furnace of the crackling seats below, the flames shot into the sky. Burning ropes writhed through the air like incandescent snakes, and the roaring of the blaze drowned out the shouts of the performers running about to save their possessions and drag the animals' cages to safety.

Joe Cotter, standing so near to the burning structure that the heat seared his lips and turned his face a lobster red, was close to being out of his mind with rage. "Water! Water!" he shouted. "Where's your bloody water?" He beat his fists against his skull, tears flowed from his eyes, and he continued to curse.

Sam Wonder came as close to feeling sympathy for another human being as he was capable of, and he put his hand on his foreman's shoulder. "Take it easy, Joe," he said. "She's gone!"

Gone indeed was the tour, the season and his grandiose attempt to beat the telly. There would be no profit that summer. The insurance companies would reimburse him for the loss of the tent and its gear and any further damage he might suffer through the storm, but there was no hope of playing out the schedule. His mind was already assessing other consequences of the catastrophe—the problem of freighting animals and horses to a seaport for shipment back to England; the cost of getting the troupe home; finding them new jobs elsewhere, or paying them the amount of their contracts while they loafed out the summer. Endless trouble and endless headaches awaited him.

Touched by madness for a moment, Joe Cotter raised both his fists and shook them at the heavens. "Rain!" he bawled. "Can't you give us some bleeding rain?"

The rains fell then. They poured down from the splitting blackness, not in droplets or slanting needles, but in solid, breathtaking sheets.

The two ancient enemies, water and fire, met; and before the astonished eyes of Sam Wonder, Joe Cotter and the helpless tentmen and circus people, it was fire that triumphed. So hot was the blaze at the center, so greedy the flames licking up the spars and racing up the canvas sides, to envelop the roof in billowing tongues shooting a hundred feet into the

Your next housewarming could be your last!

Fire is the greatest and most devastating threat to your most costly possessions — your home and the treasured things in it.

When you insure your home it is important that you get the finest, most modern comprehensive coverage available—coverage like that offered by Farmers Insurance Group.

Farmers HOME insurance not only protects your home and its contents against fire and theft; it provides personal liability coverage to protect you and your family in case of injury to others on your property.

FARMERS PROVIDES THE FINEST IN PERSONAL INSURANCE. Farmers takes care of ALL your personal insurance—with AUTO insurance famous for comprehensive coverage, superior service and low rates, and LIFE insurance tailored to your individual needs and those of your family.

FARMERS PROVIDES COMPLETE BUSINESS INSURANCE, TOO. Farmers originated many special business policies, designed to meet the specific needs and to cover the special risks of different businesses. With Farmers you avoid dangerous gaps and costly overlaps. And you get Farmers finer coverage at Farmers famous low, low rates.

PAY BY THE MONTH, IF YOU PREFER. Farmers exclusive Prematic Payment Plan lets you pay for ALL your Farmers insurance the modern, sensible way—by the month. You keep your personal budget healthy and conserve business operating capital.

Your Farmers Agent is listed in the phone book under FARMERS INSURANCE GROUP. It will be to your advantage to talk with him.

Call your Farmers Agent for ALL your insurance.

Fast · Fair · Friendly **Farmers Insurance Group**

AUTO · LIFE · FIRE · TRUCK · COMMERCIAL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HUNGRY ONES

air, that the deluge had no effect except to achieve a hissing of steam at the edges.

But the triumph of the fire was short-lived. The last ropes had been consumed; the flaming poles buckled; and with one final crash the entire structure collapsed inward, sending up a volcano of sparks in a last mocking gesture against the cloudburst.

The danger of the blaze reaching the horse tent, or the inflammable lorries, trailers and caravans, or destroying the valuable menagerie, was now over. Everything was thoroughly soaked, and the members of the circus company, dazed by the violence and duration of the storm and its destructive powers, now gathered themselves to deal with the flooding. With Sam Wonder in the lead, they ran once again for their wagons.

By the light of the smoldering embers where the big tent had been and the flaring lightning flashes, they fought a desperate and losing battle to save living quarters already damaged by the wind and hail. Water streamed through every crack or weakness in joist or join, getting into closets and lockers, ruining clothes, costumes and food, beating in through shattered windows, and seeping under doorways.

At the far end of the horse tent, Harry Walters had joined his three boys in securing his rosinbacks and the two Arabs. The big ring horses were stolid enough, and the boys had them well under control; but the Arabs were more nervous and kept trying to rear. Harry Walters yanked them down roughly by their bridles and swore at them. He was not a man who treated his animals badly, but the fire and storm had rattled him.

Toby said, "Here, let me loosen this, Dad. They'll be all right in a minute."

"Shut up and get out!" Walters exploded. "I don't need you to tell me how to handle horses. Get over to the wagon and give the women a hand." Toby went out into the downpour.

The Walterses' great motorized caravan stood some distance away toward the rear of the lot, and through the shattered windows he could see the girls and his mother panicking about inside. Instead of stopping there he continued to the edge of the field, where Judy stamped her free foreleg, sending up great splashes of water.

Toby said, "All right, old girl?" and inspected the chains and the stakes that held her. They appeared to be still firm. From where the elephant stood, it was just a few yards to the road where the wagons of Jackdaw Williams, Deeter and the Birdsalos were parked. The road was sunken at that point, a matter of six feet or so beneath the level of the field on which the Wonder Circus had pitched its tents. The next lightning flash disclosed to Toby a three-foot wall of water and ochre mud pouring down the road from the town. It was a flash flood of all the tons of rain collected, racing downgrade to discharge itself into the plain.

Toby began to shout at the top of his lungs, "Hoi, hoi! Hey! Get out of there! There's a flood coming!"

They all came tumbling out of their homes, the Birdsalos, Jackdaw Williams, Deeter and Purvey, and when they saw the mass of water no more than a hundred yards away, roaring, frothing and churning up the yellow mud, they moved quickly enough.

Then through the thick curtain of descending rain Toby saw Rose, her white shirt soaked and clinging to her so that the pink of her body showed through. She fell to her hands and knees, scrambled to her feet, and with the first of the surge swirling about her thighs, struggled through the torrent toward her van.

Jackdaw Williams, standing on the field overlooking the scene, watched her imperturbably, but Toby shouted, "You crazy little fool!" and plunged in after her. The water, swirling, tugging, pulling and pushing at him, tried to sweep him away from Rose, who had gained a finger-hold upon her wagon. Kicking and splashing, he managed to hold onto the spokes of a wheel. "You idiot!" he shouted. "Hang on till I can get to you! What are you trying to do?"

For a moment she looked dazed. Then she replied, "Jackdaw said I was to get the bird."

The water was no more than waist high, and although it had force, anyone keeping his footing was all right. But if one stumbled, he would be swept away to the center of the flash current and ground to bits by the rolling boulders and bits of debris.

One such object, the wreck of an ancient sofa, crashed against Rose and knocked her loose from the van. She was about to disappear beneath the yellow turbulence when Toby grabbed wildly and caught a handful of her soaked clothing. He was young and strong enough to fight against the increasing power of the flood. He kept her head above the water and pulled her toward him until both arms were about her, and he got a grip on the side of the wagon.

Her eyes closed. She folded her arms tightly about his neck and pressed her mouth to his in a despairing ecstasy that aroused in him a strange anger and, at the same time, such desire that he felt dizzy. Somehow he managed to get his mouth away from hers.

His face dark with fury, he cried, "What did you do that for?"

She opened her eyes, and they were as serene as a child's. "I thought we were going to die," she said.

Toby took her arms from his neck and turned her about so that he could brace her against the pull of the water. "Get out of it now," he said.

The rain began to slacken. The lightning and thunder had moved in the direction of the Sierra de Alcaraz to the southeast, and on the western horizon appeared one bright spear of red. This was the last splinter of setting sun.

The following morning Sam Wonder's circus awoke to a bright day of washed world and sky, where visibility seemed unlimited, a world which encompassed the total ruin of their circus, over which still hung the characteristic after-conflagration stink. Not so much as a curl of smoke arose from the blackened, tangled mass of wreckage.

The field itself was a quagmire of yellow-brown mud which seemed to have got into everything. Broken glass made walking dangerous, and several of the performers suffered cuts. In the road the flash flood had spent its force, spilling out on to the plain in a broad river of mud. Sam Wonder appeared at the door of his caravan and looked at the collapse of the Wonder Circus. There was no doubt about his estimate of the night before. They were finished.

Across the morass of the tober he saw Joe Cotter and two of the British roustabouts standing amidst the charred ruins. The tent boss was stirring the ashes with his foot, while the other two were staring down at the ground. Wonder picked his way across to them. "It's over and done with, Joe," he said. "You might as well come out of it. We're insured. Nobody got hurt."

Cotter said, "I'm afraid that ain't exactly so."

"What?" Wonder cried. "What do you mean? We counted noses last night."

"I know," Cotter replied, "but I'm afraid there was a feller in the tent. There ain't much of him left. That was a terrible hot fire."

Cotter led Wonder through the debris and pointed with his toe. "There," he said. "One of the spiggoties. He must have been stunned by the first bolt, or tripped trying to get out. I never saw him. But they were coming and going and ducking out so fast you couldn't keep track of 'em."

Wonder said hopefully, "Maybe the josser lost his watch and his teeth scarpering?"

"No such luck," Cotter said. "It's one of 'em, all right. Look here." He pointed to some unconsumed bits of human bone and charred buttons.

At 10 o'clock Sam Wonder called a meeting of the company. They gathered at one end of the horse tent. "Well," he began, "I guess I don't have to tell you. We're finished. Napoo. Done for. The tour's over. You can't run a show without a tent." Wonder then raised the papers in his hand aloft and waved them. "But I'm insured," he said. "Fully covered. You'll all get paid. Some of you may even be able to catch on with another show as replacements or something. I'll help you all I can.

"But the sooner we get out of here, the better, and the quicker you get your wagons cleaned up and going, the sooner we can start. We'll take the animals with us. The tent lorries will be empty. Joe and Pete say they can rig up one of them to take the elephant. You, Toby, as soon as they get the lorries stripped down, start getting her used to going into one. The rest of us get on with what you've got to do. I'll let you know more later. OK, that's all."

As Wonder emerged from the horse tent, he saw the deputation awaiting him by the wreck of the tent. There were four uniformed police, two of them carbine-carrying *Guardias Civiles* in their green tunics and black patent-leather three-corner hats, as well as a pair of the *Policía Armada*, the Spanish national police. With them were a dignified-looking elderly man wearing a Panama hat, two women—one young, one old—and a squat fellow in shirtsleeves. This was the *alcalde*, the mayor of the town, with whom Wonder had had dealings upon his arrival at Zalano. The mayor was accompanied by his clerk, a little man in shabby clothing.

As Wonder reached the group, the elderly man raised his panama in polite salute, replaced his hat, reached into his pocket and presented a visiting card. Wonder took it and read: "Dr. Alfonso Perrera, *Juez de Primera Instancia*, *Zalano*." The old gentleman stepped forward and addressed Wonder in English.

"Good day, sir. The meaning of *Juez de Primera Instancia* is 'Judge of the District.' I will speak English with you, for before I became judge I was principal of a school. Permit me to express the sympathy of His Worship, *Señor* Contreras, the *alcalde*, who regrettably is not conversant with your beautiful language, along with my own for the calamity you have suffered."

"That's very kind," Wonder answered. "Fortunately we are fully covered by insurance." He thought he would get that one in early.

Doctor Perrera bowed and said, "Yes, as you say, that is indeed fortunate. And now I come to a more grave subject." He removed his hat again. "One of our citizens of Zalano, Jorge Alvarez, is missing. His wife here, and daughter, *Señora* and *Señorita* Alvarez, have told the police he went to work for the circus. He has not returned, and they are greatly alarmed. Perhaps you will be able to help us."

Wonder stared at the women, then turned to Doctor Perrera. "If you'll come this way, please," he said and headed for the charred site of the big tent. The delegation followed.

After the widow had been told and had left to return home with a police escort, Doctor Perrera faced Sam Wonder, shaking his head sadly, and said, "It is too bad about Jorge. I am afraid there will have to be an inquiry. And there is the matter of compensation to the poor widow. You must all remain here until these matters are satisfactorily settled."

Wonder exploded. "Stay here! Can't I post a bond for the compensation?"

"Is this the uptown TV-antenna service?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Doctor Perrera nodded. "That would be most acceptable and is generous of you. At the same time there must be the examination."

"Hell," he exclaimed, "there ain't nothing left to examine."

"We will sift the ashes and try to determine the cause of death. Perhaps we will find an answer. The remains will be sent to Madrid for analysis."

"But that may take weeks or even months!" Wonder cried.

Doctor Perrera nodded agreeably. "It usually does."

After a week of on-the-spot interrogation, during which time Cotter and his three tent hands gave depositions, the police informed Sam Wonder that he and any of the artistes who wished to would be free to leave, but all of their living wagons, props, and other physical assets, as well as the menagerie, which included the elephant and the horses, must remain in Zalano for security until Wonder returned to make settlement. In addition, a bond was to be posted by Wonder guaranteeing compensation for the widow Alvarez. When all claims were settled, and if Wonder was cleared of negligence, the circus owner would be free to move beasts, lorries, cages and caravans back to England.

Doctor Perrera told Wonder privately that he did not think the investigation would take long, and that he believed Alvarez was slain by lightning, an unavoidable act of God.

The situation, as Wonder saw it, called for his presence in London as quickly as possible to file his claims. The release of his personnel was a relief as well. If they had been compelled to remain in Zalano, as had been threatened earlier, he would have been forced to support them there in idleness and feed them. But once he had them out of the country and back in Britain, he could stall legitimately on the payment of their contracts until the insurance money came through. Being back home, they would be on their own and have to feed themselves, while those who wanted to or were lucky might still connect with late-summer jobs.

Someone would have to remain behind to feed and look after the livestock, and their daily ration would really be the only expense eating into Wonder's exchequer, and for this he would likewise bill the insurance company. But when he sat down to budget this compromise, Wonder realized that his cash on hand was far from adequate to take care of all the items. There was the bond for the widow; the fares back to London; there was the gift for the *alcalde* which Wonder shrewdly saw must be forthcoming.

This would leave him short on funds to feed the animals. Yet he had no doubt but that before they were used up, the claim adjusters would have made their report and the big Birmingham insurance company would have paid off, enabling him to return and bail out his valuable beasts. Thus Sam Wonder called a final meeting of the 1962 summer tour through Spain of Sam Wonder's Wonder Circus.

"And so," concluded Wonder, having outlined the situation to the assemblage, "what about some volunteers to stay behind and keep an eye on things until I can get back from London?"

The performers merely looked at one another. In the back row Mr. Albert raised an arm, and the circus people parted and made an aisle for him to pass through. Wonder looked down at the old man coldly and said, "You were going to have to stay anyway. Half pay. You'll have nothing to do but feed the animals and loaf around the rest of the time."

The cynicism of it had a chilling effect upon the rest, and nobody said anything for a moment. Then Fred Deeter lounged forward.

"OK," he said, "I reckon I might as well stick around. I wouldn't want my horse to get lonesome." No one was surprised. Everyone knew of the bond between the man and the gloriously blond and intelligent mare, Marlene Dietrich.

Wonder nodded. "You can look after the Liberties too, then."

Deeter drawled, "At half pay? You can go to hell."

Wonder's savage, mirthless grin flashed, and he said, "OK. Full pay."

"I stay to my dogs"—this from little Janos. His accented pronunciation of "dogs" came out as "doks."

"OK," Wonder assented, "no pay. You're not needed. Albert can look after the dogs. Stay if you like."

Rose whispered, "Couldn't we stay too, Jackdaw?"

"What the hell for?" he replied.

Rose looked up at the big black bird perched as usual upon his shoulder. "The police won't let you take him."

Williams tipped Rose a wink, gestured, and the bird flew off and alighted near the ridge pole of the horse tent. Williams made a slight movement with his head, and the bird took off, wheeled into the sky in circles, then plummeted down upon his shoulder again.

Williams said to Rose, "Nuntee. There's a man in Amsterdam that runs a permanent circus. Said I could have a job with him anytime I came through. We'll live in digs."

Rose looked to Toby, standing with his family, his arms folded, a curious expression on his features. He would be leaving with his own troupe. In one disaster she was losing everything she had come to love—her home, the animals and, now she knew, Toby too.

"Well," Sam Wonder added, "that'll be enough." But before the gathering could break up, Toby Walters stepped away from his family, his hand raised.

"I'm staying too," he said.

"What's that? Who said you were?" Harry Walters scuttled up to his son and took him roughly by the arm.

"I say I am."

"Bloody hell you are! I'm running this outfit."

"I'm staying. I'm looking after Judy."

"You'll do as I say. The old man can look after the pig."

Sam Wonder looked down upon the two angry men, almost with satisfaction, as he said, "Let me know when you've made up your minds."

Toby said, "Who's to look after our own horses?"

Harry Walters gagged on that one. The insolent rebellion of his son had driven all thoughts of his own stable out of his mind. He said, "Fred there."

The American laughed genially and said, "Not on your life, old boy. I'm a horseman. I don't bother with your kind of cattle."

Toby reiterated stubbornly, "I'm staying. Ted knows my stuff if you land anything. It'll only be for a short time anyway. Judy's got used to me now."

Harry Walters turned his anger upon Sam Wonder. "You'll pay the boy," he said.

Wonder laughed. "Groom's wages. If he turns any flip-flaps, he can pass the hat." Walters stalked off angrily.

"That's it then," Wonder concluded. "Mr. Albert, Deeter, Janos and Toby. Come to my wagon, and we'll fix you up for what you'll need."

On the way to Wonder's caravan, Toby passed Rose, who was standing outside her living wagon. She was simply standing and staring at the wagon. He stopped and said, "So you'll be going, I suppose."

She seemed not to hear him, then, aware of his presence and suddenly startled, said, "What?"

Toby repeated, "I said, I suppose you'll be going. Will you?"

"Yes," said Rose and turned her face from his, for she did not want him to see her tears now that she knew he would be staying and she would be leaving. Toby turned away and walked on to Wonder's quarters.

A week after the big chartered bus had pulled off with the Sam Wonder performers, leaving behind the caretaker contingent and its charge of animals and vehicles, a forlorn figure came walking up the road from town, the same dirt road, now dry, down which the flash flood had roared. She was carrying a suitcase and a blue cloth coat. Her beret was pushed to the back of her head, and her reddish hair was matted with sweat. She came onto the lot, past the eclipse of the burned-out tent.

Janos was sitting in the sun on the steps of the clown wagon. His two Great Danes went into a hysteria of barking. Janos looked up and began to shout. "Hoi, hoi, hoi! Hallo, hallo! You, Rosie! You come back! Hoi, hoi, everybody come to see! Rosie come back!"

At the shouting Fred Deeter and Toby ran from the horse tent where they had been engaged in currycombing the Liberty horses, and Mr. Albert came jogging up from the bottom of the enclosure where he had been tending the animals.

Toby stammered, "Rose! What are *you* doing here? Where's Jackdaw?"

"I don't know. On the train, I suppose."

"What train?"

"From that city we went to—Madrid. He said he was going to Amsterdam. Maybe he's there already."

"Why aren't you with him? Did he chuck you?"

"I left him."

"Why?" Toby insisted. "What for? What made you come back here?"

Encircled by the four pairs of eyes, she could not speak. She could not tell of the strange tug upon her heart and person that had brought her back: the feeling of home, the love and trust of wild things, the yearning for Toby.

It was Mr. Albert who broke the silence. He seized her eagerly by the arm, pulling at her in the direction of the animals. "Come on, Rosie. They're waiting for you! Listen to 'em. Look at old Rajah!"

Rose began to laugh suddenly, out of the pure joy of being there, of being loved, and went flying with him down the enclosure. Toby picked up her suitcase and carried it over to Jackdaw's abandoned wagon.

From one day to another the starvation slowly came upon them, so that they could hardly remember the dividing line of the time when there had been food for all animals as well as themselves, and the moment suddenly when their money had run out, the last wisps of timothy hay had disappeared, the remaining scraps of meat had been devoured, and only a few moldly carrots, half-rotten apples and blackened bananas remained in the bins.

And as suddenly, their own larders, too, were empty. Then the police and the authorities from Zalano had come and moved them from the tober to a walled derelict *finca*, a half mile out of town. It was neither cruelty nor callousness on the part of the Spaniards which had dictated this shift, but the pandemonium of protest set up by the hungry animals through the night. The roars of the starving cats as well as the complaints of Judy and the other animals reached well to the center of the town and disturbed the sleep of the citizens and knocked at the doors of their conscience.

The truth was that Zalano had troubles of its own. The storm had destroyed crops, and its passing had cut a swath of appalling damage. The town treasury was empty, Red Cross aid insufficient, and the citizens were still dazedly trying to assess the extent of the catastrophe and had little time left for the plight of the circus people now removed out of sight, out of hearing and out of mind. The best that Doctor Perrera had been able to do for them had been to arrange for each of the five to take a meal a day with one of the better-off families who had volunteered this hospitality, until such time as the circus proprietor should return or send funds to relieve the situation.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"No thanks. I like being a big fish in a little pond."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Science Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery Stops Itching—Relieves Pain

Only Preparation H Contains New Healing Substance That Now Makes it Possible to Shrink Hemorrhoids Without Surgery.

A world-famous research institute has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids without surgery. It relieves itching and pain *in minutes* and speeds up healing of the injured, inflamed tissues.

In one hemorrhoid case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by a doctor's observations. And most amazing of all – this improvement was maintained over a period of many months!

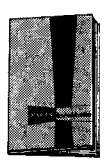
In fact, results were so thorough, that sufferers were able to make such statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem." And among these sufferers, were a wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

All this was accomplished without the use of narcotics, astringents or anesthetics of any kind. The secret is the new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) which quickly helps heal injured cells and stimulates regrowth of healthy tissue again. It is offered in *ointment* or *suppository* form called Preparation H®.

In addition to actually shrinking hemorrhoids without surgery, Preparation H lubricates and makes elimination less painful. It helps prevent infection which is a principal cause of hemorrhoids. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easier to use away from home). Any drug counter.

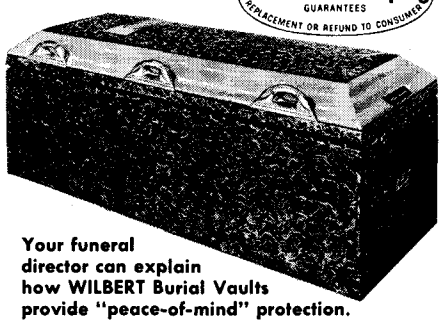
Will YOU know what to do when you're called on?

FREE BOOKLET– should be in every home



Knowing precisely what to do when funeral arrangements are necessary can be very comforting and helpful. WILBERT offers you FREE a helpful 24 page booklet titled FACTS Every Family Should Know that answers many questions. For a FREE copy, write WILBERT, Box 147 S-10, Forest Park, Illinois. (No sales contact will be made.)

IF PRODUCT OR PERFORMANCE DEFECTIVE Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES REPLACEMENT OR REFUND TO CONSUMER



Your funeral director can explain how WILBERT Burial Vaults provide "peace-of-mind" protection.

Wilbert® BURIAL VAULTS

"The FOREMOST and MOST RESPECTED NAME in BURIAL VAULTS"
® Trademark of Wilbert W. Haase Co.

DISCOURAGE **Thumbsucking and Nail Biting**

just paint on fingertips. 70¢ at your drug store.

THUM TRADE MARK

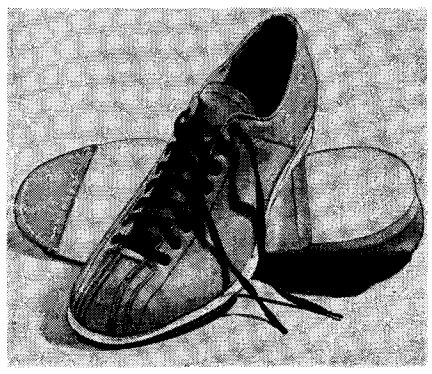
LOWE'S CAT CALENDAR

1963 desk size with easel. 12 clever photos of adorable cats and kittens. Send **10c** and bottom flaps from 2 bags of KITTY LITTER, or **25c** in coin.

KITTY LITTER® absorbs, dries, deodorizes. Sanitary, track-proof cat box filler. Obtain at pet counters. **Write for folder on pet products.**

LOWE'S, INC., Dept. 142, Cassopolis, Michigan

BOWLING SHOES



THESE gunsmoke bowling shoes of soft glove-tanned leather can easily be yours. Send us two 2-year *Saturday Evening Post* subscriptions at $10.95 each or four 1-year *Holiday* subscriptions at $5.95 each. All subscriptions must be sold outside your own home at the full price. Both new and renewals count, but not your personal or personal gift subscriptions.

Write subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and mail with your own name and address and full remittance. You'll receive a *gift certificate with which to claim your shoes.*

Offer good in continental U.S. only, until March 31, 1963. Sorry, no bowling shoes may be sold for cash.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
473 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania

LIPS SORE?

Blistex POCKET SIZE 39c HIGHER IN CANADA

BEST FOR COLD SORES CHAPPED LIPS FEVER BLISTERS

4.8% WITH INSURED SAFETY
RATE PER ANNUM EFFECTIVE JAN. 1, 1963

FIDELITY *Federal*
SAVINGS & LOAN ASSOCIATION
Box 1631-29 • Glendale 5, California
Just minutes from the center of Los Angeles
Assets over $260 million

INSURED

R. M. RIGGLE, *Asst. vice-president*
Please send information about your association.

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ ZONE_____
STATE_____
(PLEASE PRINT) 29

THE HUNGRY ONES

The walls of the *finca* were of lime-washed stone and, within, some narrow, red roof tiling ran around the top on two sides. Inside the enclosure a space of about half an acre was empty of all but weeds, and stones that lay about in the grass, but there was at least some shelter for the horses, as the narrow roofed-in portions furnished cover from sun and rain and would serve as stables as well as provide shade for some of the more sensitive beasts. The lorries, caravans and cages had been driven and towed there by police and some drivers recruited from the town, and when the circus rolling stock had been bestowed around the inside perimeter of the 10-foot walls, the Spaniards climbed aboard the police jeeps and drove off.

Rose and the men were seized by an all-pervading sense of loneliness and abandonment. Each day when nothing happened, every passing 24 hours without a letter, telegram or word from Sam Wonder increased the tension of their nerves. Each night spent listening to the complaints of the starving beasts, now modulated by weakness to whines and whimpers, slowly augmented the growing burden of horror borne by the five.

For there was nothing, literally nothing for the animals to eat. The nearby farmers, their fields ruined by the storm, could not afford to let the horses graze. Neighbors to the *finca*, moved to compassion, sometimes contributed a pail full of garbage, hardly fit for pigs, or half a jug of soured milk, with no conception of what it took to keep going such a menagerie as was in their midst. They didn't realize that a lion or tiger consumed as much as 12 pounds of horseflesh a day, that an elephant could consume 100 pounds of hay daily and needed oats and bran besides, that hay for the horses cost some 22 pounds a week and that the other inmates consumed bread by the loaf, milk by the gallon and fresh vegetables and fruits by the basketful. Even if they had realized it, they could have done nothing about it, for they had no such supplies.

Mr. Albert, Toby and Rose, and Janos and Deeter tried to overcome their growing despair by doing the best they might for the animals. During the day they went to the nearby farms, even to the outskirts of the town, to beg or scrounge what food they could; they tried to keep the beasts as clean as possible and tend their sores. Then would come nightfall and the awful heartbreaking sounds from the cages.

Fred Deeter's only concern was the horses. Foremost of his worries was Marlene, the exquisite and intelligent palomino he had trained so well that at times he almost believed himself in communication with her. But in the end, all the horses, including the stolid, heavy rosinbacks of the Walters family, grieved him. For horses were his life and his love. Marlene seemed to be trying to talk to him by nuzzling, searching his pockets whenever he came near, and sometimes pawing with her foreleg in the handshake he had taught her, as though she were saying, "See, I am shaking hands with you. Please feed me! Why, oh friend, are you doing this to me?" Deeter knew something must be done before the waiting would destroy them all.

Janos knew it too. The misfit who had never inspired human affection and had therefore had to substitute the love of dogs felt a core of truculence hardening within him. He was stimulated by his great feeling of guilt as his dogs pined and thinned, but their faith in him remained unwavering, and their hungry, reproachful eyes hopefully watched his every movement. Starving, the Great Danes should have turned killers, but Janos knew very well they would not, because with love and kindness he had rooted out instincts which could have saved them. He had taught them to trust in humans, and their reward for learning this lesson might well be death. Dark plots began to form in the mind of Janos.

Toby's outburst came one evening while sitting with Rose. Steeped in melancholy, he listened to the sounds of anguish of the animals. He had a sudden picture of himself in the ring with Judy, filled with pride and confidence. In his imagination he made the elephant sit, lie down, roll over, dance and stand upon her head. Then suddenly he struck his forehead with his fist and cried out, "I just can't stand the sight of that bloody elephant shrinking!"

He was startled and shocked when a gentle hand was placed upon his breast, and from beside him on the wagon step he heard the faint, throaty whisper, "Oh Toby, I'm sorry. I do understand."

He stood up as though stung and said, "Oh, for pity's sake, let me be! How would you know what it feels like to see all of them starving like this? You've never lived with them like I have." He turned and strode back to the Walterses' van, where he climbed into his bunk, buried his face in his arms and tried not to cry.

Rose sat there thinking that though she might not have lived with them for long, she had loved them, and it dawned upon her that perhaps up to that very moment in his life Toby had never really loved anything or anyone. She knew that he did not love her—had always known it, and suffered it so long as she was able to be with him. What moved her now was a sorrow that he could not experience the warm and all-encompassing love that she felt. Yet there was love in him; he had cursed her because he was suffering for his elephant.

As for Mr. Albert, he heard voices. They were not aloud or hallucinatory, but well inside his ear, within himself. They were the cries of his only friends, one and all, from the lowest, the armadillos curled up and shriveling to death within their own coffins, through the big-eyed ruminants, to the near-human monkeys. They were all so close to Mr. Albert that he did not know and could not distinguish their voices. He was remembering his own panics and feelings of despair and deep inner cries for help when suddenly he had known old age to be upon him, and it had become so inescapably clear that for him there was no place to go, nothing to do about it and nobody to care.

Then the stillness of the hot Spanish night was shattered by a death cry from the shed where the horses were tethered. It was an eerie, horrid, bubbling shriek of dying, an agony of life departing under violence. Twice it came through the soundless night, once invading Toby's dreams, and again in dreadful reality as he leaped from his bunk to the floor. His heart was pounding.

Awakened in terror, the animals poured forth a cataract of noises. To this was added the jangle of the elephant's chains as she strained at them,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the thumping and crashing of the big cats hurling themselves in panic with their remaining strength against the bars of their cages, the shuffling, skittering and scrabbling of the bear, the fox and the monkeys.

From the window of his caravan Toby saw Mr. Albert standing before the clown wagon where he and Janos lived, shaking and bewildered. An instant later Deeter tumbled from his quarters. In one hand he carried a flashlight and in the other a long, black object. Toby ran across the enclosure, his bare feet unmindful of the flinty stones. Just ahead, vanishing into the horse shed, was Deeter. The symphonic discords of the beasts filled the air. Toby quickened his pace and plunged inside the shed.

Deeter's flashlight beam picked up the white figure of Janos astride a horse, like some ghastly caricature of a cherub. The horse was lying on the ground, with the dwarf sitting upon it, his bowed, stumpy legs unable to touch the ground. One child's hand was entwined in the horse's mane, the other clasped the broad kitchen knife with which he had cut its throat. Unable to reach high enough, Janos had managed to climb onto the back of the animal and, leaning forward and around, had sawed at the throat until he had severed the jugular vein. There was a pool of blood, black in the beam of the light, and great gouts of it still pumped from the wound, gaping like a second mouth.

All this Toby saw in an instant, and at the same time he took in the lean figure of Deeter with the ridiculously fancy boots, his right arm raised, and the long barrel of a .45 aimed down the beam of light to the ugly head of the dwarf. In a strained, high-pitched and almost feminine voice, Deeter shrieked, "You lousy murderer!" and pulled the trigger.

The cartridge exploded in the chamber with an ear-splitting spang, but the bullet went wild, for in the moment of Deeter's outcry, Toby had knocked him off balance. The noise of the shot set all the other horses tossing and plunging at their halters, rearing and whinnying.

The faces of Rose and Mr. Albert appeared in the background, ashen with terror. Before Deeter could fire again, Toby brought him to earth with a rugby tackle, and simultaneously groped for the gun. Deeter was strong and wiry, but Toby was younger, his muscles fresh and virile and made a hundred times more potent by fear. He tore the gun from Deeter's grasp as the ex-cowboy staggered to his feet, dazed.

Deeter pointed a finger at the small white gargoyle sitting astride the carcass of the once lovely chestnut animal. "He murdered the horse!" he gasped. "He killed the horse!"

Only Janos was unmoved, with the blood-blackened knife in his pudgy little hand. "Now my doks going to eat," he said calmly. The place stank of blood, sweat, urine and death.

Three days later, after the visit of Doctor Perrera, the judge—announcing that Wonder had been cleared of negligence and the property could now be removed—Fred Deeter told the others, "I'm pulling out."

"You're doing what?" Toby asked.

"You heard me," Deeter said. "You know as well as I do that little nut there is trying to figure out a way to kill my Marlene. And when he does, I'm going to kill him." His trap mouth set in a cynical grin, he stared at Toby. "Unless, of course, the next one is one of *your* horses, and if you're a man, then you'll kill him."

Janos laughed. "How you know that? Sure I kill another horse till they all gone."

Deeter ignored Janos's remark. "Look, he said, "what we're doing is senseless, sitting here doing nothing. By now it's plain that Wonder ain't coming back.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"George isn't here right now! Any message?"

Strong Yet Safe - Gives Hours of Continuous Relief from Minor

ARTHRITIS PAINS

Reduces swelling and inflammation so it's easier to move afflicted limbs again

Arthritis may attack young people as well as 'oldsters.' No cure has yet been found. But medical research has now definitely established that the fast-acting medication in Anacin® gives hours of *continuous* relief from arthritis' minor pains — even chronic pain of this nature arising from deep in the bones and joints.

It has also been found that Anacin has a most effective anti-inflammatory action that reduces swelling and inflammation — a basic cause of arthritis suffering. In *minutes* pain is relieved so it's easier to move about. This increased motility is *most important* because it helps keep joints from 'locking' or 'stiffening.'

Anacin Tablets are like a doctor's prescription. That is, a *combination* of ingredients. A particular combination not found in aspirin or buffered aspirin. And Anacin has such a smooth, gentle action. Anacin makes a big difference in the way you feel! Take as directed.

ANACIN®

contains the pain-relieving medication most recommended by doctors

LARGEST SELLING Pain Reliever

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HUNGRY ONES

And you heard the judge say we should go and move out what we can."

"What's the point?" Toby asked. "We couldn't get far with the lorries without petrol. And like you found out before, we can't sell 'em either on account of the customs."

"That's right," Deeter said, "but there's no duty on horses. There's eight of Wonder's Liberty horses left. I'll ride Marlene and herd 'em up to Madrid, eating off the land as we go. In Madrid I can sell 'em. We'll use the dough to get us all out of here. Then we'll find Wonder and push his face in."

Toby said suspiciously, "Why not sell 'em here, then?"

Deeter laughed unpleasantly. "You've got a beautiful body, but the brains of an acrobat, kid," he said. "These are trained horses here. You gonna sell 'em for plowing? They're an act. They'll fetch four times as much in Madrid. I ought to be able to make it in three to four days. There's an all-year circus in Madrid. We may have to let 'em go cheaper, but they'll fetch more than they will here. What about yours? I can sell those two!"

Toby was not unaware of his dilemma. He swallowed hard and said, "They're not mine to sell. They belong to my old man."

Deeter merely nodded and said. "OK, suit yourself." Then he asked, "Will you be able to get along until I get back?"

"I suppose so," Toby said. "What do you think they'll fetch?"

"Between six and seven hundred quid," Deeter replied. "Enough to get us all off the hook."

Janos laughed. "Hokay, hokay. You bring back money. We buy meat. It's hokay with me." Mr. Albert nodded.

Deeter said, "I'll start off in the afternoon. I figure to give an exhibition or two on the way up and pass the hat. That'll get us there. I ought to be back in about a week, with any luck."

When they returned to the encampment after Deeter's departure, they drifted down to the menagerie to check once more upon the condition of the animals, but unconsciously, perhaps even more to see what things were like minus the presence of the cowboy. Toby said to the elephant, "Only a few days more, old girl, and then you'll be rolling in hay."

Rose turned upon him. "We can't wait that long. We've got to find jobs right away. Something—anything. Don't you know," she said sharply, "he's never coming back?"

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Albert. "Mr. Wonder not coming back? He's got to. They're his, ain't they?"

"I don't know about Mr. Wonder," Rose said. "I mean Deeter—after he's sold the horses."

Toby flared up. "How do you know? Did he say anything to you? Why didn't you tell us? I wouldn't have let him go. I'd have gone myself." She irritated him with her cool prescience, the more so since he was aware that he had thought of it and had known it too and then had let it happen.

"We can work," Rose said. "I'll get a job."

Toby was angry. "You!" he shouted. "What could you do?"

"Something," Rose replied. She nodded toward Judy the elephant. "If we don't get some food for her, she's going to go. Jackdaw told me if they're not fed properly, they seem to be all right, and all at once they fall down and die."

The next morning they went to canvass for jobs as best they could, knowing they were handicapped by the language barrier as well as the increased poverty that had come to the district through the recent disaster. Rose went by herself, Toby and Janos together. It was agreed that Mr. Albert should stay behind to see to the animals, to keep them as clean as might be, tend their sores, give them water and, by his presence as well, render them companionship and hope, for that was all there would be to keep them alive unless they succeeded in their quest.

That evening when they returned they had to confess that they had failed. Rose had been from one shop to another, but always encountered the language barrier. The only skill she had to offer—sewing—was not wanted at the time. Business was bad; no extra hands were needed.

They found Mr. Albert on a campstool before the cages, his bowler hat between his knees, his spectacles reposing therein, and he was dabbing at his eyes with a bit of rag. Tiny, the dwarf deer, was dead; so were two of the rhesus monkeys and the African wart hog.

"They died this midday," he reported, "or maybe old Warty was dead sooner. Tiny here sucked on my thumb like it was a nipple. If I had had a little milk, I could have saved it." He arose, put on his spectacles and the black bowler and shuffled off behind the cages. "There's a place back here," he said, "where the dirt ain't so hard where we could make a sort of a cemetery."

"Ho," said Janos, "that's what you think. Come back. We ain't needing no cemetery. My dogs helping to bury them."

Toby looked at the little clown with disgust. Monkeys were almost like babies, even when they were dead, and there would not be much meat on them.

"They'll all share then," said Rose. She went to the tiger's cage and called softly, "Meat, Rajah." She turned to the others, crying, "Come on then, what are we waiting for? Give me a knife. Let's get on with it."

"It won't feed my elephant," said Toby.

"We'll feed your elephant. I'll find a job tomorrow." Rose said it with all the fierceness of a promise sworn upon a crucifix.

Janos and Toby found work with a farmer the next day. They came in with blistered hands and 160 pesetas, between them—80 pesetas each for a nine-hour day. Another tragedy had taken place during the time they were away. Pockets, the kangaroo, had succumbed, and Mr. Albert was inconsolable, for she had been his particular pet.

At six o'clock Rose had not yet returned. But at seven a farmer with a wain drawn by two mules pulled up to the *finca* and began pitching bales of alfalfa hay to the ground.

"It's for us?" Toby asked. "From you?" He shouted at the man in English, then pantomimed to try to make him understand what he was asking.

The farmer shook his head and said, "*La señorita de pelo rojo.*" He dumped the last of the hay and rumbled off.

"Rose must have struck it rich," Toby cried. "Here, old man, help me." They dragged two bales of hay over to the elephant, who began to squeal wildly, flapping her ears, bobbing and rocking and swaying.

It was dusk, just before the last of the summer light faded, that Rose returned, walking slowly and thoughtfully up the road, and they hailed her arrival. "Did you send the hay?"

"Yes."

"You've got yourself a job?"

"Yes."

"It must be a good one."

"Yes."

"Come in," Toby said. "You must be hungry."

"No," Rose replied, "I've eaten."

"Janos and I made a hundred and sixty pesetas between us. We got jobs with a farmer."

Rose nodded. A hundred and sixty pesetas was scarcely a pound. She knew Mr. Albert's logistics by heart—50 pounds a week at the very least to feed the menagerie. She said, "I've made a little more."

Toby asked, "What kind of a job have you got?"

"At *Las Flores*."

The three men looked at her questioningly, and she said, "It's a restaurant on the other side of town. We saw it the other day when Deeter left." The men remembered vaguely, for in the stress of saying farewell to Deeter and the horses they had hardly noticed it. "As a waitress," Rose said. "I been a waitress before."

Janos asked, "They pay that good? Maybe I could be waiter. Easier than digging."

"Tips," Rose explained. "The tips are good. A lot of people come through there. They were just looking for a girl."

Mr. Albert said nothing. He regarded Rose curiously over the tops of his spectacles, for he thought he knew every cranny of her warm and loving heart, and he was puzzled. But even as he regarded her, another notion crossed his mind and suddenly revealed something so startling that he hardly dared look any longer, and he blinked his eyes and dropped them.

The little money they had gained was, of course, only a stopgap, a dragging out of the slow starvation that was taking its toll of the strength of animals and people, for there was never enough. If for a day or so there was meat for the carnivores, then there was insufficient fodder for the elephant and the horses. Or if they amassed sufficient pesetas to buy alfalfa and a few fruits and vegetables and some milk for the other creatures, then the big cats again went short of food and sent up their moaning.

Mr. Albert, so sensitive to the pain of the animals, saw that something further was needed if the situation were not to disintegrate into total disaster. His mind turned to the rich, gross woman. If there were any money at all in that region, it was the Marquesa de Pozoblanco who had it and might be persuaded to part with some in the name of charity, the love of God and His creatures. If only he knew the right approach to the matter, and above all to her.

His mind turned back to the last performance of Sam Wonder's Wonder Circus and his own weird and humiliating part in it. He remembered catching a glimpse of her bursting her sides with laughter. And afterward there had been that transfer of the fat purse from her to Mr. Wonder. He had no doubt that it was the public abuse and humiliation he had suffered that had so entertained her—monstrous creature.

Then he remembered the large block of tickets she had bought for the poor children of Zalano, and the joy and laughter of those children. Might one appeal to her? Would she care about animals who were suffering and dying helplessly, and those who loved them and suffered with them? What if one morning he made his way out to her domain, asked to see her and begged for help?

The Marquesa's *finca* lay hidden behind high whitewashed stone walls. Entrance was by a massive wrought-iron gate that took two men from the lodge to open and close it. As Mr. Albert neared the walled settlement, one of the attendants signaled the old man to wait. Shortly afterward, to Mr. Albert's great joy, there appeared the man he recognized, the dapper gentleman in striped trousers and short black jacket.

The man strode forward, spoke briefly to the two guards and then glanced out through the ironwork at Mr. Albert. He said to the old man in his slightly accented English, "Pablo thinks you were speaking English. Who are you, and what is it you want?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"This was a wonderful idea, Grace, after being on our feet shopping all afternoon!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why over 13,000,000 Americans are CREDIT UNION *members -and why you should join them*

Credit Union loans help improve homes

Credit Union loans finance vacation trips

Credit Union loans straighten out tangled finances

New cars cost less when bought for cash via Credit Union loans

Credit Union loans let you redecorate and refurnish your home

Credit Union members operate their own borrowing and savings system under a proven plan. It brings them:

1. More convenient savings with good return and assured safety.
2. A ready source of understanding credit that lets them improve living standards. They buy with cash and save high installment charges. They find low-cost Credit Union loans can be quickly made in emergencies — all without red tape or embarrassment because they deal with friendly fellow members.

Find out how you can join the 13,000,000 Americans who protect each other against money troubles. Mail coupon today!

We help each other —join us!

Life Insurance Increases Savings and Cancels Debts

Most Credit Unions furnish life insurance to eligible members at no extra cost, through the insurance society of credit unions — Cuna Mutual Insurance Society. With few exceptions, it pays your loan balance if you die or become disabled. In most cases this life insurance matches your savings, dollar for dollar.

LEARN HOW TO JOIN A CREDIT UNION

California Credit Union League
2910 Lakeshore Avenue
Oakland 10, California

Tell me more about joining a Credit Union.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

I work at_____

CREDIT UNION NATIONAL ASSOCIATION • CUNA MUTUAL INSURANCE SOCIETY • CALIFORNIA CREDIT UNION LEAGUE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HUNGRY ONES

"My name is Albert Griggs, but they call me Mr. Albert. I'm from the circus. Can I talk to the Marquesa?"

The majordomo nodded and said, "Ah, yes, I remember. The circus that burned to the ground. But I thought you had all left?" He reflected for a moment, then shook his head. "I'm afraid the Marquesa cannot be disturbed. If you wish me to convey a message ——"

"Please," pleaded Mr. Albert. "You wouldn't understand. Please let me in to see her so I could explain. Our animals are starving." He had taken off his bowler, and somehow the removal of the hat had disturbed his gray hair so that it stood up in an aureole. Something clicked in the mind of the majordomo, and he remembered when he had last seen this man. And he remembered to what straits of helpless laughter the spectacle had reduced his mistress.

The reason that Don Francisco was the perfect majordomo was that he lived his life only through the mind of the woman he served. Nothing that might please her was allowed to escape. She would hear that there had been a stranger at the gates; she would wish to know who it had been.

He signaled to the two guards who, working like twins, pulled the heavy bolts so that they clanked simultaneously, and then, tugging upon the massive gates, swung them inward. Don Francisco said, "You may come in. It is the hour when the Marquesa gives audience. I will take you there. When she signals to you to come forward, do so and state your case quickly and simply. She understands English. If she is inclined to help you, she will let you know, but if she is not interested, if you have failed to gain her attention, you must leave at once. Is that clear? Those are the conditions."

"Yes," the old man said. "Of course! But she'll help me. You'll see."

Upon the threshold of the steps leading to a pair of carved-oak and nail-studded doors, Don Francisco paused for a second. "Whatever happens," he told the old man, "whatever you see, whatever she may say or do, you are not under any circumstances to show that you are shocked, disapproving or taken by surprise. Is that clear?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Albert. "Anything you say."

As they passed through the doorway and into the patio that lay at the center of the house it was well that Mr. Albert obtained an inkling of what the majordomo meant when he said he was to show neither shock nor surprise at what he might see, for as a foretaste of what was yet to come, the courtyard was like an anteroom to an oriental paradise. It was a mass of color in rich crimson, gold and alabaster white, with contrasting shades of thousands of tiles in Moorish designs paneling the walls, and flaming flowers tumbling from the ancient teakwood balcony that ran around the four sides of the structure. A fountain played from the center of a blue-tiled pool, and a great leather coffer studded with golden nails stood at one end.

They mounted a broad flight of tessellated steps and paused before another carved oaken doorway. "Remember now," the majordomo said, "wait until you are summoned." He thereupon went in without knocking, and Mr. Albert followed.

The Marquesa de Pozoblanco, in the full swing of her morning toilet, attended by maids, wardrobe mistresses and hairdressers, was holding audience in the manner in which royalty in times past had conducted the levee. Mr. Albert saw her standing at one side of the room in a black satin gown stiffly encrusted with sequins and lace, but she had no head. Over at the mother-of-pearl dressing table he saw a hairdresser attending her head of black hair, a formidable affair of curls and braids, but beneath the hair saw no face. At the far end of the room on a chaise longue he saw what appeared to be the figure of a wrestler in white silk camiknickers that came above the knees, and a white silk dressing coat. The skull of this wrestler had no hair.

The room was crowded; there were more than a dozen people. There was a pastry cook in tall white chef's hat; there were several women with sample books of materials; men with suitcases and boxes; a young boy with a folder of drawings; two seedy-looking fellows, one with a puppy, the other with a Siamese kitten in his arms.

Then suddenly Mr. Albert realized that the headless woman was merely a dress upon a dressmaker's dummy. The faceless head was the wig into which she would fit later. And the egg-bald wrestler upon the couch was the Marquesa herself.

Mr. Albert would never have understood the explanation of what puzzled him, that a great and noble lady should reveal herself to all and sundry in her underclothes. He would not have fathomed or cared for the explanation that none of those in the room—the tradesmen, the attendants, the supplicants or the servants—existed for her as human beings. They were to her no more than the two snow-white Pekingese who slept curled upon pink cushions at her feet. She would, had she felt like it, as easily have exhibited herself nude before them as she would before her dogs. It was this aspect of the 16th century that Mr. Albert would never have understood, or that among her own kind the Marquesa would have reddened with shame if so much as a millimeter of lace should have shown beneath her voluminous skirt.

The hairdresser now brought over the black wig and, with a smooth, practiced gesture, settled it down over the naked skull. The wrestler disappeared, and the Marquesa was there. Petticoat after petticoat went on over her head. Simultaneously, the wardrobe mistress pushed over the dummy with the gown which opened at the back. The dummy was removed, and the figure of the Marquesa inserted in its place.

The Marquesa sank once more upon her chaise longue and, unfurling her fan, waited to hear the last of those who had bid for a moment of her attention. Mr. Albert became suddenly aware that she had gestured toward him. The majordomo was motioning to him frantically that he was to go to her now and say whatever it was he had to say. The old man glanced wildly left and right, hoping somehow that it was another who was being summoned, but there was no one, and so, knowing that his knees were trembling, he shuffled forward.

The Marquesa spoke to him in faultless English. "My majordomo tells me you are from the circus that performed in Zalano. What is it you want?"

Mr. Albert had been preparing a recitation in his mind, a sequence of events that had taken place since the destruction of the circus, illuminated by words he hoped would move a heart of stone. But finding himself confronted by this Spanish autocrat who addressed him in the manner of an English duchess, Mr. Albert bobbed, shuffled, winced and struggled with his hat.

"Ma'am, them animals are starving—they ain't getting enough to eat—they'll die off like flies like them others. We done what we could, ma'am, but it ain't enough unless Mr. Wonder comes back or sends us money. There ain't enough money to feed them, like I said, and they'll die on our hands. It's enough to break your heart standing there watching them and nothing to do.

"I thought maybe if you had some food, not that I wouldn't work for it or do anything you said like the others are earning what they can, but it ain't enough, see? For an elephant takes a lot of feeding, and them there cats will eat up all the meat you can give 'em, but there isn't any. So I thought . . ." and he trailed off lamely, never revealing what it was he thought, for it was by then as apparent to him as it must be to anyone present at that morning's levee, that he had failed to engage the attention of the Marquesa.

Her fan was spread and fluttering impatiently, the painted cupid's bow of her mouth was pursed, and her eyes were filled with boredom. "Are you trying to say," she asked, "that your animals had to be left behind and that there is insufficient food for them?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Mr. Albert miserably. He knew that he was done for.

"There are organizations to look after such cases. I suggest you apply to them." She folded her fan with a click of the ivory spokes, tapped it twice into her palm and looked over in the direction of her majordomo, who was frantically trying to attract the attention of Mr. Albert with hand signals which read unmistakably, *Out! Out! Get out!*

Mr. Albert caught all the gestures and tried desperately to follow them, to unglue his limbs from the floor and propel them in the direction of the door. In panic he turned to flee. But he dropped his hat and, trying to pick it up, put his foot through it. He managed to get it off the end of his shoe and again took off for the door, this time skidding on a bit of carpet which accelerated his speed as he recovered, so that for a moment he appeared to be volplaning horizontally, aided by his coattails, which stood out straight behind him. Never had there been quite such a futile or ignominious retreat.

"Wait!" The cry, sharp and unmistakable, came from the Marquesa. "Wait!" she repeated. "Have I not seen you before?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Mr. Albert, nervously concealing his damaged hat behind his back.

She poised her fan and pointed it at him like a conductor's baton and said, "Of course, I remember you now! Fall down! Fall down for me!"

And so Mr. Albert fell down, by the simple expedient of throwing his legs out from under him as though the rug had been jerked from his feet, and landed upon his behind. His hat beneath him disintegrated with a loud explosion—but no louder than the burst of laughter that erupted from the Marquesa de Pozoblanco.

The Marquesa wiped her eyes with a lace handkerchief. "How could I have forgotten? I have never laughed so hard in my whole life. Come here, my little man—my funny, funny little man, my funniest man in the whole world. I want to talk to you."

Mr. Albert climbed to his feet, retrieved the injured bowler, now flat beyond repair, and the manner in which he regarded it was enough to send them all off into further fits and gales. For the Marquesa had established him as a comic fellow and not a ridiculous, pathetic and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

foolish one, the funniest man in the world, whose every move was from then on hilarious.

"Come here and sit beside me," said the Marquesa in her lilting, beautiful English. "Don't be afraid of me, for you have won me over. Now tell me again what it was you tried to say before."

When the interrogation was completed, the Marquesa reflected for a moment, and then said, "Yes. Very well. I shall help you. Your animals will be fed." She fluttered her fan. "But I have my price."

The remark was astonishing to Mr. Albert, but somehow not wholly unexpected. "Yes, ma'am," he said, "thank you, ma'am. What is it?"

She pointed the fan at him. "You," she said simply.

"Me?"

"Yes, you," she repeated. "You shall come and live with me here, and when I ask you to, you will fall down again for me and make me laugh, won't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Mr. Albert.

"Even perhaps with the buckets of water?" the Marquesa asked.

"Yes, ma'am," repeated Mr. Albert. And then added, "For how long, ma'am?"

The Marquesa let her green glance of possessiveness rest upon him. "Until I release you," she replied. "Perhaps forever. Do you agree?"

"Yes, ma'am," he said again.

At three o'clock a truck arrived at the circus encampment and unloaded a beef carcass, liver and lights, properly butchered, several tons of hay as well as oats and bran for the horses, and fresh straw—everything that Mr. Albert had prescribed as necessary.

At six o'clock Mr. Albert had the animals watered and bedded down in fresh straw. The chauffeur from the *finca* of the Marquesa nodded toward the car and said curtly, "*Vámonos.*"

But Mr. Albert cried brightly, "No, no. Not yet. The others haven't come back yet. I must wait for them." The man said nothing, but climbed into the front seat of the car, pulled out a paper and began to read. At half-past six Toby and Janos came home. There was no sign of Rose, though this was not unusual, for she often worked late at *Las Flores.*

Mr. Albert told his story as best he could against first the marveling and then half-disbelieving headshakes of his two companions. "You mean," Toby cried after the narrative was finished, "that you sold yourself to get food for those bloody animals! And that when she tells you to, you'll fall down on your behind and make her laugh?"

Mr. Albert was himself not sure, but he said, "Well, in a way, I suppose. I don't know. That's what she said."

Toby was still shaking his head, but he held out his hand to Mr. Albert and said, "Old man, you're all right."

"Tell Rose, Toby," the old man said. "Perhaps I'll be allowed to come back for a visit. If you hear from Mr. Wonder or anything, send me a postcard."

It was at this point that the little saloon car drew up at the gate and disgorged two strangers. One was middle-aged with thin wisps of black hair straggling across the top of his skull, arranged to hide its baldness. His companion was younger and taller, with a narrow, sallow face and an offensive moustache.

"*Señores, por favor,*" the younger man said. "We 'ave come to mak leetle, how you call her, arrangement."

Toby said, "Arrangement about what? What's it about? I'm in charge here."

"It is ver' difficult," the man began. He had a mellifluous and fruity voice. "My fren here, *Señor* Garcia, is Spaneesh. He spik no Ingleesh. I, Ignacio Manolo, am Spaneesh too, but I spik little Ingleesh. I spik for my fren. So!"

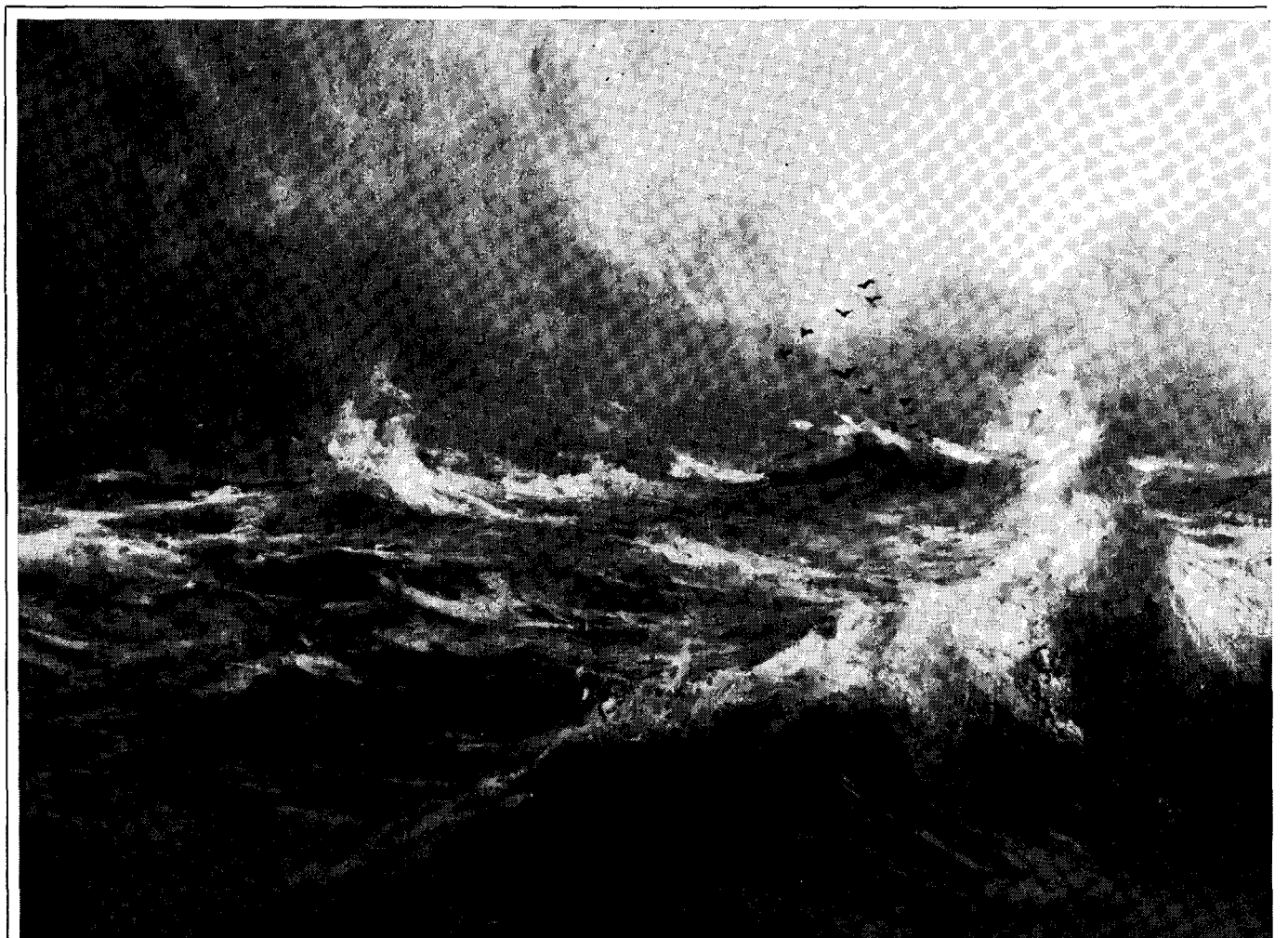
Nobody acknowledged the introduction. Janos leaned closer toward the open window of the car to hear better. Mr. Albert was wondering why his heart felt so compressed. "*Con permiso,*" Manolo said, "about the girl Rosa."

Mr. Albert thought he was going to be sick. Toby's eyes narrowed until they were no more than slits with a glitter behind them. "What about Rose?" he asked.

Señor Manolo said, "Ah-ha, good. So you are the one, then. I explain." And then, haltingly and carefully, he made his proposition.

It seemed that in recent weeks *Señor* Garcia had observed the girl Rose in the bar of *Las Flores* and was greatly taken with her looks and manner. Manolo explained that Garcia had not yet addressed himself to the girl, but had found out that she had been a member of the circus company. He wished to arrive at a permanent arrangement with Rose, whereby he would set her up in a suitable apartment, say in Manzanares or Valdepeñas. Aware of the connection of the girl with the circus, Manolo was prepared to discharge any financial obligation which might be deemed fair and adequate compensation.

The howl of pain and rage which then burst from Toby Walters was like nothing human, but animal and incoherent in its



For as long as sea stories have been told . . .

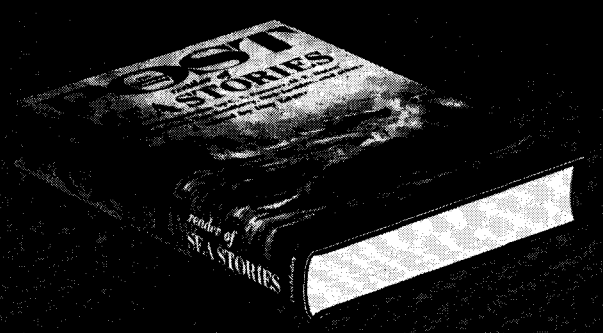
. . . men have been entranced by the mystery and magic of the majestic sea. Even in this age of space, the sight of a schooner sparks as much romance and excitement as a satellite, and the lure of the sea survives.

In THE POST READER OF SEA STORIES are 20 authentic and colorful tales to stir the imagination of every reader—from old salt to armchair captain. A collection of seaworthy yarns told by master storytellers like C. S. Forester, H. E. Bates, Jack London, Robert Nathan and Ray Bradbury.

THE POST READER OF SEA STORIES is a brand-new book of 18 short stories and two novelettes—the best of a thousand sea stories published over the years in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

This unusual and exciting volume, handsomely and sturdily bound, is yours for just $3.95. Order your copy with the handy coupon below. Your credit is good, so there's no need to send cash with your order.

If you would like to order THE POST READER OF SEA STORIES as a gift, we'll send—at no extra charge—a special greeting card, handsigned in your name. Again, your credit is good.



If you are not completely satisfied with the book, return it within 10 days and receive a full refund—or pay nothing if you've asked to be billed. Order additional gifts on a separate sheet of paper.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Dept. 1471, Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.

☐ Please send me ___ copies of The Saturday Evening Post Reader of Sea Stories

Name_____
Street or R.D._____
Town_____ Zone___ State_____

☐ Please send The Saturday Evening Post Reader of Sea Stories as my gift to:

Name_____
Street or R.D._____
Town_____ Zone___ State_____
Sign my gift card_____

☐ Payment of $3.95 per copy enclosed. We will pay postage and handling. (Penna. residents please add 4% sales tax.) ☐ Bill me $3.95 per copy plus a few cents for postage and handling

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HUNGRY ONES

anguish and fury, but a moment later his tortured throat managed to form words: "Out! Get out! Get out you swine! Get out before I kill you!" He grabbed the spike-tipped steel elephant hook. But the two men were already off and running hard.

Toby drew back his arm and hurled the ankus with enough power to drive it through both of them had it landed. Fortunately his blind rage spoiled his aim. The two men in panic reached the car, scrambled inside, and the next instant it was swaying crazily over the rutted road.

Toby came staggering back, trembling from shock, and saw Mr. Albert standing beside the Marquesa's glittering car with an expression of horror upon his face. The boy turned upon him. "Rose!" he shouted. "What has she done?"

"No, no," the old man said, "you mustn't think that, Toby. Rose is a good girl."

"Get out!" Toby howled. "All of you! Get out of here. I can't stand the sight of any of you." Mr. Albert got into the car, and the chauffeur drove off.

When Rose came trudging home at 11:30, Toby threw her out bodily, bag and baggage. He called her every foul and filthy name he could think of as he tossed her suitcase and clothes into the road. "Go back to your brothel!" he screamed to her.

Nor did Rose answer him or cry out, or attempt to speak a word. She bent over, picking up each piece of apparel, collecting them in one arm. When she had them all, she knelt, opened the suitcase and stuffed them in. Then she snapped it shut, picked it up and, turning her back upon Toby, went off down the path toward the road leading to the town.

Toby stood watching her, his heart brimming with anguish.

Late in August Sam Wonder had gone home to Chippenham, his insurance claim unsettled. By early September, however, he was back in Birmingham with the insurance check in his pocket. The company had allowed him full damages on his equipment and half of what he had claimed as his season's losses.

He then placed a long-distance call. "Hallo, Joe Peabody?"

"Yeah, this is Joe."

"Sam Wonder here."

"Say, hallo there, Sam. How are you?"

"Fine, fine."

"How did you make out in Spain, Sam?"

"OK, OK. Look here, Joe, I just been reading in *The World's Fair* you're thinking of expanding."

"That's right. You got anything? At a good price?"

"Listen, how'd you like to buy me out?"

"What! Are you kidding? Buy you out? I couldn't afford it."

"I'll make the price right, Joe. It'll put you right up there with the Chipperfields and Billy Smart. Lock, stock and barrel."

"The name too?"

"Yes, yes. Why don't we meet and have a talk? Meet me tomorrow in Newcastle. Eleven o'clock. The Queen's Hotel."

"The Queen's Hotel. I'll be there."

Sam Wonder hung up, and for the first time in a long, long while there was a smile to break the grim line of his mouth.

The trumpet-blast noise brought Toby to his feet out of deep sleep. It sounded a second time, and he recognized it—the war cry of Judy. There was no time for light. He seized his elephant hook and ran outside.

There was a waning moon hanging lopsided high in the sky, shedding enough light for him to see the reflected glitter of the elephant's eye; it was blood red. The beast's trunk was curled in the air over her head, her jaws open and slavering, her left forefoot raised.

Standing before her, just out of range, her back to Toby, was the figure of a girl. It was unmistakably Rose. Over one arm she carried her coat, that same coat that Jackdaw Williams had bought her in the long ago, and in the other hand she held the cheap suitcase containing all her possessions. Toby paused, for the moment unable to move, his limbs were trembling, every nerve end in his body quivering.

The beast trumpeted again and set off a din from the other animals. Over the uproar, Toby heard Rose cry out, "If you want me, you can have me, you bloody great gasbag! Kill me if you like! I only did it for you." The suitcase fell from her fingers; her coat slid to the ground; and she walked toward the enraged animal.

Toby shouted, "Rose, Rose! Come back!" With a supreme effort he threw off the spell of the impending tragedy that held him inert. He ran forward. "Rose, no!"

Even as he raced across the intervening ground, she had come within range of Judy. The elephant reached out with her trunk, picked the girl off the ground and whirled her high into the air preliminary to smashing her to the earth, stamping upon her until her bones were crushed, and mauling the body with her tusks until it was no more than a mass of bloody rags upon the ground.

The moment of holding the girl aloft bared the beast's delicate throat. With all his force, coupled with the speed he had gathered, Toby jammed the steel head of the ankus into the open mouth, turning and twisting it, screaming with fear as he did so.

The sudden pain came as a surprise. The shock, the rasp of steel within her throat, cutting her tongue and filling her narrow windpipe, as well as the cries and the attack of the man who had been her friend, bewildered Judy. The maddening iron searing and choking her and the man who was wielding it distracted her so that for an instant she relaxed the tension of her trunk about the girl. The momentum flung Rose slipping and sliding along the elephant's back, whence she tumbled to the rough grass. There she lay stunned, still in danger as the beast's unchained hindfoot began to probe for her.

With a wrench, Toby dislodged the elephant hook from the beast's throat, for it was his only weapon, and prepared for the battle. He had expected the lashing blow of the descending trunk, and was prepared to avoid it. Instead the cunning elephant, determined now to get rid of the pygmy who had attacked her before finishing off the girl, lowered her head and charged him with her tusks.

One tusk struck him a glancing blow on the shoulder, knocking him to the ground, and in an instant the huge beast had him pinned and was thrusting and plunging, trying to drive him through.

Toby squirmed and twisted, managing to avoid each lunge, but one arm was caught now by the curling trunk, and he could not free it. Then he felt a sucking sensation, warm and wet, upon one foot and knew that the elephant had got it into her mouth and was trying to work it backward toward the huge grinding molars at the back of her jaw.

Fighting for his life, Toby had time to cry out, "Rose! Try to roll clear! If you get under, she'll finish you!" At that moment the ground trembled as Judy let her huge bulk crash to earth. There was no answering call from Rose.

The change in position gave Toby a chance to free his foot and squirm about to retrieve the hook which had fallen under him. Desperately he poked the point at one maddened red eye above him and touched the corner. With a squeal of pain, the elephant reared and snapped the chain holding her right forefoot.

Toby, was on his feet, free and swinging. He beat the elephant with the heavy ankus on the bulge at the base of the trunk; he whipped her between the eyes with all the strength of the muscles in his powerful back; he skipped and dodged and got around to one side and struck her on the fleshy portion of her head between the eye and the ear, shouting her down, his voice high-pitched with battle lust, for he knew that he must conquer her before she smashed the last remaining bond that held her.

The boy was spattered with blood, his own where his skin had been rasped, as well as that of Judy where the iron had bitten into ear, flank and trunk. His chest was on fire, his muscles beginning to ache from the acids of fatigue. Still he continued to swing and to club, to leap and to evade, to hack and slash.

Suddenly the animal ceased plunging and stood trembling. The fire went out of her eyes. Toby called upon his last reserves and whipped her again squarely between the eyes. "Down!" he shouted. "Down, you bloody beast, or I'll kill you!" The rage went from her throat, and her squeals turned to a whimper.

"You're licked!" yelled Toby, and suddenly remembering what Rose had called her, he raised his voice in louder triumph. "You're licked, you bloody big gasbag! Down!" The animal's knees began to bend. She gave one long shuddering sigh of surrender and toppled onto her side. The battle was over. Toby felt overwhelmed with a surge of love and pity for the fallen animal. Yet before he could give way, there was Rose, and he looked across the body of the quivering elephant to where the girl was now kneeling in the moonlight, her hands clasping her face in horror. "Are you all right?" he called.

"I think so."

"Go to the wagon then."

"Why?"

"Because I tell you to. Go!"

For he could hold them no longer, the emotions welling up within him. The hot gush of tears mingled with the sweat streaking his bloodied face. He fell to his knees beside the elephant, threw his arms around the great battered head and held it, stroked it and cried, "Judy! Judy old girl, I couldn't help it! I didn't mean to hurt you so."

Judy felt the love and sympathy flowing from her conqueror. The madness had left her, and she was now only a hurt and bewildered beast who once more recognized the friend who would help her. She sighed great sighs, and with the tip of her trunk, lighter than the touch of a feather, she fingered Toby's face in a gentle caress, and the boy knew that he was forgiven.

There were a bucket of water and an old towel nearby. He sluiced the sweat and blood from his own face and body, tied the towel around his loins and then washed the wounds of the elephant tenderly to see how badly she was hurt. His greatest fear had been for her eye, but the point of the hook had missed the eyeball and merely cut the flesh at the corner. He looked into her mouth to see what damage he had done to her throat with the ankus and washed out the blood and mucus. There was one cut, but it was clean and would heal.

"You'll be all right, old girl. You're going to have a sore throat for a couple of days." He secured her right forefoot to the stake again, and was surprised to find that his hands were still trembling. He felt a sudden wave of weakness come over him. He went off toward his living wagon, guided by the light that shone from the window, which puzzled him, for he knew he had not left one on inside. He

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It says you are intelligent, charming, gorgeous and have a sweet disposition. It has your weight wrong too."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pulled himself up the ladder and into the caravan, where he saw Rose standing beside her suitcase. He had forgotten her.

She was thin and haggard, almost to the point of ugliness, her eyes sunken, her cheekbones standing out in her pale face. What had happened to her after he had driven her out? What had she been through? And there grew in him a conviction which pushed him to the edge of nausea from shame. Her expression was uncertain, her eyes wary and frightened. She said, "Toby! I'm sorry! It's all right; I'll go!"

"No," he said. And then, "I feel sick." He pushed past her into the inner room where he threw himself upon the big bed, his face buried in his arms, his shoulders shaking. Rose followed and stood in the doorway for a moment, looking down upon him, the fear, the doubts and the uncertainty in her face struggling with warmth and tenderness. She went and sat upon the edge of the bed and placed her hand gently upon the quivering muscles of his back. "Toby, Toby," she whispered.

The boy became quiet in her arms, and they lay there thus for a long time, and there was no movement but the gentling of her fingers in his hair, and no sound but the whisper of his name. Then for the second time that night, now graying into morning, Toby was filled with love and, as before, it caught him unaware. He found now that he could speak her name as a caress—"Rose, Rose." Then he could say that which he never felt he would or could before, "Rose, I love you."

"Toby! Toby, I love you so."

One week later the new and profound world that Toby and Rose shared was invaded by the past. A bus drew up beside the entrance to the enclosure, and out of it piled some two dozen people, amongst whom were Harry Walters and his eldest son, Jacko, the three members of the Birdsalo troupe, the clowns Gogo and Panache, the former tent boss, Joe Cotter, and Jackdaw Williams. The rest were all strangers who appeared to be under the leadership of a tall, stringy, elderly man with curly, graying hair. He was accompanied by a matronly woman with apple cheeks.

The man suddenly slapped his side with a horny hand and crowed, "Well, I'll be blowed! I thought Sam might have sold me a pup, and he ain't. Mother, we got something here." He moved forward in through the gates, his head shaking in delighted disbelief, and the others came after.

"I'm Joe Peabody—Peabody's Family Circus," he said to Toby. "Sam Wonder sold out to me. You're Toby Walters, ain't you? Damn best Auguste rider I ever saw."

Toby exclaimed, "Sold out! That bum!"

Peabody looked embarrassed. "Took hisself a bowling alley in Newcastle. I bought him out, lock, stock and barrel. And the name too. Joe Peabody's Wonder Circus Combined it's to be called." He glanced about him again, and his narrow face and eyes lighted up with satisfaction. "Well, bless my soul. Sam told me I mightn't find a great deal here, but I took the gamble. Why, we got a cat and a pig act all ready to go on! And look at them lorries! . . . We got a fortune, Ma. Wasn't I right to bring a crew along to drive 'em back? Well, bless my soul. Good old Sam!"

"It's no thanks to Sam Wonder," Toby said bitterly.

Joe Peabody looked at Toby sharply and said, "No? Why not."

"Because," Toby replied, "this is the end of September, and he went off the middle of July and left us with forty pounds—just enough to feed the animals for about a week. That's the last we ever saw or heard of him."

Peabody said, "He only got the insurance check a week or so ago." Suddenly the time gap that Toby had revealed penetrated, and he goggled. "Last July! Forty pounds! However did you manage to make out?"

Toby made no reply, but unconsciously his arm tightened ever so slightly its grip around Rose's shoulder. "An old man who worked for Wonder got a rich woman to help," Toby said feebly. "The old man—Mr. Albert—was Wonder's beast man, and about everything else. He went to this rich old bag ——"

Peabody said, "Wonder mentioned him. Where is he now?"

Toby replied, "With her. He ——" Toby could not bring himself to tell the bargain that Mr. Albert had made.

"Well," Peabody said, "he can have his old job back anytime. Where's Fred Deeter?"

"He took the Liberty horses to Madrid to sell them when we were starving, and that's the last we ever saw of *him*."

"Well, bless my soul," Peabody said. He asked no more questions, for it had come to him that it might be best not to do so. There was a mystery of some kind thereabouts which perhaps might better not be penetrated. "Come on, Ma," he said, "we'll go have a look at the beasts."

Jacko and Harry Walters came from the shed. "The prads are OK," Jacko said.

Toby said, "Lot of help you were!"

"Well, it was your idea to stay."

Toby felt Rose shift just that tiniest bit closer to him, and the support filled him with delight and power. He asked, "What happened when you got to England?"

"Oh, we were all right. We joined up with the Royale-Renaldo Troupe. They were short two riders. One of them broke a leg at Taunton and another was sick. They had a contract with Chipperfields and we combined."

"And what about me?" Toby asked. "Why didn't you send me some money?"

Jacko replied, "Wonder was supposed to be looking after you. Anyway, Dad said you'd made your bed and could lie in it."

Harry Walters spoke up. "Son, we oughta let bygones be bygones. We oughtn't let a little thing like a palone come between us in our family. You belong with us, boy. You're your mother's youngest son, and she misses you." Walters put his hands into his pockets and took the plunge. "So why not leave"—he was about to say "this little tart," but something tough in Toby's attitude made him pause and say instead—"this girl and come back to us? You come back to us, and before you know it, you'll find some"—and he hesitated once more, for it seemed his narrow eyes were almost hypnotized by the clean, smooth muscles of his son's shoulders and the power they denoted, and he could not bring himself to say "decent girl"—"some girl in show business. Now there's that Daisy Renaldo in the Royale-Renaldo Troupe who could fall for a good-looking kid like you."

Toby glared at his father. "The jill stays," he said.

Walters said, "What?"

"Rose stays."

"Son, you know the Walterses ain't had a josser in the family going back more than a hundred and fifty years."

"I said the jill stays. Rose and I are going to get married."

Harry Walters' voice became shrill. "You'll wind up in the gutter! You'll never get a job!" Walters raged. "I'll have you blacklisted! The word of Harry Walters means something." He spat into the dust at Toby's feet. "Go on, roll in your filth, I'm through with you!" He jerked away and with Jacko went off.

Toby knew his father was right. As an Auguste and a rider he would have no standing or opportunities as a single. He knew all the riding families in the circus world. The difficulties of breaking into or attaching himself to one of them, good as he was, would be almost insuperable. He might be able to teach Rose to ride, but it would take years, if it was not almost too late, for the real circus ballerina starts as a small child. Yet he knew now that hunger could be survived, and somehow they would make out, he and Rose, as long as in the night he could reach to touch her and know that she was there.

Rose finally broke the silence that the elder Walters had left with them. "Toby," she said softly, "you've got to go back to them. You're different from me—all of you."

Toby said, "They wouldn't have you. They'd kill you with meanness. They'd suck all the blood out of you, all the good of you, until you'd be yellow and dry."

"I'd be all right."

He was thinking as though he had not heard her. "We've got my pay. That'll keep us awhile. We can get married in Madrid."

She protested no more. He had made his decision.

"After that, maybe it's going to be rough, Rose," he said. "Finding a job won't be easy, but I can look after horses, and I can train 'em. We'll do the best we can and manage somehow. There mightn't be so much to eat at first, and maybe not even any kind of home or a proper place to sleep."

Rose added, "We can sleep at the railway station."

"Is that what you used to do?"

"Yes, or in the bus station as though I was waiting for a bus. And sometimes in the summer in a park or on the beach."

"I oughtn't to do that to you, Rose," Toby said.

"I wouldn't care," Rose said. And then, looking up into his face, repeated with a fierce and breathless intensity, "I wouldn't care."

"OK then," Toby said, putting his arm around her shoulder.

The next day many of the townspeople of Zalano, including even the *alcalde* and Doctor Perrera, came out to the *finca*, for word had spread that the remnants of the circus which had been in their midst so long was about to depart. Toby and Rose stood by and watched, and the boy felt a sinking in his heart, a nostalgia and all the doubts and uncertainty of the future arising.

The last of the wagons, squeaking and rattling, rumbled up the road and vanished, drawing the onlookers after them until at last the *finca* was wholly deserted except for the figures of the boy and the girl with their suitcases at their side. For a moment they lingered there. It was empty but for the charred ring which marked the ruins of the tent. The bits of steel and iron would remain there till kingdom come, or until they rusted to dust and mingled with the wind.

On the ground the ∪ where the encampment had been was still to be seen, indicated by the different color of the dirt which had been beneath the wagons and the cages. Rose and Toby stood contemplating the marks, each with his own thoughts of all that had happened to them since first they had pitched there. Each for a moment was swept by waves of nostalgia, for their friends, two- and four-footed, had left them; their own kind had gone away. They turned instinctively toward each other and intertwined their fingers.

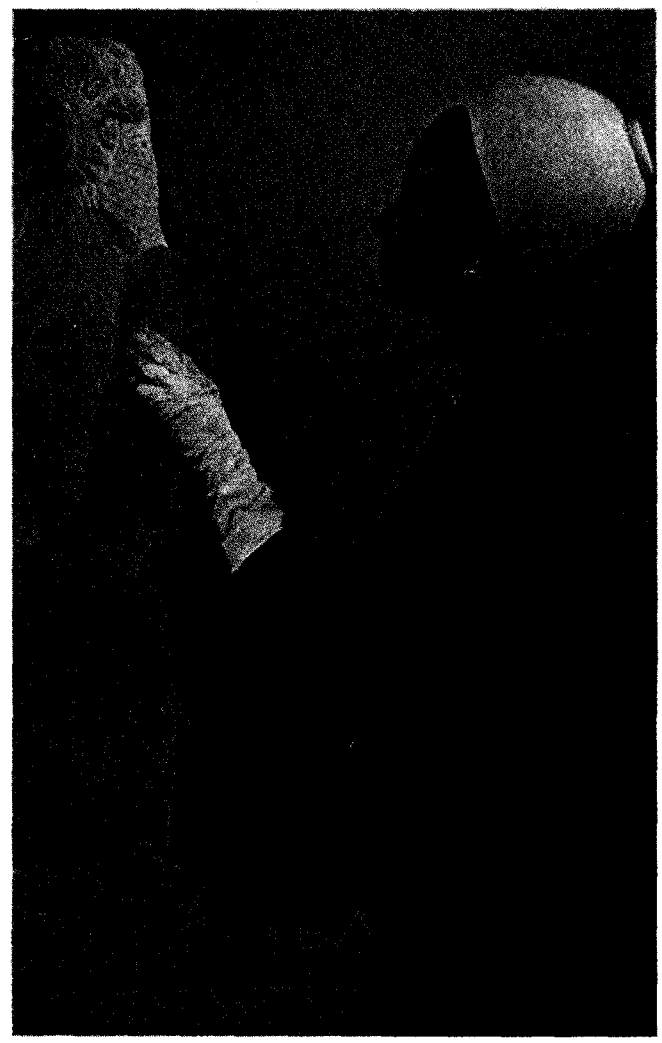
"OK," Toby said, "let's go." And they walked up the rutted road toward the town. **THE END**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Quick, I need a chocolate malted to help me unwind."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jacqueline Kennedy is the people's choice.



Gloria Guinness is experts' best-dressed woman.

Making the "Best-Dressed" List

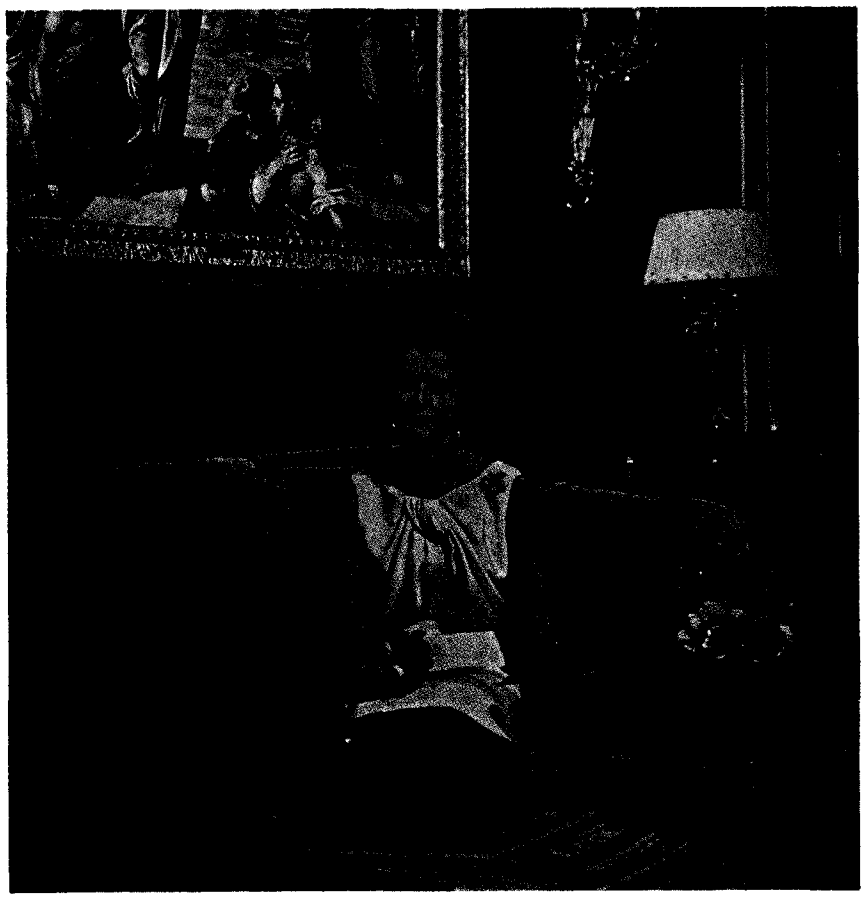
The rumor that it takes vast sums of money to be elected one of the world's most stylish women is absolutely true. A flat chest and the fashionable slouch posture also help—but being an international socialite is the greatest natural asset of them all • By Eugenia Sheppard

Mrs. Norman Winston displays Empress Josephine's jewels on Balenciaga gov

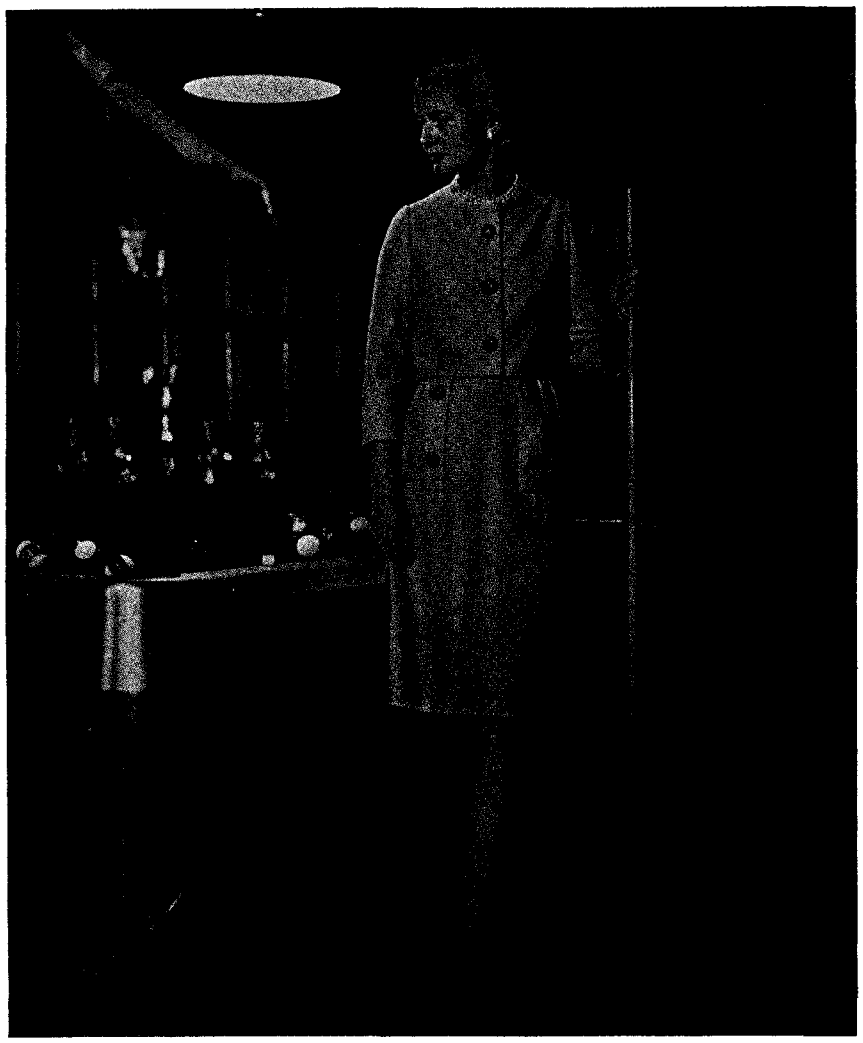
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Making the list means so much that some ambitious women have even tried bribery.



Mrs. Charles Wrightsman poses in a Dior at home.



Mrs. Winston Guest models a simple Mainbocher.

The women named to the international best-dressed list, to be published this week, operate like pros. They can and do give as much time and thought to clothes as a baseball pitcher gives to his curves or a painter to his canvases. Thus, thousands of men will be more chivalrous than practical when—as happens every year after the list comes out—they hurl down their newspapers and fire off letters to the editors. The usual tirade says, "This best-dressed list is ridiculous. . . . If there were any justice, my wife would have made it."

To make the list, a woman must spend at least $20,000 and may spend $100,000 a year on her wardrobe, not including jewelry. It isn't that she buys so many things, but everything is handmade. On the average, the women who get listed purchase six suits a year ($1,000 each); several even more expensive matching coat-and-dress costumes; at least nine or 10 daytime dresses ($500–600); six dinner dresses ($500–1,000) and as many floor-length ball gowns (each over $1,000). Three cloth coats, one lavish fur coat, one sports fur and several small furs are also essential by list standards.

Women on the list all own magnificent jewels. Standard equipment is at least two double strands of 11-millimeter pearls (very rare, very dear); an assortment of diamond clips, bracelets of precious jewels, and at least two diamond necklaces.

Then there's the business of getting around. Women who qualify know exactly where and when to turn up: the right ski resort (Saint Moritz at Christmas; Gstaad and Cortina the rest of the season); the right winter resort (Palm Beach); the right charity balls (which change from year to year), and even the right luncheon spot (where the chatter columnists congregate). Thus, Mrs. Loel Guinness, whose husband is an international financier and who is rated the epitome of fashion elegance, constantly moves from one fashion capital to another in her private jet plane or on the Guinness yacht *Caliste*. Wherever she lands—and she has homes in Paris, New York, Palm Beach, near Deauville and near Lausanne—she keeps moving. Promptly at eight A.M. every day her Rolls-Royce and driver appear at her door to take her to the day's appointments.

Though hardly a best-dressed woman on a shoestring, Mrs. Guinness buys selectively, fortified by instinctive taste. Because she looks like a fine pen-and-ink drawing (thin face, high cheekbones, beautiful hairline), she makes a feature of wearing black and white. Mrs. Guinness is most devoted to the designs of Cristobal Balenciaga, but she is also a steady customer of Givenchy and Castillo—and every designer longs to have her at his openings. Balenciaga, an exceedingly shy man, respects Gloria Guinness enough to talk fashion with her. About her fashion philosophy Gloria Guinness says, "I don't follow styles, but adapt styles to my tastes."

At the lower end of the spending scale, Mrs. John Barry Ryan III of New York, one of the youngest best-dressed women, plans many of her own clothes and her dressmaker produces them. Her somewhat unfair advantage is that she was a fashion editor before marriage.

Jackie Kennedy's case illustrates most clearly how a woman must get in the limelight before she can get on the list. As a senator's wife, she was almost as chic as today. Then came the presidential campaign and Mrs. Kennedy was catapulted to the top of the best-dressed list. The female world went mad for the Jackie Kennedy Look. No other woman in American history has been so widely copied, from her bouffant hair-do to her low-heeled shoes.

Last year she not only repeated her best-dressed triumph but attracted so much attention to her sister Lee (Princess Stanislas Radziwill) and her good friend Mrs. Charles Wrightsman, wife of the oilman, that *they* won places on the list.

Besides time, riches and publicity, a woman must have a clotheshorse figure to make the list. In fact, having a flat chest, as well as the currently fashionable slouch posture,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I Found a New, Easy Way to Quit Smoking

Now I Feel Better Flying Jets!

—says Captain Roger Don Rae

Twenty-five years ago I was a stunt and racing pilot. These activities brought me quite a few awards including the Freddie Lund Trophy for precision acrobatic flying and numerous speed race trophies. Today I am a lot more conservative—I just fly jets for a well-known U. S. airline.

However, looking back over my flying career there is one thing I am sure of. Flying has constantly grown more rugged, calling for more and more alertness and stamina on the part of the pilot in command—a trend that has reached its culmination in this present age of jets. Keeping fit is an individual matter and everybody has to decide for himself. For my part, I decided a few years ago to give up smoking.

A lot of research has gone into showing what happens to pilots who smoke. A great deal of this has been done by the U. S. Navy and Air Force, and by the air forces of other nations. This research shows that smoking can have two effects on an individual: one from the nicotine he absorbs, and the other from the carbon monoxide that enters the system.

The toxic effect of carbon monoxide produces an oxygen deficiency in the blood, like being at a high altitude. According to a leading medical authority a pack-a-day smoker at sea level may suffer from the same amount of oxygen deficiency as he would if he were at an altitude of about 8,000 feet. A flier who is a pack-a-day smoker therefore in effect adds about 8,000 feet to his actual altitude.

Then there is the direct effect of the nicotine on the system. Nicotine raises the body oxygen requirement as much as 10 to 15%. Tests have been made by the United States Air Force, and by other researchers, that indicate the influence of this on heart action.

There is a mass of evidence to show that smoking makes it more difficult to see at night. The United States Air Force Medical Service Digest says: "The ability to see at low levels of illumination is markedly decreased by smoking." This is something to think about if you drive an automobile at night.

As a result of this I decided that I had better give up smoking. I decided; but if you have ever tried to quit smoking, you know what happened next. At that time I was smoking 3 packs a day. No matter what I did, I just couldn't quit for good. I'd stop for a day or two, then something would happen and I would backslide.

It was during one of these crises that a friend of mine told me about Bantron, a little white pill that had worked wonders for him when his doctor ordered him to quit smoking.

I decided to try these little pills. At first, I must confess, without much hope. All I had to do was to take them 3 times a day after meals.

The result was amazing. I stopped smoking for good in just one week, and it was so easy I hardly noticed I was doing it. No withdrawal pangs, no tension or nervousness, no backsliding. I haven't smoked since.

When I realized what had happened, my first thought was that here was something a lot of other people could use. I started to make some inquiries about Bantron and how it worked, so that I could recommend these pills more intelligently to fellow pilots and others who for some reason wanted to stop smoking. Here's what I found out.

The formula for these little pills was discovered by doctors in the Research Department of Loyola University in Chicago. The way it works is wonderfully simple. Its active ingredient is lobeline sulphate. Lobeline sulphate is extracted from the Lobelia plant which is sometimes called "Indian Tobacco." This extract from the Lobelia plant is a first cousin to nicotine, mimicking its action but is not habit forming. It acts as a substitute for the nicotine in your system and curbs the desire for tobacco. It does not affect the taste or make smoking unpleasant.

So startling were the first results obtained with these little pills that further investigation was carried on. They were tested on hundreds and hundreds of patients. It was found that they helped 83%—more than 4 out of 5—of all people who wanted to stop smoking, to do so easily and pleasantly in five to seven days. Just as important, it was found that those who didn't stop completely had drastically cut down.

These first experiments were carried out with people who actually wanted to stop smoking. They proved definitely that anyone who wanted to stop or cut down smoking could do so easily and quickly with the help of the Bantron formula. But one other question remained to be answered. Suppose you *didn't* want to stop smoking and made no effort to do so? What would happen if you took the pills? Well, I read the answer in a report published in a leading medical journal. It was found that most people who took Bantron automatically smoked less whether they wanted to or not. They did not smoke fewer cigarettes, but they smoked less of each cigarette they lit.

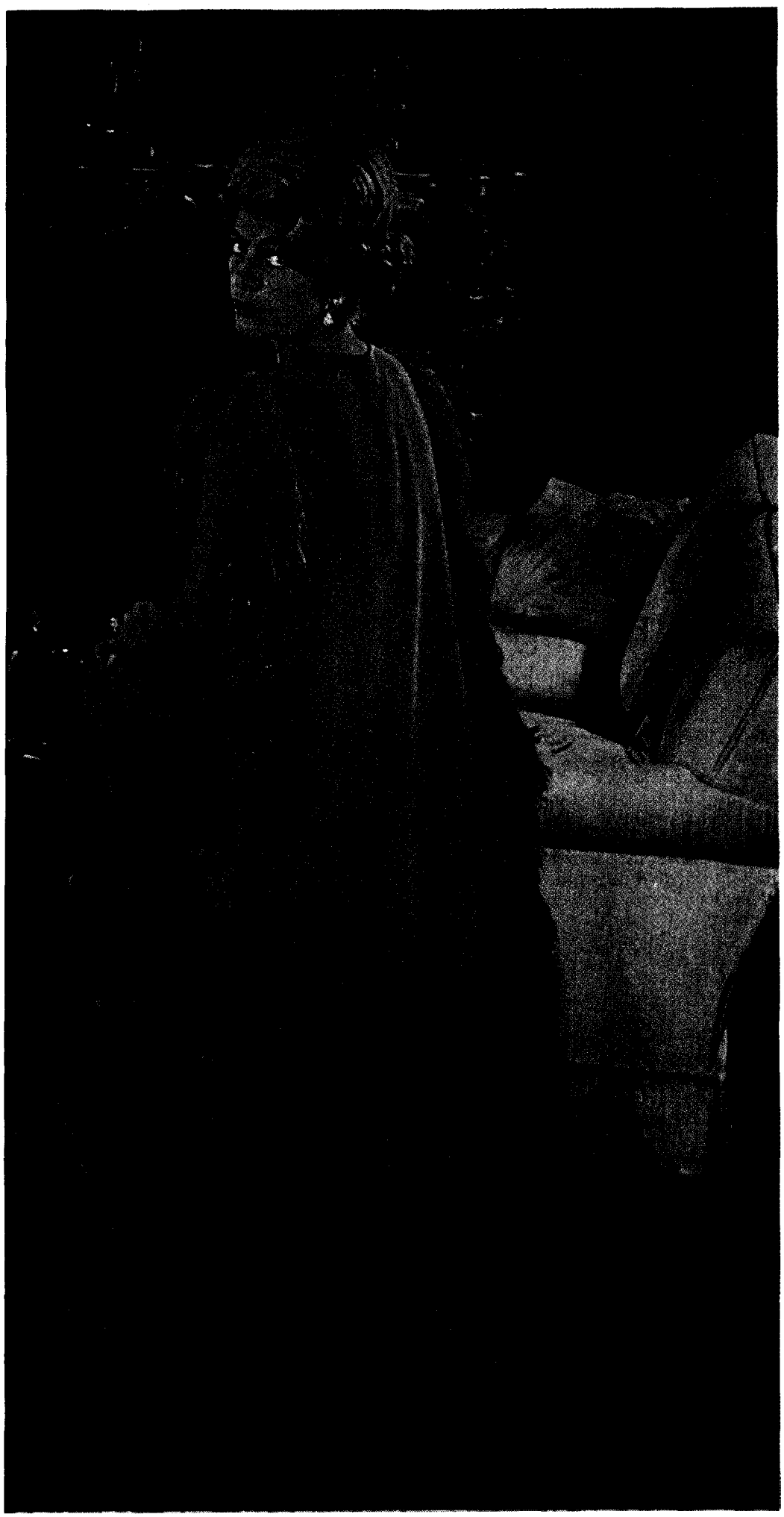
Naturally the discovery of such an easy, effective antidote for smoking caused a tremendous stir in scientific circles. It was reported in medical journals and demand for it began coming from every corner of the globe. The Campana Corporation of Batavia, Illinois, was chosen to market these amazing pills. Now you can buy Bantron at any drug store in the United States for only $1.25 a box. It is also available in Canada. Bantron has been proved so safe when taken as directed that it can actually be bought without a doctor's prescription. Today, many doctors not only recommend it to their patients but take it themselves. I am confident that anyone who wants to stop or cut down can do so easily and quickly with the help of Bantron.

Bantron® Smoking Deterrent Tablets

A CAMPANA PRODUCT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A secret group of fashion editors tones down public enthusiasm for "misguided" choices.



Madame Hervé Alphand perches on love seat in Cardin gown.

Best-Dressed is almost a requirement. Few women with conspicuously female figures have ever made the grade.

Best-dressed lists had an unpretentious beginning in Paris in 1933. A group of Paris designers, led by Mainbocher—who is responsible for dressing more women on the list than any other designer except Balenciaga—got together and each named his favorite clients to the Paris Dressmakers' List. Heading that list was Mrs. Harrison Williams, now Countess von Bismarck, one of the fashion greats of all time. (She contributed the charm bracelet, among other things, to fashion.)

The Paris Dressmakers' List stirred enough controversy to bear repetition and imitation. By 1934, in fact, rival wire services were publishing rival lists. Almost every woman in the news was included in one. The Associated Press list that year included Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Elsa Maxwell and Amelia Earhart. The Duchess of Windsor made her first appearance on all the best-dressed lists in 1935 as Mrs. Ernest Simpson.

When World War II canceled the Paris Dressmakers' List, Eleanor Lambert, top woman in fashion public relations, transplanted it to the United States and modernized the selection system. Among the status-conscious, the list has achieved such importance that several women and even some husbands have tried to bribe Miss Lambert (offering up to $50,000 cash).

For the annual vote, the Lambert office each fall mails about 2,500 ballots, each containing 12 write-in spaces and listing about 150 possible candidates. Just to be a nominee thrills many ambitious women. Ballots go to fashion experts, society editors, manufacturers, columnists and other observers of the social scene. About 600 ballots are returned. To supplement the vote, a secret committee of fashion editors tones down "misguided" public enthusiasm and substitutes its own choices.

The Duchess of Windsor once remarked that the weakness of the best-dressed list was that the older women kept their places interminably. The advisory committee remedied this fault when it created a Fashion Hall of Fame.

Enshrined in the Hall of Fame as the women who have most influenced other women's taste in clothes are: the Duchess of Windsor, the Duchess of Kent, Queen Elizabeth, Princess Grace of Monaco (who started the fad for short white gloves and the briefcase handbag), Mrs. Winston Guest (responsible for the "little nothing" dress trend), Mrs. Henry Ford II, Countess Consuelo Crespi, Mrs. William Randolph Hearst Jr., Mrs. William Paley, Mrs. Norman Winston (who set the style for fur coats with the pelts sewn horizontally), Mme. Jacques Balsan (the former Consuelo Vanderbilt), Madame Arturo Lopez-Willshaw of Paris, and actresses Merle Oberon (now Mrs. Bruno Pagliai), Audrey Hepburn, Mary Martin, Irene Dunne and Claudette Colbert. Mrs. Paley has asked to have her name removed from the list because she gets so many letters asking for old clothes. Fashion-minded women still follow her taste so avidly that her unexpected purchase of a gray-squirrel coat at Maximilian this fall inspired dozens to follow suit.

The last few years have drastically changed the best-dressed selections. Stage and screen stars used to fill the list, but now the international socialite has taken over. Diana Vreeland, editor in chief of *Vogue* and an international socialite herself, is especially articulate at pinpointing the meaning of "best-dressed."

"A really well-dressed woman is someone who grips the imagination on sight," says Mrs. Vreeland. "She has a great sense of her own image and believes in it. She doesn't necessarily wear the world's most expensive clothes, but she does wear the most beautiful clothes. And she must be romantic, alert, 'with-it.' Part of it is myth and can't be expressed."

Such intense dedication to perfection in any field is bound to get recognition somewhere. And the socialite fashion pros of the world get their reward by election to a fashion heaven with an ultra-restricted membership. **THE END**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • 7 AND 10 YEARS OLD • 86 PROOF • ©1963, OLD CHARTER DISTILLERY COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

ENGLISH DUAL CHIMES Circa 1840. Strikes either Whittington or Westminster chimes. From famous Old Charter Collection.

Tick-tock...tick-tock...the Bourbon that didn't watch the clock...many long years!

EXCLUSIVE EDITION! *Rarer than rare—Old Charter at 10 years old is now available in limited bottling to Bourbon connoisseurs who relish the rare quality only extra aging gives to a fine whisky.* Send us your dealer's name, we'll see he has some.

Only a superior whisky improves with age. Old Charter—when it goes into the cask—is the finest whisky obtainable. Long years later, it emerges with all the subtle bouquet, flavor, and mellowness nature can bestow. Isn't it time you tried Kentucky's Finest Bourbon?

OLD CHARTER

Kentucky's Finest BOURBON

7 years old or 10 years old

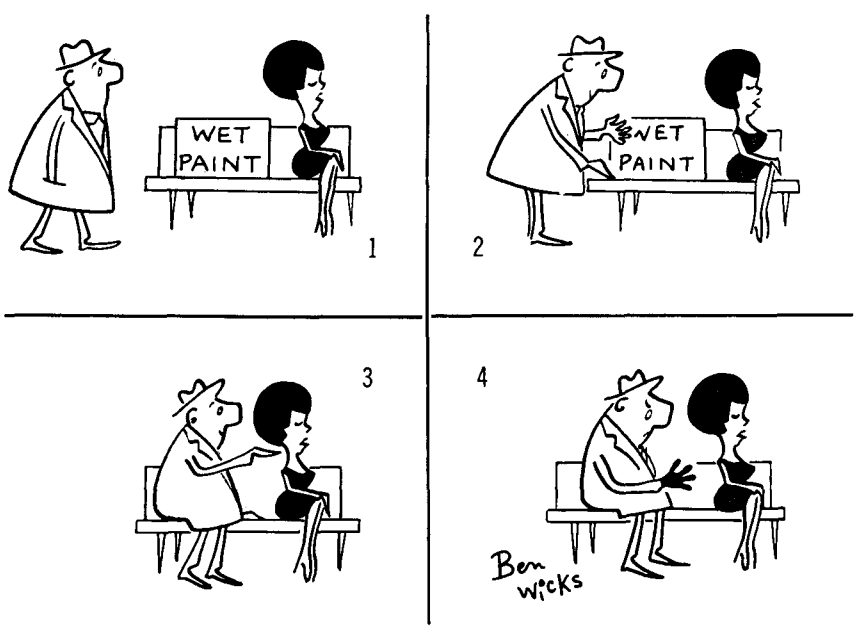
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

post scripts

"I've decided not to go. Tell them I have colic or something."

"There must be an easier way to do this."

"If you're serious about building a better relationship, stop calling him Charley—his name is Fred."



Jenny Kissed Me, But She Called Me Sir

BY OGDEN NASH

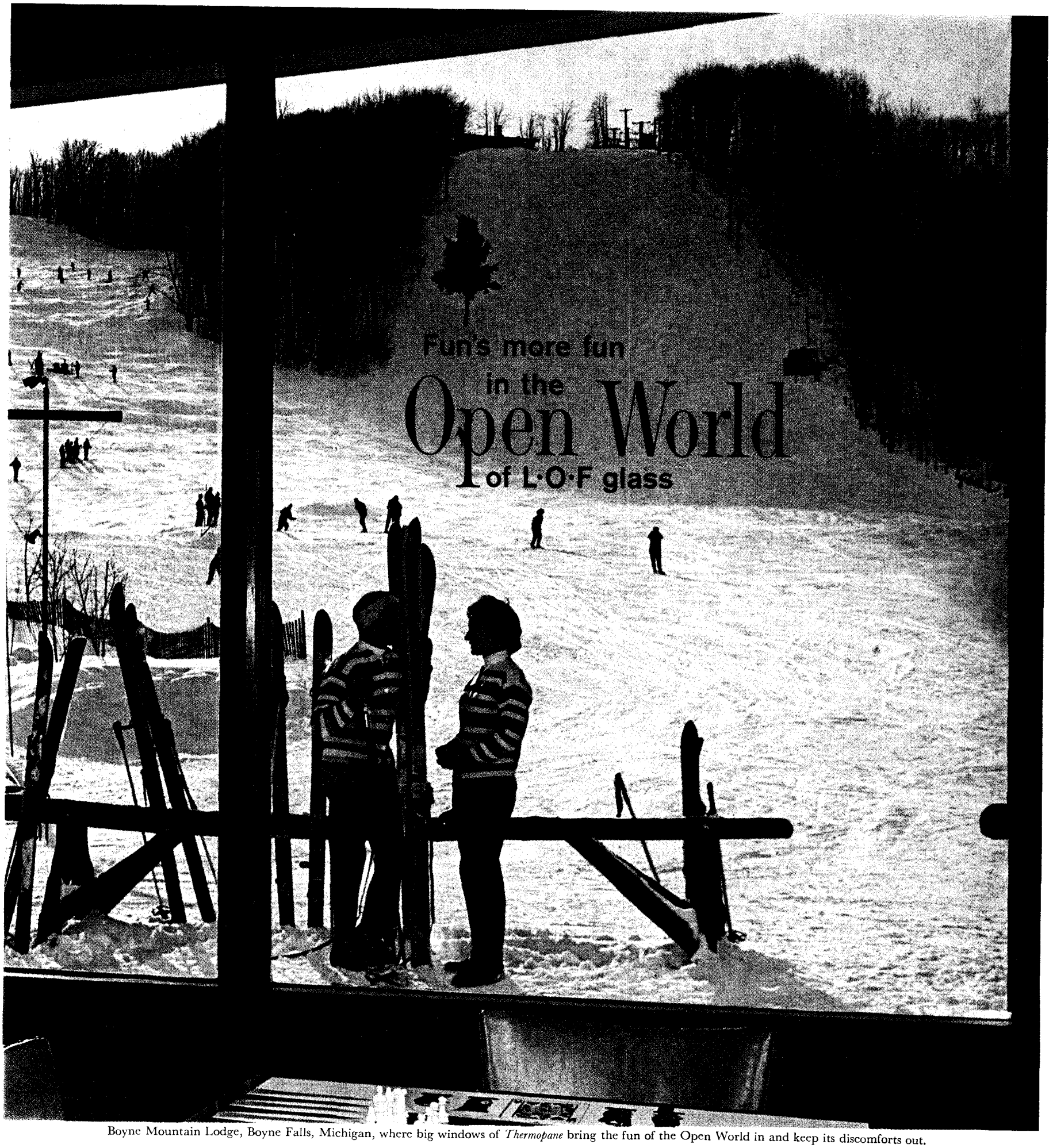
Time and time again I've erred,
  Turned from pew to peccadillo;
Many a sorry deed and word
  Haunts me as I seek my pillow.
Though I struggle but in vain
  Against my all-too-human nature
I yet have managed to maintain
  Respect for human nomenclature.

If I overcompensate
  In my flight from prunes and prisms
And perversely deviate
  Into horrid solecisms,
Though my hearers I've appalled
  With "Okey doke" and "All the samey,"
Never, never have I called
  Mrs. Eisenhower Mamie.

Mention gluttony and sloth,
  Sins as profitless as deadly,
Often I've indulged in both—
  And even in a graver medley—
Yet I swear that not for me
  Lingo of the lout and lackey;
On my lips she'll always be
  Mrs. Kennedy, not Jackie.

I've never called a sovereign Liz
  To prove that I'm at least her equal;
That Meg to me a Margaret is
  Can only be the natural sequel.
Accusations at me hurl,
  Say of nameless crimes I'm guilty,
But add, I called him Milton Berle,
  Not Uncle Miltie.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Boyne Mountain Lodge, Boyne Falls, Michigan, where big windows of *Thermopane* bring the fun of the Open World in and keep its discomforts out.

NO need to miss the last hour of fun just because you've come inside.

Sit down at that table next to the big window where you can enjoy the skiers still on the slopes. And notice how comfortable it is. You feel as warm as a summer day, despite the bitter cold just inches away.

Surprised?

Don't be. That window is *Thermopane*® insulating glass, made in the United States only by Libbey·Owens·Ford Glass Co.

And that's the nicest thing of all about the Open World of L·O·F glass: it's just as practical as it is enjoyable. Because L·O·F makes a particular kind of glass for almost *every* purpose:

Thermopane for comfort without the autumn chore of putting up storm sash; *Parallel-O-Grey*® for windows with a glare or sun-heat problem; *Parallel-O-Plate*® glass for clearest vision; *Tuf-flex*® glass for super strength; E-Z-Eye safety glass for more driving comfort in your car.

So why not enjoy the Open World *wherever* you are?

Glass makes it possible. L·O·F makes it practical.

Libbey · Owens · Ford

TOLEDO 2, OHIO

MADE IN U.S.A.
L·O·F GLASS
THE QUALITY MARK TO LOOK FOR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Science That Copies Life

By RUTH SHELDON KNOWLES

An electronic version (rear) of a frog's eye-brain system may help R.C.A. engineers improve radar.

By mimicking the sensory organs of animals, scientists are inventing startling new machines.

What does a frog's eye tell a frog's brain? How does a moth hear a bat? How does a dolphin swim? These questions are not for a high-school biology class. They are sophisticated challenges for the nation's leading research laboratories. The answers promise the birth of a radical new technology.

The new science has been christened bionics. It aims to discover the engineering principles employed by living organisms, plant and animal, and apply them in designing machines that will enable man to meet more efficiently the increasingly complex challenges of transportation, communication, education and defense. Biologists, electronics engineers, physicists, neurologists, chemists and psychologists are working together in this new approach. It is one of the most exciting developments in research.

For example, at the laboratories of the Radio Corporation of America, in Camden, N.J., knowledge of what the frog's eye tells a frog's brain has become the basis of a machine for recognizing visual patterns; it may eventually improve our radar and missile-tracking systems. Until now, pattern-recognition machines have been able to handle only information presented to them in a specific form and order, such as printed addresses in a mail sorter. They could not analyze what they saw and simultaneously select the desired information regardless of its shape or position. The human eye and brain can do this complicated selecting, of course, but the human nerve network is far too complex to be reproduced in a gadget of wires and transistors.

The frog's seeing apparatus is much simpler. The nerve connections to the brain are relatively direct. A team of research workers at Massachusetts Institute of Technology—Drs. Jerome Y. Lettvin, H. R. Maturana, Warren McCulloch and W. H. Pitts—did work on the frog's eye that is considered a classic achievement in bionics. They discovered that the frog's eye screens out unnecessary information and reports to the brain only the presence of a moving object the size and shape of an insect or a worm, or the appearance of a large dark object that could be an enemy.

Armed with the knowledge of the structure of the frog's eye and the way in which it behaves, engineers at R.C.A., Bell and other laboratories were able to develop arrangements of artificial neurons, or nerve cells, and photo cells which were simple electronic models of a frog's "bug detector." The models record, or recognize, only moving objects of a certain size or shape.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FEB. 10, 1961...

ROYAL-GLOBE IS THERE

Sprawling over thousands of acres, one of the most ambitious engineering projects of our time is about to complete its first phase. At 11:30 a.m., the $720 million dream becomes a working reality as the Governor of New York throws a switch, and instantly a mammoth generator grinds into action. The mighty Niagara Power Project is operational. And Royal-Globe is there!

In participating in the broad and enormous insurance coverages required, Royal-Globe is proud to serve The Power Authority, and the people of New York State.

With an outstanding record dating back to 1845, Royal-Globe is one of the largest and most respected insurance institutions in the world. In the United States alone, Royal-Globe has 175 field offices and 18,000 agents, all eminently qualified to write insurance for every type of risk.

For intelligent protection, you would do well to see the independent agent who represents Royal-Globe!

ROYAL-GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANIES

Casualty • Fire • Marine • Surety *150 William Street, New York 38, New York*

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD. • THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY LTD. • ROYAL INDEMNITY COMPANY • GLOBE INDEMNITY COMPANY • QUEEN INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA
NEWARK INSURANCE COMPANY • AMERICAN AND FOREIGN INSURANCE COMPANY • THE BRITISH & FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY LTD. • THAMES & MERSEY MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bionics "The importance of what we have learned from the frog's eye is the function of selectivity," said Franz L. Putzrath, director of R.C.A.'s neuron research. "The frog's eye makes a lot of decisions before transmitting the essential information to its brain. By patterning our pattern-recognition machine closely after the biological structure of the frog's eye, we have developed a new concept of information processing."

The first model of the improved "reading machines," which will be completed this year, is designed simply to recognize moving objects. But after the *logic* of selectivity is established, machines can be built to sift out and classify a wide variety of objects, whether moving or stationary. What this will mean to the development of radar and missile-tracking systems can be readily appreciated. A machine will be able to receive a radar signal cluttered with noise and false alarms, and speedily and reliably recognize and interpret only the pertinent information.

The word "bionics" was coined by Air Force Maj. Jack E. Steele, of the Aerospace Medical Laboratory, from the Greek root *bion*, which means "living." Major Steele defines bionics as "the science of systems which function after the manner of, or in a manner characteristic of, or resembling living systems."

Among the systems under intensive study for possible reproduction in electronic terms are those involved in seeing and hearing—the sensory organs with their attached nerves and brain cells. The most significant successes thus far have been achieved in the field of vision, and the star roles have been played by the frog—as we have seen in the R.C.A. project discussed above—and by the beetle and the horseshoe crab.

Dr. H. K. Hartline, of the Rockefeller Institute, one of the world's greatest authorities on vision, has been studying the horseshoe crab's eye for 20 years. By finding out how two cells of the crab's eye work, Doctor Hartline discovered the creature's secret of perceiving sharp images. The crab's nerve cells are cross-connected, and when one is stimulated, the other is inhibited in proportion. This effect increases the difference in strength between the impulses of cells responding to the light areas of an object and the impulses of those responding to dark areas. As a result of the increase in contrast, the final message sent to the brain is that of a sharp image.

The same kind of logic the crab's eye uses can be applied to the construction of electrical systems. David Hildebrand, of General Electric's Advanced Electronic Center at Ithaca, N.Y., constructed an electronic model whose cells interact and inhibit each other in the same way the crab's-eye cells do. General Electric researchers now have crab's-eye logic producing television images which are sharper than any other TV reception yet known. The same logic will greatly improve the reception quality of military and civilian radar systems.

The value of biologists and engineers working together on basic biological research was demonstrated recently at the Max-Planck-Institut in Tübingen, Germany. A team consisting of a zoologist, a physicist, an electrical engineer and a mathematician has spent several years studying a beetle's response to moving light patterns. When the experiments were analyzed from the engineering viewpoint, it appeared from the beetle's behavior that he could gather from his environment clues to his speed. The team was able electronically to mimic the beetle's ability, and an immediate application suggested itself. The researchers have designed a new ground-speed indicator for airplanes which works like the beetle's eye.

Research on frogs, crabs and beetles helps unravel the secrets of human vision so that its highly sophisticated functions may be reproduced electronically. Some functions can be reproduced without reproducing structure. Using the findings of psychological research, General Electric is developing a truly fantastic little device called the "Visilog," which will act as eyes for any moving, unmanned machine.

A man looking around him obtains information about his own movement and position as well as information about the structure of his environment. The human eye measures distance, depth, surface slant, the direction of motion, and the size, shape and texture of objects. As the eye correlates the data, a man on the move knows how much "time-to-go" he has before he bumps into an object and consequently can avoid it.

After working out the mathematics of what the eye measures and how, G.E. researchers designed the Visilog, which will be placed on a small, self-powered cart. As the cart moves around, the Visilog will recognize obstacles and readjust the course in order to avoid them. Dr. Stanley W. Davis, manager of G.E.'s bionics research, envisions an important use of the Visilog as an "eyeball" of an unmanned vehicle to be landed on the moon. It would recognize and avoid craters so that it would not destroy itself accidentally.

The capabilities of the ear are as mysterious and challenging as are those of the eye. Certain animals such as bats have superior talents in this field, which, when fully understood, could lead to the development of new detecting devices and new communications systems. Bats have evolved a built-in sonar system for avoiding objects and detecting their flying food in the dark. They emit sound pulses about two milliseconds long, above the range of human hearing, and they have developed large, sensitive ears for receiving the echoes. Coincidentally, another research project on hearing concerns several families of moths which have evolved countermeasures to the bat by developing ultrasonic ears to detect bat cries a hundred and more feet away, thus enabling them to take evasive action.

Bell researchers are working on what they call "the cocktail-party effect"—our ability to listen to just one conversation among many in a crowded room. How the human ear and brain perform this feat is a mystery. The combined study of the ear and human speech led Bell researchers to invent a new machine called a "vocoder," which is expected to result in a several-fold increase in intercontinental transmission capacity over existing phone cables. A voice signal at one end is reduced to a "code." Several times as many of these codes can be sent over a cable as ordinary voice signals. At the other end of the line the code is reconstructed into speech by a machine that not only speaks the words but actually reproduces the personal voice quality of the speaker. Another Bell research by-product in these areas is the invention of an artificial larynx that enables thousands of people who have had their vocal cords surgically removed to speak clearly again.

Radio Corporation of America researchers have combined their studies of ear and speech to evolve an electrically operated typewriter that types in response to words spoken into a microphone. Its present vocabulary is limited, but it presages the development of many different kinds of voice-controlled equipment.

Bell scientists have developed the first model of a machine that can read aloud. At present the machine is fed punched cards on which, for example, Hamlet's soliloquy "To be or not to be . . ." may be translated into computer language, and the machine in turn translates the signals into speech. This development could help lead to a machine that could read aloud any type of written or printed material presented to it. Aside from its industrial use, it would prove a great blessing to the blind.

Birds are of great interest because of their senses of direction and time. It has been verified that some birds use solar navigation. There is growing evidence that some of the night migrators may be using some aspect of night sky, perhaps stars, for navigation. But how do they do it, and how can man use their abilities for more accurate navigation on earth and in outer space? Duke University scientists are studying the migratory pigeon. The Navy is sponsoring a study of the albatross at Midway and also is studying the Tasmanian shearwater, a bird that annually circles the Pacific, flying across Japan and the Aleutians, returning to its home nest the same week each year.

The Air Force is sponsoring research to find out why the back wings on flies are perfect vibrating gyroscopes. It is also trying to determine how bees use polarized light in returning to a source of nectar or to the hive. A third puzzler on which Air Force scientists are working is how electric eels produce as much as several hundred volts—for warning, defense or attack on their prey.

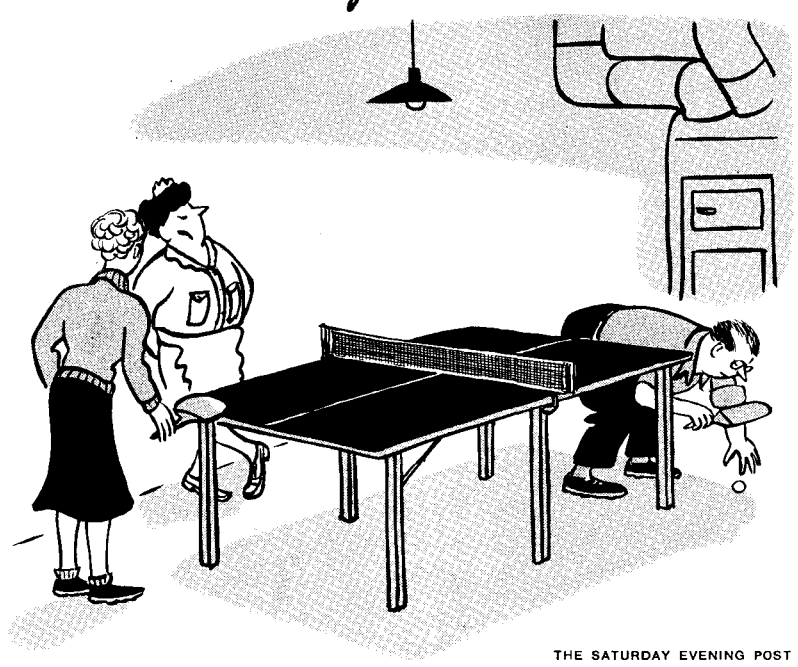
The animal, however, that has really captured the imagination of researchers is the dolphin, which in the past few years has become an object of serious scientific research. Dolphins can easily overtake ships doing 25 knots. Tests with rigid models of a dolphin have shown that the amount of energy theoretically necessary to drive a body of such size through sea water at such speed is about 10 times the amount its muscles can produce. Nature designed a dolphin with greater efficiency than any submarine or torpedo produced by man.

Until 1961 the dolphin's speed was a scientific mystery. The answer was found by Dr. Max O. Kramer, a former German guided-missiles scientist. In 1955 he began studying dolphin skin in California, simulating the skin in rubber. This coating, when used on a model four feet long, reduced its drag coefficient by 60 percent. Doctor Kramer's California company is researching and developing new coatings for aircraft, hydroplanes and possibly even the inside surface of pipelines.

The most fascinating dolphin research has been at Dr. John C. Lilly's Communication Research Institute at Miami, Florida, and St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands. Doctor Lilly, a noted neurophysiologist, believes that dolphins may have an intelligence comparable to man's and that they have a language of their own. In 1957 he discovered that the dolphin is capable of producing human speech sounds. Doctor Lilly believes that if we manage to establish interspecies contact with dolphins, it will prepare us to communicate with species we may encounter in space exploration, or who may contact us—a possibility that can no longer be considered remote.

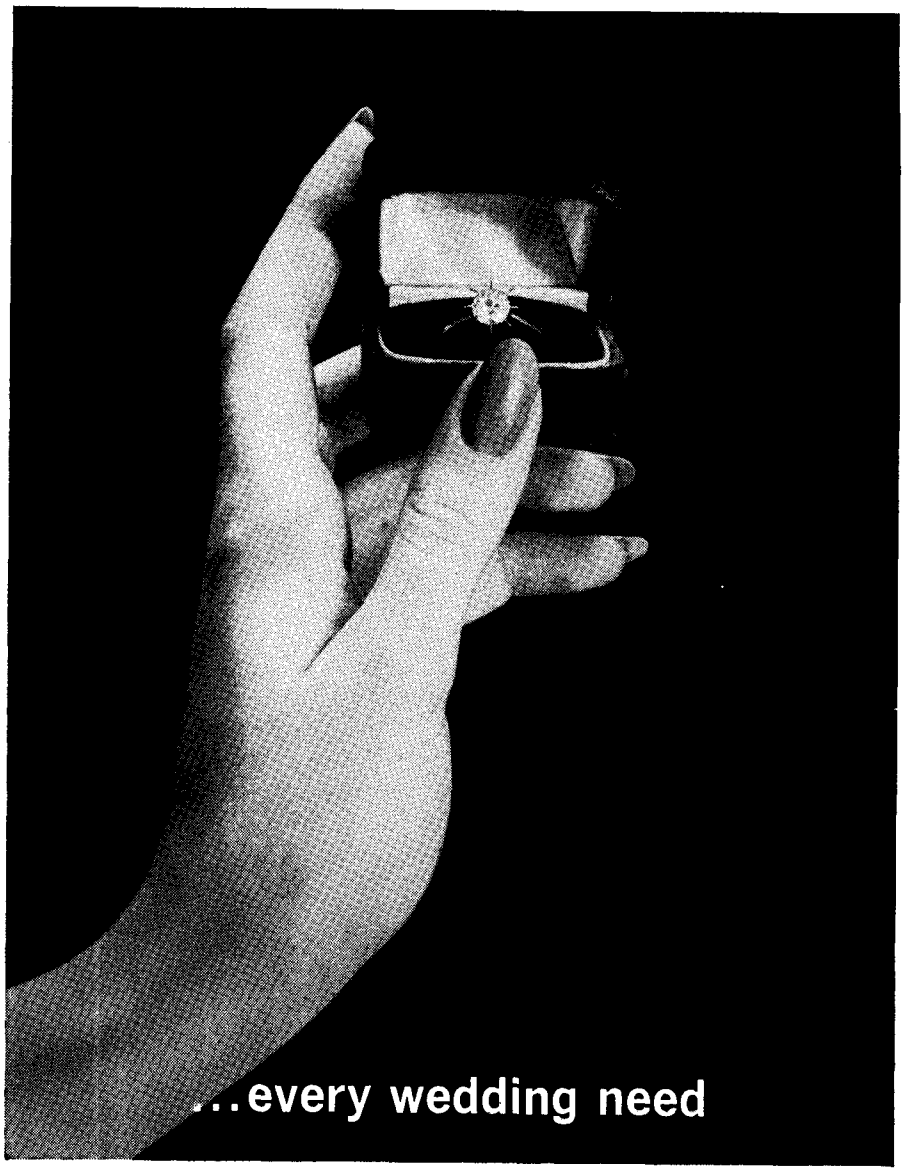
In the final analysis, the great goal of bionics is the artificial reproduction of intelligence—whether that of man, dolphin or lesser animals. The enormity of the task of mechanizing and electrifying brain power is illustrated by the fact that the human brain contains about 10,000,000,000 nerve cells. We do not know how it translates nerve impulses into sight, sound and touch; or how it stores and retrieves vast amounts of knowledge. Bionics researchers find themselves on a small island of knowledge in the midst of a sea of ignorance, but, like corals, they are building reefs, extending their knowledge in all directions. **THE END**

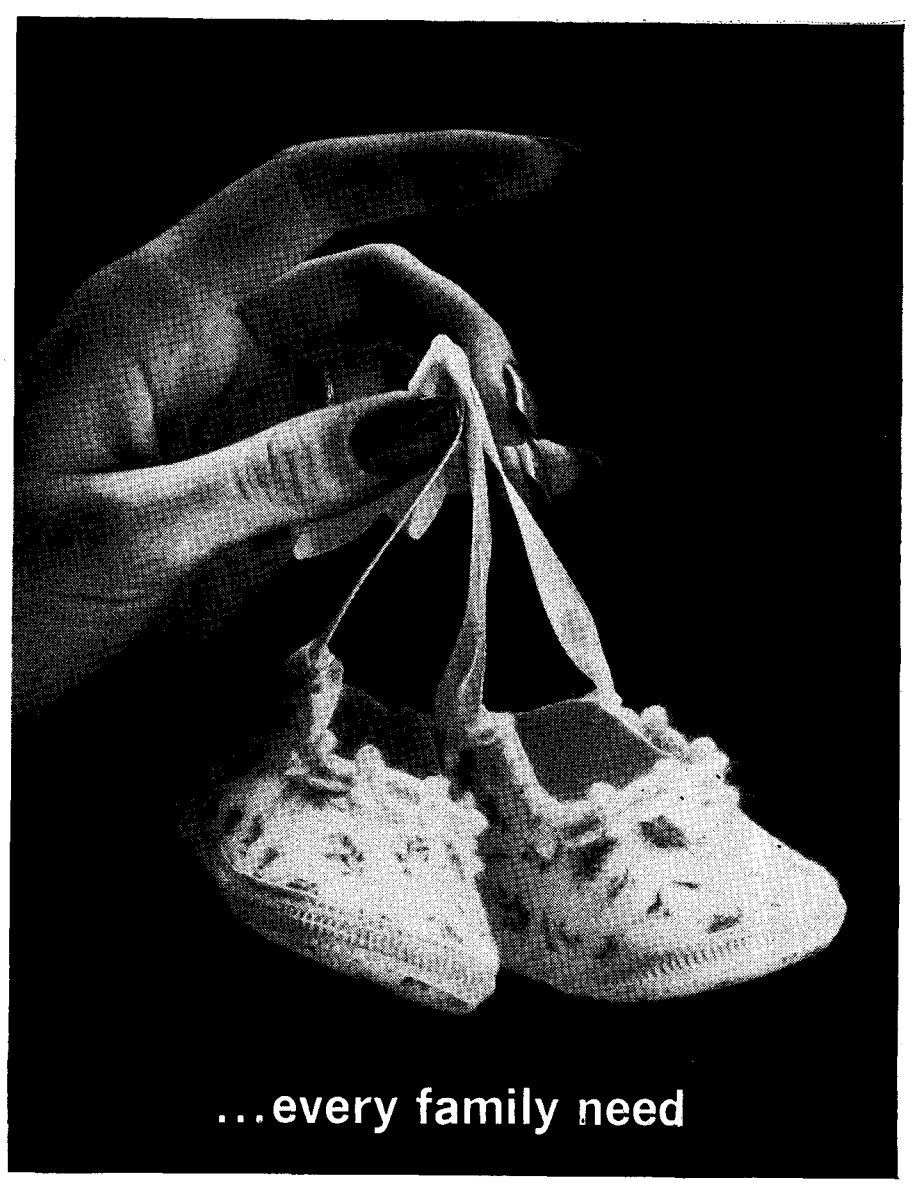
HAZEL, STARRING SHIRLEY BOOTH, MAY BE SEEN ON NBC-TV THURSDAY EVENINGS.

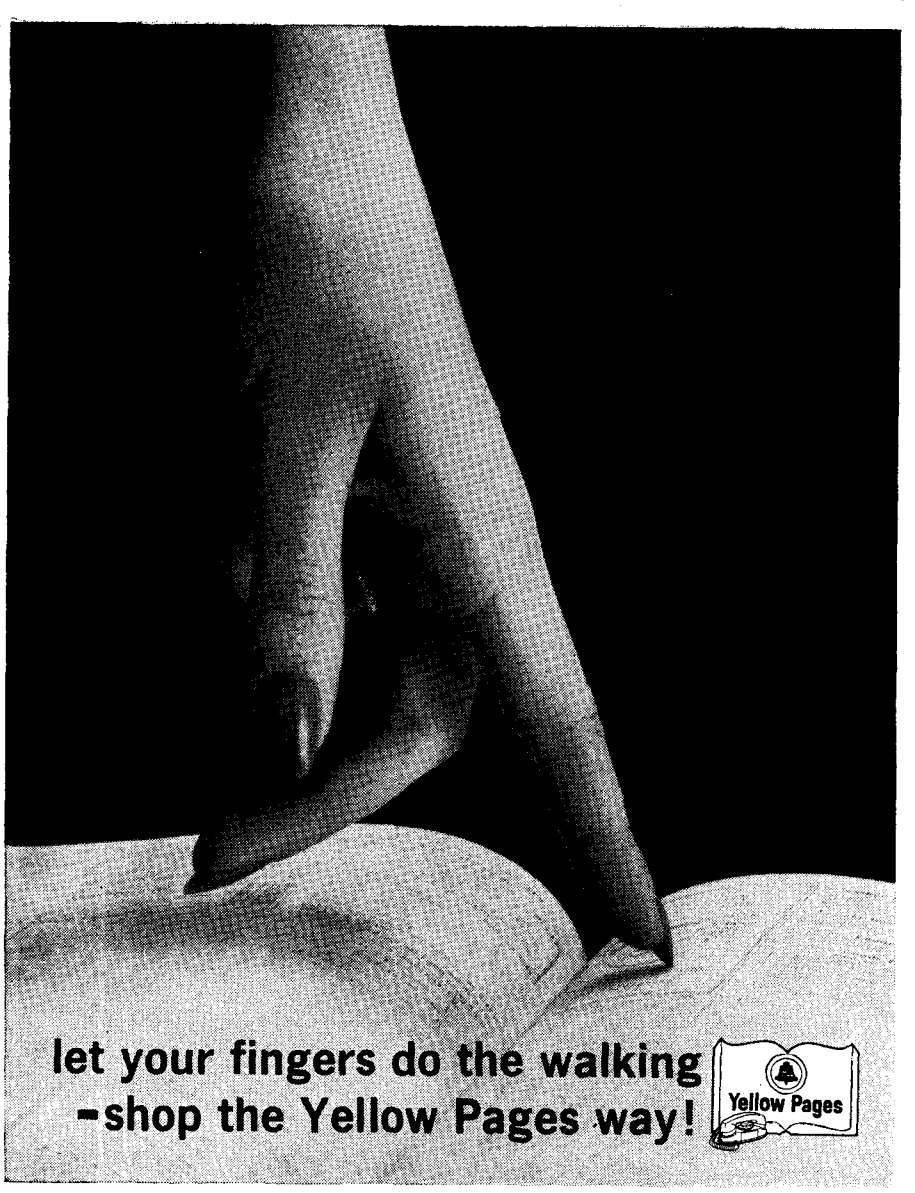


"Play to his backhand."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED







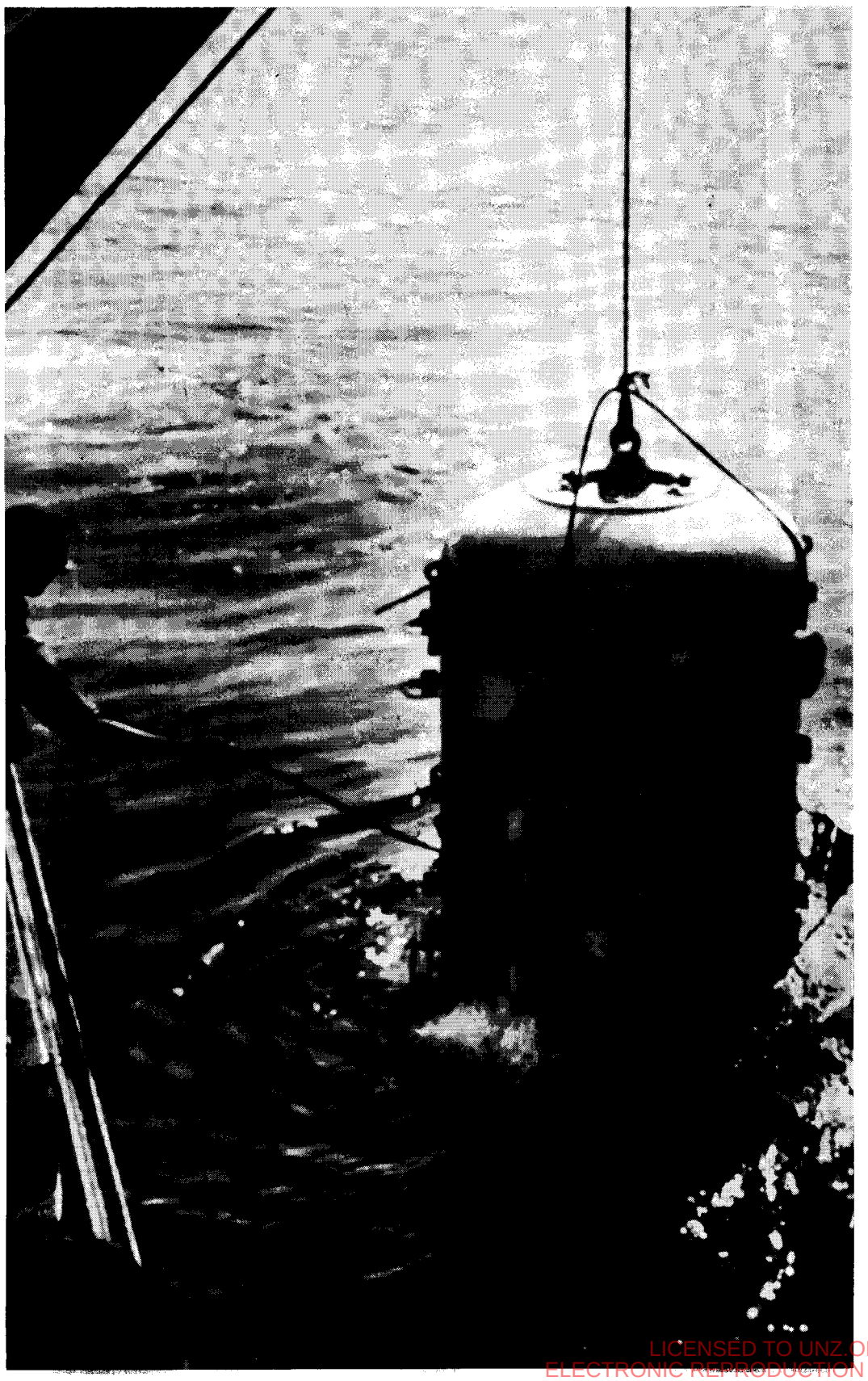
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FATEFUL DIVE OF THE ATLANTIS

A bold experiment which took two divers to the ocean floor ends in mysterious death.

Photographs by Lawrence Schiller and Peter Stackpole

Atlantis begins tragic 1,000-foot descent to the bottom of the Pacific.



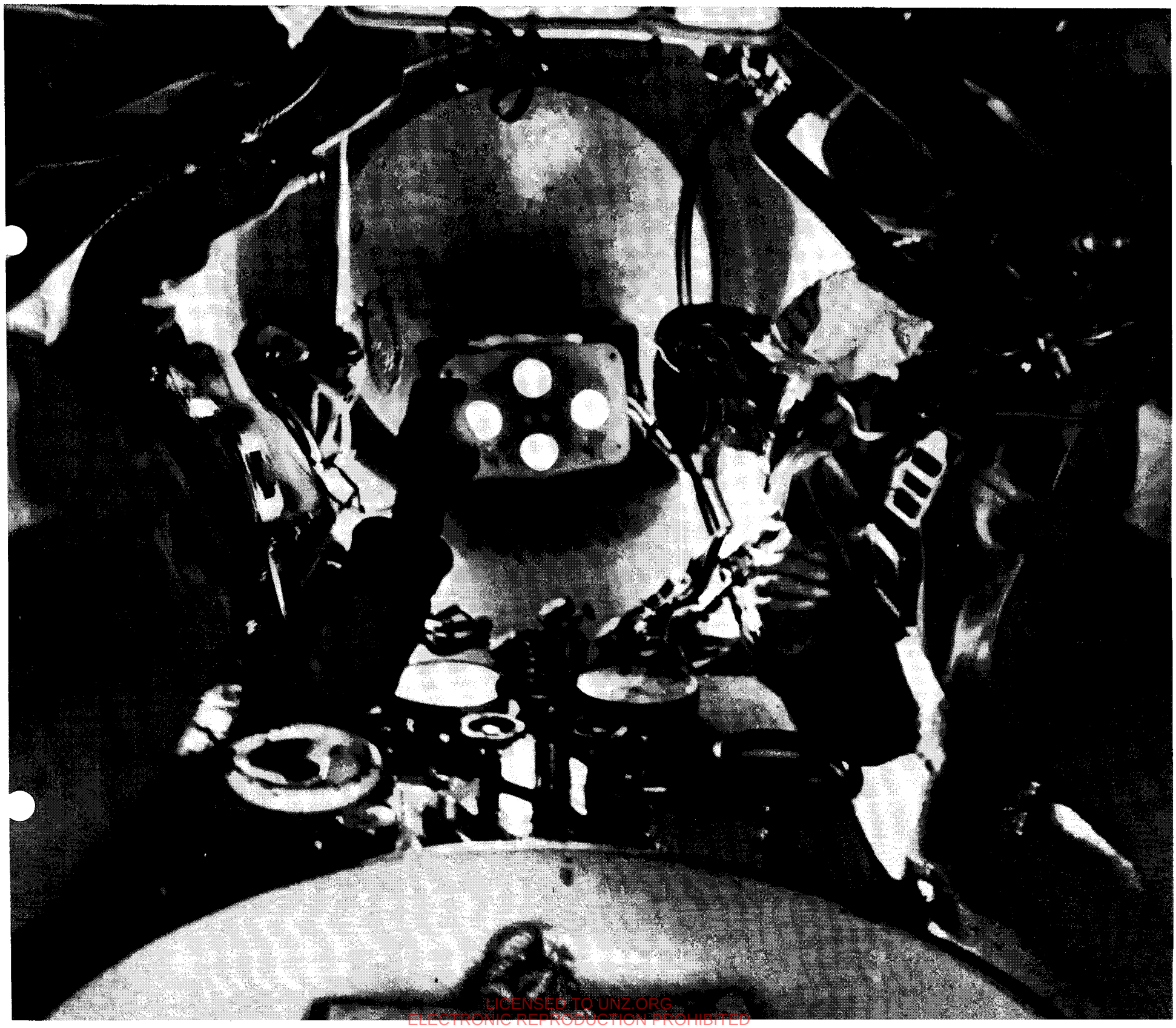
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At precisely 12:06 P.M. on December 3 a steel cylinder with the name *Atlantis* printed on it was lowered by winch from the deck of the ship *Eureka* into the Pacific Ocean. Inside the cylinder were two men. They were about to attempt a historic mission—to become the first human beings literally to set foot on the Continental Shelf, approximately 1,000 feet below the surface. In a way it was to be the reverse equivalent of the first flight into space by Yuri Gagarin—that is, if Gagarin had tried to leave his capsule in flight to orbit briefly in nothing but his space suit. One of the two men in the cylinder made it. The other died. By 12:54 P.M., 48 minutes after the descent had begun, another man involved in the operation had died too. Those minutes combined horror, scientific triumph, personal tragedy, mystery—and a controversy which still rages.

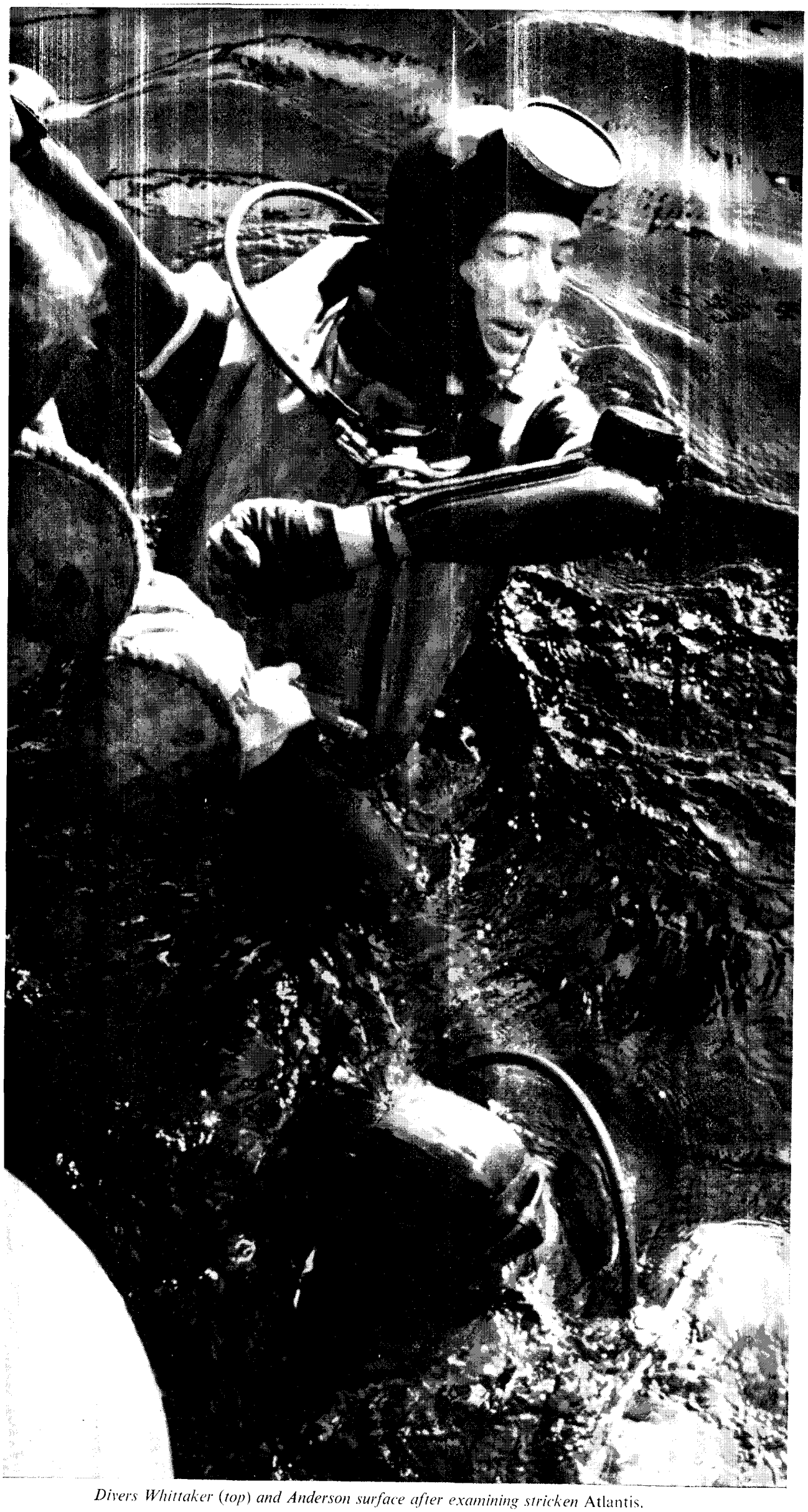
The *Atlantis*, a so-called "submersible pressure chamber" designed to take its occupants to the floor of the ocean, is the brainchild of a short, precise, 28-year-old Swiss mathematics teacher named Hannes Keller. Keller was aboard on that fateful mission. The other passenger was Peter Small, a 35-year-old British free-lance journalist and skin-diving enthusiast. Their triumph-tragedy took place 2½ miles west of Catalina Island off the coast of Southern California. And so we have two young men of completely different backgrounds coming together to face death at a remote point alien to both of them. This is the stuff of which scientific adventures are made in the seventh decade of the 20th century.

The events of December 3 really had their beginnings in the summer of 1958, when Keller, teaching engineering students in his native town of Winterthur, Switzerland, began casting about for a hobby. He tried and discarded flying because it was too expensive. Then a friend interested him in skin diving. Keller went to Greece for six months to practice his diving techniques. He says, "I soon learned that the basic problems still were unsolved in diving. The techniques and the apparatus were on the level of the automobile and the airplane in 1914. It was impossible for a man breathing compressed air to descend much more than 300 feet without suffering a kind of rapture, a crippling mental and physical incompetence, and even death, due to poisoning by gases manufactured by his own body. Also, unless a man returned from the pressures of the depths very slowly, gas bubbles would form in his tissues causing what is known as 'the bends,' resulting in intense pain, and possibly even death."

Inside the descending chamber Small (right) and Keller stand surrounded by instruments. The dive took place off Catalina Island.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Divers Whittaker (top) and Anderson surface after examining stricken Atlantis.

"I was dizzy—couldn't fill my air apparatus."

Putting his mathematical mind to work on the problem, Keller came up with the theory that a diver should breathe a combination of gases different from the mixture of nitrogen, oxygen, carbon dioxide, and so forth, which makes up ordinary air. He learned that a Swedish engineer named Zetterstrom had had the same theory and had successfully dived to 600 feet in 1947, breathing a mixture of hydrogen and oxygen, but had died because of an error by his surface crew. (The U.S. Navy was also experimenting with deep-diving breathing mixtures, and helium-oxygen equipment has been in regular use for deep dives since the 1930's.)

Keller went to see Dr. Albert Buehlmann at the University of Zurich. Buehlmann, a specialist in lung function and blood circulation, told Keller he believed that narcosis (the state of profound stupor or unconsciousness suffered by divers at great depths) was not caused by nitrogen, as generally supposed, but by carbon dioxide. Keller exclaimed, "If your theory is correct, then *all* other theories about diving are wrong." Buehlmann agreed to help Keller and suggested what gases he should use. Breathing Buehlmann's mixture of gases, Keller was lowered 400 feet to the bottom of Lake Zurich in a 40-gallon oil drum he had turned into an impromptu diving bell. Not only did he survive, but he suffered no narcosis symptoms and was able to return to the surface much more quickly, without developing the bends, than divers had ever done before.

Untold Wealth Beyond Man's Reach

Now convinced that he was on the right track, Keller fed 250,000 statistics into a computer and worked out the safety factors—for speed of ascent, for instance—for dives of up to 1,000 feet. This is roughly the maximum depth of water covering the Continental Shelf, the unexplored area of 16,000,000 square miles that surrounds all the great land masses of the world. The Continental Shelf is known to contain untold wealth in oil and minerals, all so far unobtainable by man because of his inability to work at such ocean depths.

In 1960, using his secret combination of gases, Keller successfully dived 500 feet in Italy's Lake Maggiore. In 1961, taking a passenger, he reached a record depth of 728 feet in Lake Maggiore and returned safely in 45 minutes. (The previous record was a 600-foot descent by a British Navy helmet-equipped diver who, according to Keller, had to undergo 12 hours of decompression but still emerged with paralyzed arms.) By now the U.S. Navy was extremely interested in Keller's work. The Navy must think of future rescues of atomic submarines.

Sixteen months ago the Navy gave Keller a contract to continue his research. For a 1,000-foot dive off Catalina, he designed and built the *Atlantis*, 7 feet high and 4½ feet in diameter. Its bottom is a hatch through which its occupants, in frogmen suits, may leave and reenter. In *Atlantis*—unlike a submarine—the pressure is not artificially controlled, and it is the same as that in the surrounding water. Thus, its occupants receive

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LAST QUESTION: "SHOULD I REALLY BE DOING THIS?"

By PETER STACKPOLE

"Let's have a farewell drink," I said.

"I don't like the sound of that," Peter Small laughed. It was only one of several times that we had a vague sense of disaster ahead, but none of us took it seriously.

I had just finished all my preparations for photographing the dive the next day, and I wanted a break. On the dock I ran into Small, one of the two divers who would go down in the chamber, and Christopher Whittaker, one of the emergency skin divers. Peter's knitted sailor sweater and bell-bottom trousers gave him an *HMS Pinafore* look which made him seem younger than his 35 years. Chris, in a dark pea jacket and a barge captain's hat, looked exactly like what he was, an exuberant youth of 19.

The three of us went into the Waikiki, across the street from the pier, and talked at random until a crew member from the diving ship walked by and said, "Shouldn't you fellows be in bed? It's going to be a long day tomorrow."

The next morning there was another faint omen of trouble. We had breakfast at a waterfront café. As the divers left, somebody bade them farewell with the remark, "Into the mouth of the lion."

We all had this sense of danger ahead, but we didn't pay too much attention at the time. Only now does it seem prophetic. As the boat left the pier, I looked at my calendar watch, saw December 3 and suddenly remembered another December 3 nine years earlier. On that date, 40 feet below the surface, I had photographed a Miami diver, Hope Root, as he plunged past me in an attempt at a record scuba dive of 400 feet. He disappeared below me into the deep indigo of the Gulf Stream, and he never returned.

Now, as we headed out to sea, there was a flat, glassy calm. When we stopped 2½ miles offshore, Hannes Keller was calmly checking every detail of the work on deck. Sometimes we heard more German than English. Peter Small's wife Mary watched from the ship's bridge, where she was to stay during the operation. Peter climbed the steps to kiss her good-bye, and I thought I heard him ask someone, "Should I really be doing this?" I never heard an answer. Soon afterward Peter donned his rubber suit and climbed into the diving chamber.

We heard the hissing of Keller's secret gases, saw the bubbling of the descending chamber. Since there was nothing left to photograph, I went to the closed-circuit-TV monitoring center. One set showed the water below the chamber. The other showed the inside of the chamber.

As soon as the chamber reached bottom, Keller disappeared from sight. Then he reappeared on the screen that was focused on the water outside. We saw two legs, showing that he was leaving the chamber. Then a voice said, "He's getting back in." There was a flurry of movement, and Keller was back in his original position. Something had gone wrong.

We watched the TV screen in disbelief. Keller gave a couple of sudden jerks to his right and fell out of view. Peter sat still, reaching out for something. Then he quivered and fell to his left. All we could see on the TV was the picture of the empty chamber, terribly still.

I ran to the deck. Most of the people there knew nothing of what had happened. Mary Small was leaning on the rail, aimlessly watching the light dancing on the surface of the water. Keller's assistant gravely ordered the chamber to be raised. Then he asked the two emergency skin divers, Dick Anderson and Chris Whittaker, to enter the water. By now Mary Small knew there was a crisis, and she stood by the rail alone, bravely fighting the tears.

Anderson dived down to the chamber and soon reappeared to report that it seemed all right. Chris followed Anderson to the surface, looking exhausted. He floated on his back, gulping in air. His nose was bleeding, but this is not necessarily a danger signal.

When we got word that the chamber was still losing pressure, Chris and Anderson again swam down the cable together to take another look at the cabin. Anderson surfaced a few minutes later, but Chris was nowhere in sight. As we stared into the water, we saw only bubbles drifting upward from the chamber. And as we slowly began hoisting the chamber back on board, the Coast Guard started the search for Chris.

Then came a long afternoon of waiting. Someone said Keller was OK. Later we heard that Peter was up and talking. We raced to find Mary. We found her below deck by herself, watching the TV focused on the interior of the chamber. The good news cheered her immediately. On the TV we could see Keller back at his station, looking very much alive and alert. We could see him reaching down occasionally, but there was never a sign of Peter on the screen.

Toward evening we had to reach a decision. Doctor Buehlmann was in constant telephone contact with Keller, inside the sealed chamber, and Peter obviously was not really recovering. The decision was to make a top-speed run for the Navy hospital ship at Long Beach. We all prayed for Peter.

When we reached Long Beach, there was one final long sigh from the chamber as its air pressure was returned to normal. It was a horribly tense moment. Two stretchers lay on the deck, and a Navy ambulance idled nearby, surrounded by a gathering crowd. Mary stood off to one side, the flashing red signal of the ambulance lighting her blond hair.

Slowly the hatch of the diving chamber opened. The limp form of Peter Small, nearly naked, was removed to the ambulance. Then, from the chamber crawled Hannes Keller, in a gray rubber suit. He walked quickly through the crowd to a waiting car and disappeared.

Newlywed Smalls share a final farewell kiss. Just seven hours later he was dead.

Keller gives his final briefing to surface crew captained by Florian Niggli (right).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Aboard support vessel Mary Small learns her husband is unconscious inside the Atlantis.

"I realized he had no pulse or respiration."

no protection against the crushing weight of the water, and they can stay alive at great depths only by breathing Keller's gas mixture. The chamber, in fact, partially fills with water as it submerges, rising sometimes well above the occupants' knees. This is to allow for easy opening and closing of the hatch.

Early in 1962 Keller met Peter Small. The slender, aesthetic-looking young British journalist had learned about Keller's project and asked if he could go on the 1,000-foot dive. He flew to Zurich, and Keller tested him by taking him on a simulated 1,000-foot dive in a decompression chamber. Small came through that test all right, and Keller agreed to let him accompany him on the Catalina dive. Small was to write about the experience for a British newspaper.

Preliminary Trials Before the Dive

On November 12 Keller arrived in Los Angeles. In his party were seven men who had handled the hoses and cables during all of his previous descents. Small arrived with his 21-year-old wife Mary, whom he had married just three months before. During the three weeks of preliminary tests two local skin divers joined the party. They were Richard Anderson and Christopher Whittaker, a British youth studying at U.C.L.A. They were signed on as "safety divers," whose function was to stand by and check the *Atlantis* in the shallower depths if anything went wrong. Whittaker and Small had known each other in London, and they became fast friends during the preliminary trials.

In one of these tests, just two days before the 1,000-foot dive, Small and Keller descended to the 300-foot level in the *Atlantis*. They remained there for an hour, swimming outside the chamber and checking the equipment. (Keller doesn't know of any diver previously being able to remain even at *that* depth for *that* long.) After the dive, Small complained of muscle pain, but he was placed in a decompression chamber for 4½ hours, and when he emerged he seemed all right.

Shortly after 10 o'clock in the morning of December 3 the expedition set out in two ships from Avalon, on Catalina Island. Among the observers were three naval officers, all experts in the Navy's experimental diving program. By 10:30 the ships had taken up station at a point where the *Eureka*'s fathometer indicated the depth was a little over 1,000 feet. At 11:54 Keller and Small entered the bright-yellow *Atlantis*, wearing tight rubber suits. At 12:06 P.M. the *Atlantis* was lowered into the water, and Keller's surface crew, headed by his close friend, a Swiss lawyer named Florian Niggli, and including Dr. Buehlmann, took control of the operation. Neither the naval officers nor the Shell Oil Company, which had supplied the *Eureka* and the decompression chamber, had anything to do with what transpired after that.

According to Keller's log, the *Atlantis* remained at the 16-foot level for six minutes while he and Small checked the equipment.

At 12:12 Keller gave the signal, and the steel cable was quickly payed out from the *Eureka*. "At

Last photograph of Small alive was taken by automatic camera after he regained consciousness

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Someday when a diver refloats a disabled submarine, the world will know Peter died so others might live."

this point," says Keller, "we were still breathing the air in the chamber. Everything was going perfectly. We descended with water in the chamber up above our knees, but we kept the bottom hatch nearly closed so we wouldn't fall out."

At 12:22, reports Keller's log, the *Atlantis* reached the 250-foot level, and he and Small switched over to breathing his gas mixture from the tanks strapped to their backs. Each man's tank was supposed to hold a 15-minute supply and could be replenished by plugging into a main tank attached to the chamber. "However," says Keller, "we actually were not getting a full fifteen-minute supply, because there was a leak in the valve of the main tank, and it was only half full. So with the reduced pressure in the main tank we were getting maybe only five minutes' worth of gas at a time in our portable tanks. I knew this before the dive, but I didn't think it was important, because we still had reserves in the main tank for many hours."

The log indicates that the *Atlantis* remained at the 250-foot level for two minutes for a final check, and at 12:24 the two men commenced the final descent to the bottom. At 12:29 a weighted cable suspended beneath the chamber touched the ocean floor at 1,020 feet. That was the last entry in Keller's log.

Planting Flags on the Ocean Floor

Says Keller, "When the cable touched bottom, leaving me just room enough to get out of the hatch, I pushed a blue-colored button which signaled to the surface that everything was OK. I filled Peter's apparatus with gas from the reserve tank. I checked my own apparatus and realized I had about three minutes of gas left. Instead of taking time to refill, I decided to work fast. Peter and I opened the hatch, and I dropped out feet first. There was about five feet of water between the hatch and the bottom. My objective was to place a Swiss flag and an American flag on the bottom and then get back immediately into the chamber. But as I left the chamber, the flags got entangled in the breathing tubes of my face mask. They covered the mask and I couldn't see. It was a very bad moment. It took me two minutes to get disentangled, and then I dropped the flags to the bottom. I knew I had to get back into the chamber immediately, which I did, and Peter and I closed the hatch. I should have refilled my apparatus from the auxiliary gas tank, but I was so dizzy that I couldn't. All I could do was to open the air pressure valves to blow the water out of the chamber. Then I opened my face mask and took the mouthpiece away to breathe ordinary air, to prevent death from lack of oxygen. Peter, trying to help me, also removed his mouthpiece. He failed to refill his own apparatus as he had been trained to do. In about thirty seconds after I had reentered the chamber, I lost consciousness."

This entire scene was witnessed on the surface through television cameras mounted in the chamber, and when Niggli saw Keller keel over, he immediately ordered the *Atlantis* raised. Two minutes or so later he saw Small pass out. As the chamber cable was reeled in, it brought to the surface the upper end of the *Atlantis*'s 300-foot air hose, which was then connected to the ship's air supply. This enabled the crew on the *Eureka* to measure the air pressure inside the chamber and they realized that the chamber was losing pressure somewhere. The ascent was halted at 200 feet—just six minutes after it had been on the bottom—because the danger period in decompression is from 200 feet to the surface, and if there were a leak in the capsule, any further rise would almost certainly kill Keller and Small.

So Niggli held the chamber at 200 feet and dispatched the two safety divers, Anderson and Whittaker, to check. The skindivers reached the chamber, closed all its external valves and returned to the surface. The instruments showed there was still a leak. Anderson was sent down again. Whittaker appeared exhausted, and his nose was bleeding. One of the naval officers, Cmdr. Norval Nickerson, advised him against making the second dive, but he replied that Peter Small was his friend and he had to go. He and Anderson dived back down, and this time they discovered that the edge of Keller's flipper had caught in the hatch and was preventing it from closing. Anderson cut away the protruding part of the flipper and the hatch slammed shut. Anderson remained with the chamber and sent Whittaker to the surface. Whittaker was never seen again.

At 12:54 the *Atlantis* was taken aboard the *Eureka* and placed on the deck to commence a 6½-hour decompression procedure—much longer than usual, because Keller and Small had been breathing air instead of the gas mixture. The chamber was still sealed, and Keller and Small were still unconscious inside, lying on the hatch. At 1:05 Keller began to stir. He says, "I regained consciousness slowly. I saw Peter lying there, and I cut his face mask away to make sure he was breathing. He was. I looked at his eye reflexes and I took his pulse. It was not strong, but the pulse was there. It was normal but slow. I got to the telephone and talked with Doctor Buehlmann on the deck. He told me what had happened and where we were."

Continues Keller: "At about 2:30 P.M. Peter awoke and talked to me. He said, 'How long was I unconscious?' We then had a normal conversation, and he asked me for something to drink. I put him on the phone and he talked to Doctor Buehlmann on the outside. The doctor asked him if he had any pain, and he said he had none—that he just felt terribly weak and exhausted. I felt that way too. I kept making tests on Peter according to Doctor Buehlmann's directions over the telephone. For example, he kept asking me to check the sensitivity of his skin by pinching him. Peter was still lying on the bottom hatch. He was very nervous and uncomfortable and kept changing his position every minute or so. He said he was awfully hot, and I cut his rubber suit away and pulled off his underwear. Then he got cold and I covered him."

In the meantime the *Eureka* was racing to the Naval Station at Long Beach, California. When it arrived, a crane lifted the sealed *Atlantis* onto the pier. Decompression still was going on. Keller says, "About ten or fifteen minutes before I felt them lifting the chamber, Peter fell asleep. The doctor asked me to keep checking his pulse and respiration, but I said I didn't want to disturb him. After we got to the dock, they asked me to move Peter off the hatch so they'd be able to open it when the decompression was over. As I started to lift him, I suddenly realized he had no pulse or respiration. I pushed the black-colored emergency button and began mouth-to-mouth resuscitation."

The chamber was opened a few minutes later; at 6:52 P.M. Small was rushed off in an ambulance. At 7:29 P.M., he was pronounced dead-on-arrival at the Navy hospital ship, *USS Haven.*

The Mystery of Peter Small's Death

And so the scientific venture ended under a cloud—with two fatalities—a little more than seven hours after it had begun in the bright noonday California sun. Since Whittaker's body has not been found, there is no way of pinpointing the cause of his death. An autopsy showed Small's tissues were riddled with gas bubbles. Keller, who suffered no ill effects from the experience, says, "The doctors who did the autopsy are naturally not informed about problems of diving. They found gas bubbles in all the body tissues and immediately thought that the bubbles killed him. They came to a wrong conclusion. If Peter was dead while still under pressure in the chamber during the decompression process, his blood circulation stopped and he didn't decompress as a living body would have. Any dead body, after being under pressure, develops bubbles in the tissues, and the presence of these bubbles doesn't prove anything." He adds that *he* did not develop bubbles or the bends. A top Navy medical expert confirms that Keller's reasoning about bubble-formation after death "is basically sound." But he says, "The fact that Keller did not develop gas bubbles or the bends doesn't mean *per se* that Small didn't have them. They could have been caused in Small by an old injury impeding blood circulation in a joint, or even by a more excitable emotional reaction at the time of the crisis."

Keller believes that Small, in his weakened state and with poor circulation under decompression, might have died of cardiac failure. Dr. Theodore J. Curphey, Los Angeles County coroner, disagrees. On December 6 Doctor Curphey stated, "Peter Small died of gas embolism—similar to the bends—not of a heart attack as claimed by the expedition leader." The coroner appointed a five-man committee of Navy and civilian diving experts to determine "whether or not standard safety procedures were flagrantly violated by Keller and his crew during the December 3 expedition."

Keller is determined to continue his research. He says, "Peter Small died while proving man can reach the Continental Shelf. I can only honor Peter's memory by carrying on the work for which he sacrificed his life. Someday when a diver using my method descends a thousand feet to the Continental Shelf and attaches an air hose to refloat a disabled atomic submarine, the world will know that Peter Small died in order that hundreds of others might live." **THE END**

Diver Richard Anderson learns that his partner has failed to return after second rescue attempt

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The 88th Congress Answers the Bell

The new Congress now converging on Washington will answer its first quorum call at a critical juncture in our history, a time when events are rushing by with bewildering speed. Whether the 88th Congress will be able to accommodate itself to the pace of contemporary history is a question that raises the gravest doubts. The political coloration of the new Congress will be very much like that of the old, which means that every item of progressive legislation is likely to start a war.

It may be that the Congress will decide at the outset to cast its lot with the sterile past. The fight over the composition of the House Rules Committee—a rerun of the first great battle of the 87th Congress—will decide very quickly who is in charge here, rural hidebound conservatives or the forces of the present and the future. If the Administration loses that fight, to all intents and purposes the Congress might as well go home.

Assuming, however, that the Rules Committee battle will not be lost, there is an abundance of urgent business for the Congress, some of it new and some of it left over from the session that ended before the election.

The new Congress will be operating in at least five major areas:

1. TAXES: The President last summer called for a tax cut in 1963, promising that he would also recommend "long-needed tax reform." Prospects for a quick tax cut were dealt a heavy blow recently when Wilbur Mills, powerful chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, announced his opposition to a cut without tax reform, which he indicated could not be accomplished before January 1, 1964.

2. MEDICARE: The big man again is Wilbur Mills. There are two Democratic vacancies on his House Ways and Means Committee, and much will depend upon the politics of the men who are selected to fill them. The Social Security-financed program faces heavy going, but it should be passed.

3. FEDERAL AID TO EDUCATION: The whole subject of Federal aid is hopelessly entangled with religion. The chances that the 88th Congress will resolve this emotionally charged issue are very slim, but too much of our national future depends on improvement of our educational system. This logjam must be broken, the sooner the better.

4. AGRICULTURE: The Billie Sol Estes case should give the Congress a renewed incentive to clean up the Augean stables of United States agriculture. It will require the strength and determination of a Hercules, plus a miracle or two, to do the job.

5. FOREIGN AID: With the possible exception of the Secretary of Agriculture, the new head of the Agency for International Development, David Bell, faces the most unenviable task in Washington. The 87th Congress slashed foreign aid, and the people are highly skeptical of the whole subject. The President recently appointed a committee under Gen. Lucius Clay to review the whole program. The great problem is to organize our foreign-aid program effectively and to convince the people and the Congress that it is a vital part of our policy and not a boondoggle.

There are many matters of smaller scope that deserve the attention of the Congress. The Peace Corps has functioned admirably abroad. The suggestion that we should develop a domestic counterpart should be carefully considered. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee wisely will examine the role of foreign agents in the United States. The whole subject of civil defense needs a thorough airing. A sensible long-term policy instead of the panic-to-apathy cycles of the past is imperative. The question that Congress must face up to is simply this: An adequate civil defense costs money—lots of it. Do we want to spend it?

While the Congress is busying itself with these and other urgent matters, it should take a hard look at itself. The embarrassing double standard on conflicts of interest that exists between the legislative and executive branches of the Government, as explored by Ben Bagdikian and Don Oberdorfer in CONFLICT OF INTEREST [*Post*, Nov. 17, 1962] must be eliminated. It is too much to expect that Congress will do the job itself. The best solution would be the appointment of a committee of distinguished citizens—lawyers, ministers, educators and outstanding members of Congress—not to rake over the past but to formulate acceptable ethical standards for the future.

At a time when more and more state legislatures are adapting themselves to the 20th century through reapportionment, the Congress should divest itself of such anachronistic devices as the filibuster and the iniquitous seniority rule. The legislative branch of the Government frequently complains of incursions upon its authority by the executive and the judiciary. There is some justification for the charge, and one of the main reasons is the obduracy of the Congress itself—especially the House with its ultra-conservative committee chairmen. The Congress also has a tendency to dawdle through the early months and finish with a blinding rush in the fall. If it is to play a more dynamic role, the Congress will have to organize its work more effectively and bring itself up to date.

An Old American Ailment

Foot-in-mouth disease is one of the oldest American ailments, but it always has a peculiar fascination when it occurs in high places. In recent weeks there have been two exalted examples, involving a former Secretary of State and a United States Senator. As is usually the case, either attack might have been forestalled by the application of a simple preventive, the golden elixir called silence.

Mr. Acheson, who as a former Secretary of State and head of the NATO Advisory Group should have known better, said in a speech at West Point, "Great Britain has lost an empire and has not yet found a role. The attempt to play a separate power role . . . based on a special relationship with the United States, a role based on being the head of a Commonwealth which has no political structure, or unity or strength—this role is about played out." Mr. Acheson is a friend of the British, and he had some kind words for them in the very same speech, but the part that will be remembered is the part that we have quoted. Understandably it caused an uproar in Britain.

The other foot-in-mouth case involved Senator Allen Ellender of Louisiana. The Senator, it happens, is an inveterate traveler who wants to visit every country in the world before he dies. He likes to journey to the far corners of the earth and write voluminous, folksy reports, punctuated with such profound observations as "Czechoslovakia is a landlocked state located in central Europe with frontiers common to both the U.S.S.R. and Western Germany" and "In the Netherlands the canals were filled with water."

Immediately after the 87th Congress adjourned, Senator Ellender took off for Africa, planning to visit 36 different countries. His itinerary would have reduced to two the number of countries in the world that have not been favored by his presence.

At a press conference in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, the Senator was quoted as saying, "If there is any part of Africa where the natives have built up a community on their own and made progress on their own, I have yet to see that area. . . . What I mean is simply that the average African is incapable of leadership except through the assistance of Europeans."

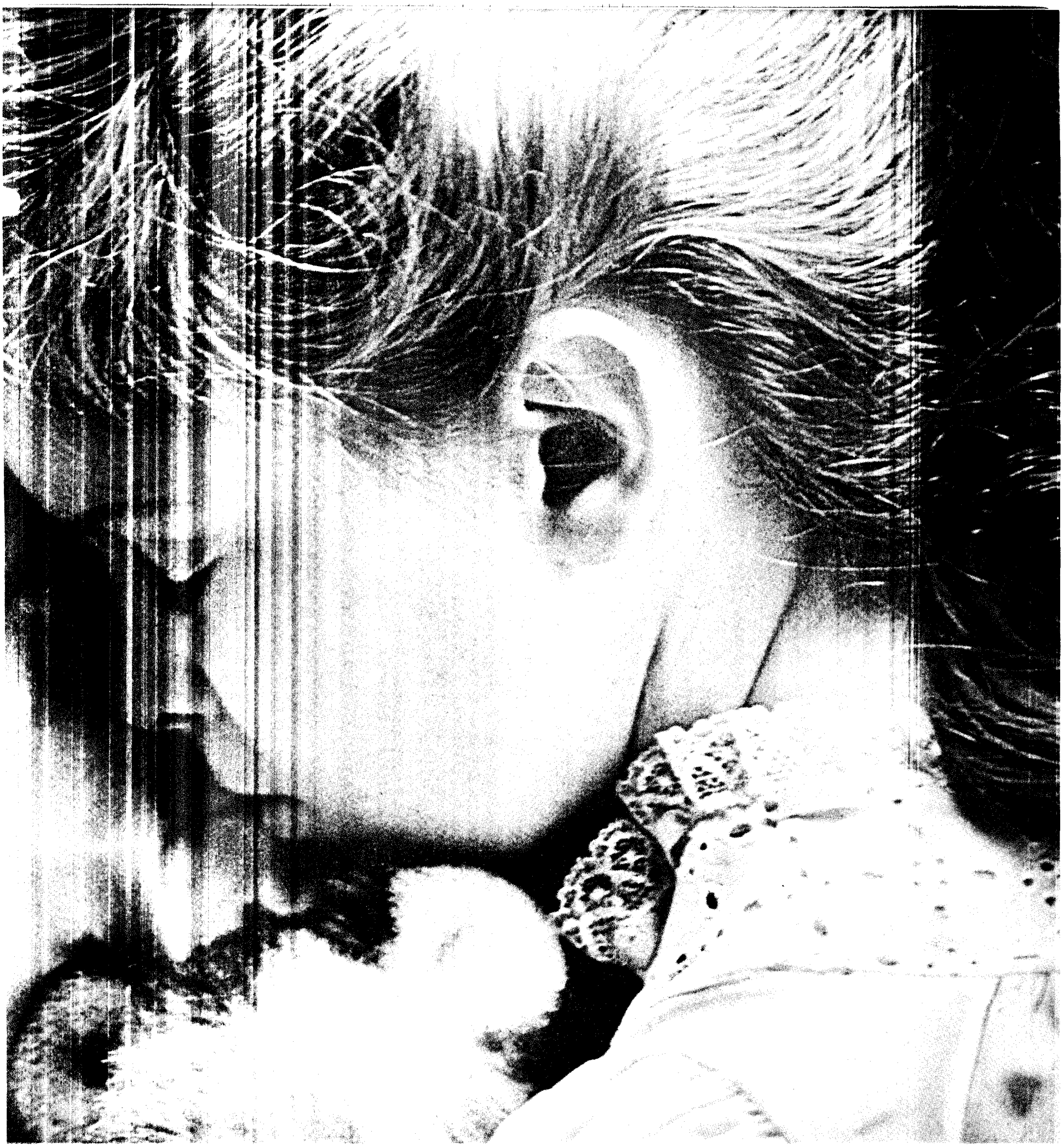
Senator Ellender complained that he had been quoted out of context, but a tape recorder substantiated the quote, and elsewhere in Africa he gave vent to other racist remarks.

His outbursts caused half a dozen African countries to declare that he was unwelcome, and he acutely embarrassed his own government.

Official apologists insisted that neither Mr. Acheson nor Senator Ellender spoke for the U.S., which was true, but no manner of protest could dissociate them from their country. People in high places should remember to choose their words with the greatest of care. Whether they are right or wrong, they should also remember the Biblical injunction that there is "a time to keep silence and a time to speak."

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The scar that isn't there

Less than a generation ago a child with an ugly scar behind the ear was a common sight in every American school. It was the cruel mark of the mastoid operation. And it was carried for life.

What stopped this dread disease in its tracks?

Sulfa drugs and *antibiotics*. Developed by medical and drug company research.

A mastoid infection was one of childhood's most painful experiences. It usually meant a dangerous operation, following lancing of the eardrum.

In 1933, some 5400 cases were reported in New York City alone. In 1956—only 50. Today the mastoid operation is so rare that most young doctors have never seen it.

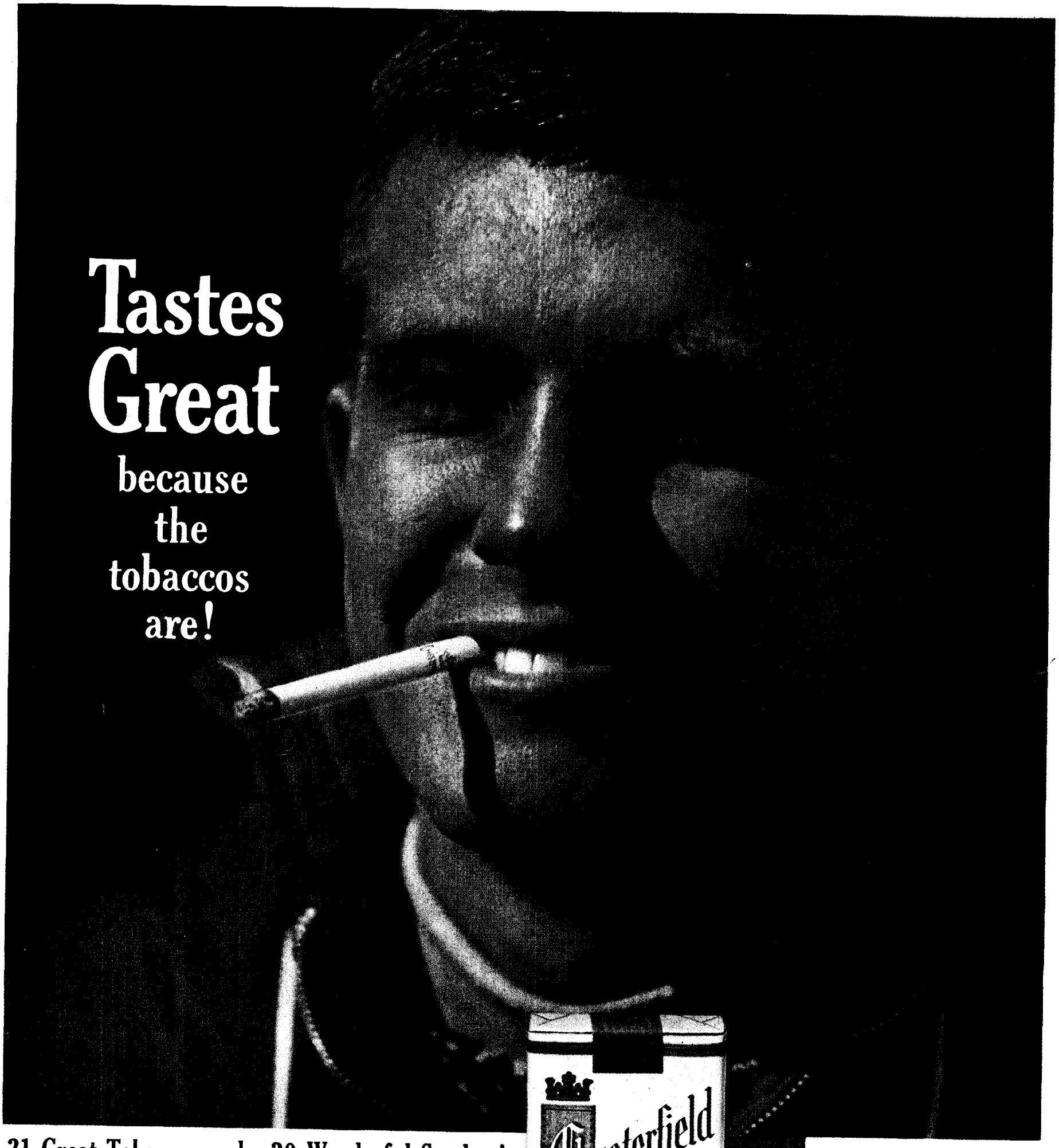
Before the development of modern drugs, the overall cost of one case of mastoiditis often came to about $1000. Today, about $15 worth of antibiotics, prescribed by your doctor, can clear up a case and no surgery is needed.

This is the value of modern drugs—protecting health and reducing the cost of illness.

This advertisement is sponsored by a group of prescription drug manufacturers, members of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, whose aim is to create through research continually better medicines.*

*Company names on request through this magazine

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



21 Great Tobaccos make 20 Wonderful Smokes!

CHESTERFIELD KING tastes great, smokes mild. You get 21 vintage tobaccos grown mild, aged mild and blended mild, and made to taste even milder through its longer length.

CHESTERFIELD KING

Tastes great, smokes mild... because the tobaccos are!

ORDINARY CIGARETTE

CHESTERFIELD KING

LENGTH means milder taste

The smoke of a Chesterfield King mellows and softens as it flows through longer length... becomes smooth and gentle to your taste.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED